

MAY 1945

THE

Atlantic



THE ATLANTIC REPORT — ON THE WORLD TODAY

A Pint of Blood	EDGAR L. JONES	43
Serge Koussevitzky. <i>An Appreciation</i>	HOWARD HANSON	47
A Letter to Twelve College Presidents	CAPT. McGEORGE BUNDY	52
"The French Look So Healthy"	MONICA STIRLING	55
The Builders	VANNEVAR BUSH	60
Liberian Road.	DOCK HOGUE	61
Poems from Saipan	SGT. JOHN CIARDI	66
The Face at the Window. <i>A Story</i>	CONRAD RICHTER	68
Why an MVA?	ROBERT LASCH	72
Belgium: An American View	LT. ALEXANDER W. WILLIAMS	77
Last Leave. <i>A Poem</i>	LT. (j.g.) JESSE STUART	79
A Little Place in the Country. <i>A Story</i>	JOHN HARRIMAN	80
Balance Sheet in Race Relations	EDWIN R. EMBREE	87
Prose or Poetry. <i>Books and Men</i>	LORD DUNSANY	92
Aeschylus. <i>A Poem</i>	BERNICE SLOTE	96
Unfinished Business	GRETCHEN FINLETTER	97
Clean, Tall, Green, Still. <i>A Poem</i>	JOHN HOLMES	100
Feeding the Forty Million	ARTHUR MOORE	101
Twentynine Palms	MURIEL VAN TUYL TRIGG	104
Accent on Living: Capt. T. McKean Downs — Herbert Coggins — Christopher Morley Robert P. Tristram Coffin — M. F. K. Fisher — Frances Troy Schwab — Newman Levy		107
Atlantic Bookshelf: The Peripatetic Reviewer, by Edward Weeks — Short Reviews . . .		127

THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

Gabriel Galloway. <i>An Irish Novel</i>	MARY LAVIN	139
---	------------	-----

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

\$5.00 PER YEAR

BUY A WAR BOND - TODAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CARLING'S ALE

For those who seek
QUALITY THAT NEVER VARIES

- The sparkling goodness of Red Cap Ale derives from a century-old tradition of strict adherence to undeviating standards. Throughout America today, as in London, Ontario since 1840, discerning tastes turn to Red Cap for quality that never varies.

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Cleveland, Ohio



THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 175  NUMBER 5

MAY, 1945

88th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

A PINT OF BLOOD

by EDGAR L. JONES

NOTHING about the bottle distinguished it from any other, except that the long serial number in the upper right-hand corner of its label ended with 711, a lucky number for some soldier, sailor, marine, coastguardman, machine gunner, jeep driver, radio operator, artilleryman, combat photographer, or any Jim, Jack, Jacob, or Joseph, enlisted man or officer, whose life after battle would depend upon the blood of another. This was a pint of plasma en route to battle, an unnamed bottle of human life, destined to grant a future to an unknown casualty on Iwo Jima.

Packed carefully in the deep hull of the Mars, someone's tomorrow, a pint of borrowed time with rubber tubing attached, was being flown to Pearl Harbor. In a plywood case marked FRAGILE, THIS SIDE UP, it had been rushed by the Maine Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Southern Pacific, Great Northern, or a combination of these or any of a hundred other railroads, to San Francisco under high priority. From boxcar, to loading wagon, to six-by-six truck, to automatic lift, to embarkation warehouse, to rubber-tired trailer, to bent shoulders, to the plane itself, the life of an unknown soldier had been passed along gently by a hundred hands, by men who worked overtime in railroad yards to

After distinguished service with the British Eighth Army in the African campaigns, EDGAR L. JONES is now an *Atlantic* correspondent with our armed forces in the Pacific. During the past three months he has lived with his fellow Americans on Kwajalein, Tarawa, Guam, and most recently with our Marines at Iwo Jima.

make up for the shortage of labor, by civil service employees who typed the movement orders in quadruplicate, by women who manned the files and ran the gummed edges of envelopes across a wet sponge.

A nation had toiled to send bottled strength to a weakening son. This was one pint from the life-stream of U.S.A., a small portion of a pool of blood pumped by the heartbeats of men and women who lay, staring at the ceiling, on white tables in a thousand community centers and sent a pulsating stream of fresh stamina to some soldier resting on a litter in a distant dressing station.

Number 711 was no particular person's blood. Like that in the other twenty-three bottles in the same case, it was the blood of America, drawn by registered nurses, Red Cross workers, and Gray Ladies from the veins of the pert elevator operator in Denver's Brown Palace Hotel, the IV-F machinist in Detroit, the war bride in the New Hampshire State Highway Department, the harried waiter in New Orleans's French Quarter, the aspiring starlet lounging hopefully in the Brown Derby, the traffic cop in the white-circled center of Michigan Boulevard, the childless matron on the eleventh floor of 440 Riverside Drive, the liquor dealer across the tracks from the station in Fargo, North Dakota, the Irish hostess greeting uniformed minors in Boston's Scollay Square, the mother of five children, three in the armed forces, in Tooele, Utah, the gas station attendant in Gadsden, Alabama, the croupier

Copyright 1945, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass. All rights reserved.

in a Reno gambling house, the instructor in a Cleveland skating rink.

From the bared arms of housewives, cowboys, rabbis, sextons, typists, farmers, messenger girls, tassel dancers, pin boys, debutantes, soda-jerkers, college students, lawyers, Republicans, labor organizers, Democrats, isolationists, Communists, bankers — and from countless members of the armed forces who might live to regain in foreign fields their blood shed at home. Into a cylindrical drum, the wartime melting pot, the blood of many was poured, and by centrifugal force was reduced to universal, anonymous cells, living symbols of a unified people. Each cell had its purpose. Each pint of plasma fitted into a battle plan which called for a specific number of bulldozers, mortars, heavy shells, hand radio sets, amphibious tractors, four-inch bandages, and U. S. Marines. The invasion of Iwo Jima was six months away when the heaviest matériel began moving westward; six weeks away when Number 711 reached San Francisco.

The haze-bound sun which was setting as the Mars cleared Oakland Bay was just rising as the lights of Honolulu appeared below the starboard wing tip. Negro stevedores from a port battalion with three years of overseas service to its credit hustled the high-priority cargo from the flying boat to waiting trucks. No stopover in Hawaii was on the schedule for Number 711. A four-engined C-54 already was being loaded at the NATS (Navy Air Transport Service) Terminal. The skipper of the plane was roused from his sack early and briefed on weather conditions and identification signals before breakfast. He was a former high school teacher from Boise, Idaho, with a former lawyer for a co-pilot and a certified public accountant as navigator. They had their second cup of coffee at the Red Cross Canteen in the waiting room as the last of the passengers and cargo was checked aboard.

Because the storage compartments of the plane were filled, the case containing Number 711 was set on the deck among the passengers. The skipper tripped over it on his way forward to the controls and cursed mechanically. Excess baggage, no matter how precious, disturbed him, because he had to fly thirty tons of metal, men, and matériel more than two thousand miles across an uncertain Pacific. The navigator and he had to find one small island among the thirty-four fly-speck Marshall atolls spread over 375,000 square miles of water. They had to find the right island, because four of the Marshalls were still in Japanese hands. They had to find it in darkness, because the trip took all day and part of the night.

Not only was it dark when the C-54 landed: it was

a different day, because the plane had crossed the International Date Line. The crew and passengers could rest overnight, but not the plane. Another crew was ready to fly the C-54 to the Marianas as soon as the engines were checked and refueled. A fresh batch of passengers climbed aboard, but the cargo was unchanged, except that a few sacks of inter-island mail were stuffed into the aft hold.

The case containing Number 711 remained in the passenger compartment, where it served readily as a combination buffet and card table. The flight engineer set a container of coffee, a loaf of bread, and a plate of sandwich meats on the flat surface of the box, and when the passengers and crew had satisfied their hunger, the co-pilot came back to play gin rummy with an Army major, first brushing the crumbs from the top of the wooden case.

Nearly 1400 miles of ocean lay between the Marshalls and the Marianas, a long and lonely haul for a heavily loaded land plane. A sultry, sweat-laden new day was half over by the time the C-54 eased down to the long runway which the Seabees had whacked out of the jungles.

Guam, Tinian, Saipan — these were islands which meant nothing to most Americans until war splattered their staccato names across the front pages of last year's newspapers. Yet here was Number 711, the blood of American citizens, in a medical warehouse in the Marianas — 6000 miles from the United States, but only 1300 from Tokyo. It took less than thirty minutes to transfer the case of plasma from the C-54 to the warehouse, but millions of man-hours had made possible such an apparently simple operation.

Bulldozers, road-scrapers, stone-crushers, steam-rollers, dynamite, and macadam had to be transported one quarter of the way around the world before a road could be constructed. There would have been no warehouse without cement, sheet metal, telephone and electric wiring, hammers and nails, and the ships, cranes, wharves, and trucks necessary to move the building materials from industrial centers to the new American frontier. Men, ammunition, fuel, planes, food, clothing, and violent death preceded Number 711 on its flight.

2

AN amphibious operation is not so much the beginning of a new battle as the extension of an old one. Progressive bases of operations have to be captured, and as the struggle for one island eases up, a surplus of men and materials becomes available for a fresh fight farther along the road to Tokyo.

American troops were still engaged with stubborn Japanese in the Solomons, Carolines, Marshalls, Marianas, and Philippines in February of 1945; yet a surplus fighting force which made possible additional commitments had been built up. Even the progress of the war on the other side of the world affected the timetable for Pacific movements, since battleships and personnel which previously had been in the European theater joined the Iwo invasion fleet.

After a month's stay in storage, Number 711 was stowed by a Marine working party aboard a Navy transport, manned by Coast Guard personnel who had been in action during the invasion of Normandy. The ship in pre-war days had carried freight and passengers to the West Indies and South America, but now it was serving as headquarters for the Fourth Marines. Its tourist-class accommodations had been converted into a 100-bed sick bay with an operating room where the bar used to be. Number 711 was one of many pints of plasma held in readiness for the arrival of casualties from the beaches. The ship carried its own landing craft, which were swung over the side and lowered into the turbulent ocean on the dawn of D Day.

The island of Iwo, shrouded by black clouds of volcanic dust and smoke, appeared from the sea to be lifeless. The Marines swarmed down the nets and into the waiting boats as the Navy pummeled the beachhead with a final bombardment of shells, bombs, and rockets. The first waves seemed to get ashore safely. From an anchorage several miles away from the actual beach, one cannot see mortar bursts and small-arms fire. Yet before H Hour had run its course, a lash-tipped voice over the public address system announced, "Casualties, Number Three hatch! Casualties, Number Three hatch!"

The waves slammed the small boats against the steel side of the transport and jarred into temporary consciousness the men who lay wounded on unsteady stretchers. The boom on Number Three hatch was swung to starboard, a sling was lowered, and the casualties, two at a time, were taken aboard. A medical officer made a rapid survey and gave his orders: "Take this one to the Op Room at once; these two can go to Ward Two; and this one — this one is already dead, but take him below."

The corpsmen hurried, because there were more wounded to come. Even in the small boats, some of the more critically wounded were being kept alive by plasma. Standing over the wounded men, the coxswains held the bottles in one hand while they clung to the rail with the other. During the few seconds the wounded were being lifted aloft in slings, the bottles were on the stretchers beside them, but

as soon as they reached the deck of the transport, corpsmen raised the bottles so that the life-giving fluid once again flowed downward and into the arms of those who lived on the strength of others.

The number of Marines who went ashore that first day was more than double the number of those who returned to the ship on stretchers, but it was difficult for the personnel of the transport, many of whom worked below deck, to appreciate this fact. It seemed as though the bosun piped notice of the arrival of casualties as rapidly as he announced the departure of fresh boatloads of pack-laden Marines. The sick bay filled up, and additional wounded were quartered in the bunks recently left vacant by troops headed shoreward.

Case after case of plasma was broken open, but 711 was undisturbed. Throughout the first night, the case containing 711 remained in storage. Then at dawn the next morning the signal came that a medical dressing station on the beach needed more blood. Marines carried the plywood boxes topsides and lowered them in nets to a waiting landing craft. The four Coastguardmen who operated the boat made sure the plasma was secure before shoving off.

The turbulent sea had reached a state of violence which equaled that of the bloody battle on the beaches. So many small boats had been smashed by the waves and spewn as twisted rubble along the sand that no more were allowed to land, unless they carried cargo which could not wait. In a voice which was carried a quarter of a mile out to sea by loud-speakers, the beachmaster bellowed a command for the Coastguardmen to tell him what they had aboard. The coxswain wigwagged his arms to signify blood. The beachmaster ordered them to catch a line from the small craft on their port side and to ride the next wave into the beach.

As the boat ground its nose into the black sands of Iwo, the craft on the port side stood offshore and tugged on a stern line to keep the boat perpendicular to the beach. When the ramp was lowered, a chain from a waiting bulldozer was attached to the bow, so that while the cargo was being unloaded, the boat was held fore and aft by the bulldozer on the beach and a small craft in the water. The waves poured over the stern, drenching the crew, but Seabees waded through the knee-deep water in the well of the boat and shouldered the cases of blood. Number 711 had reached the beach of Iwo Jima.

3

THE medical dressing station was close to the shore. Corpsmen brought in wounded and went back for

more. The casualties were given temporary treatment and held until the beachmaster signaled that a boat was ready to take them to the nearest transport vessel. Number 711 was shoved under a tarpaulin until needed, but that moment was close at hand.

A panting corpsman hurried into the dressing station to ask for plasma. A kid was pinned in a tank, he said, and needed blood until they could get him out. The tarpaulin was yanked back, a plywood case was dragged into the open so that its cover could be pried off, and Number 711 was on its way into action. The front lines skirted the airfield, only a quarter of a mile from the beach, but it was an uphill climb, with thick sand to make every step an effort. Mortar and shell fire forced the corpsman to dive for cover, crouch and run forward, and dive for cover again.

After sixty-eight consecutive days of being bombed, the Japanese still had effective land mines. One of the first American tanks to reach the airfield was put out of commission when it ran over an underground mine and was blown upside down. Four of the crew were killed instantly, and the fifth was trapped head down among his dead companions. His leg was crushed between the gun mount and the side of the turret, preventing his being removed. He had to be given medical treatment inside the tank until a repair crew could get him out. Number 711's mission was to keep the man alive. Via train, plane, truck, ship, landing craft, and weary corpsman, the lifeline of American blood had been extended from a white table to an overturned tank on distant Iwo Jima.

The escape hatch on the bottom of the tank was now facing upward. The enemy was plastering the entire area with heavy fire, but the corpsman lowered himself into the interior of the tank. With the aid of a flashlight he groped among the bodies until he found the live one. Blinking in the glare of the light, the injured man smiled wanly and murmured, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" The corpsman gave him a shot of morphine and told him it was no wonder that he was strung up like a side of beef if he pulled corny gags like that one. Finding nothing else handy, the corpsman used a near-by body as a pillow to raise the kid into a more comfortable position. He examined the leg and saw that it could be extricated without amputation if the tank were turned upright. It was just a question of hanging on until the turret could be opened.

There was no place to hang Number 711, so the

corpsman had to stand and hold it. Down the rubber tube and into the white underside of a bloody arm flowed the surplus strength of the elevator operator, the traffic cop, the Irish hostess, the liquor dealer, the farmer, the war bride, the college student, and all the others at home.

"Whose blood is it?" the kid wanted to know. "Blonde or brunette?"

For five hours the kid was trapped in the tank. Gas fumes filled the interior, and the corpsman did not dare to light a cigarette. Marines shouted encouragement from time to time through the open hatch, but help was slow in coming. Close mortar bursts thickened the air in the tank with dust and smoke. More plasma was sent for, but Number 711 had accomplished its mission. The injured man's pulse was strong, and his crushed leg, pinned in an elevated position, had stopped bleeding.

The corpsman was relieved when he no longer had to hold his arm aloft to keep the plasma flowing downwards. Finally a retriever truck with a heavy crane was pushed and pulled through the deep sand and maneuvered onto hard ground. The corpsman held onto his patient while the tank was turned over. Fresh air rushed through the open turret. The tankman was eased out, followed by the corpsman, who started to take one end of the stretcher but was shoved aside by a Marine who felt the corpsman had done enough for one day.

Number 711, an empty pint of expendable American blood, was left among the dead inside the tank. The retriever truck towed the tank to a place of comparative safety, where repairmen could go to work on it, and a burial party removed the bodies to a cemetery started near the beach. Number 711 was tossed onto a pile of empty K ration tins.

From San Francisco, to the Marshalls, to the Marianas, to the airfield at the foot of Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima, Number 711 had been passed along by countless hands in order that the life of one man might be saved. While the kid was waiting in the dressing station for a boat to take him out to a transport, he tried to thank the corpsman. Without looking as though he were trying to make an impressive, heroic speech, the corpsman bent closer to the wounded tankman and replied, "Don't thank me, mate. You'll get a ticket to the States for this, and when you get there and see someone in a restaurant, bus depot, or hotel lobby with a blood bank button on, thank that guy, because someone at home saved your life, not me."

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

An Appreciation

by HOWARD HANSON

1

WHEN Serge Koussevitzky took his place at the conductor's stand in Symphony Hall on October 10, 1924, to assume the direction of Boston's famous symphony orchestra, the occasion marked the beginning of a new era in the history of American music, for Dr. Koussevitzky possessed those qualities of mind and spirit which were to give impetus and leadership to musical creation.

The conductor who is to leave an impression upon the culture of a nation must be much more than a "batoneer." He must be an organizer and an expert in matters of personnel, since without these qualifications he could not assemble and integrate a complex organization. He must be a pedagogue and teacher, trainer and taskmaster, for a great orchestra must be amalgamated into one unit. He must be a musician whose knowledge is respected and whose conception of music is stimulating to the men of the orchestra, for the performance which results from the arduous rehearsals will reflect both in technical details and in interpretation the conductor's powers of analysis and synthesis. The conductor should also be the musical mentor of the community. The orchestral repertory which the music-lovers of a city hear depends largely upon the choice of the conductor — upon his catholicity of taste, his sense of values, and his qualities of mind.

To what degree is an orchestra the product of its conductor? There is an old adage among orchestra men which runs, "There are no bad orchestras; there are only bad conductors." This is an oversimplifica-

tion. It must be admitted, however, that the performance of an orchestra reflects to a remarkable degree the genius of its conductor. We can all testify to having heard brilliant orchestras sound dull and undistinguished under less capable conductors, and second-rate orchestras sound brilliant under distinguished conductors. I have heard Dr. Koussevitzky give a program of surpassing brilliance with the student orchestra of "Tanglewood" in spite of the fact that the students, though gifted, were inexperienced and had been playing together for only a few weeks. This ability to get the ultimate from the orchestra is one of the sternest tests of the conductor's genius.

The training of an orchestra involves two basic divisions. The first includes the fundamental technical problems of rhythmic precision, articulation and bowing, attack and release, ensemble, phrasing, balance, quality, graduation of dynamics, and the like. The second division may be said to consist of the establishment of a flexible control extending from the mind of the conductor to the members of the orchestra. Through this control the conductor is able to use the technical virtuosity of the players to express a musical idea. This phase of the art, with a great conductor like Serge Koussevitzky, approaches the point of a hypnosis whereby the conductor controls the artistic will of the hundred men of his orchestra.

No two conductors approach the training of an orchestra in the same way. Conductors tend to emphasize in differing degrees technical perfection of performance and interpretation of the content of a score. The tradition of the *Kapellmeister* seems to require the dissecting of a score measure by measure, rehearsing each individual bar with endless repetition — a process which too frequently impresses one as musical vivisection without anesthetic.

Certainly this is not Dr. Koussevitzky's method. I have heard him repeat a phrase again and again

HOWARD HANSON, American composer, conductor, and teacher, is Director of the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester. He has written four symphonies, — three of which received their first performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, — an opera, *Merry Mount*, commissioned by the Metropolitan Opera Company and produced by it in 1934, and numerous other works. For twenty years he has conducted an annual series of symphony concerts in Rochester devoted to works by American composers. He has appeared as guest conductor with all the major symphony orchestras of the United States and with many European orchestras.

with tireless persistence until his high standard of performance was satisfied; but his search for perfection is one which goes behind the notes to the basic purpose of the composer. It is a search not so much for the elusive sixteenth note — for the Boston Symphony Orchestra can generally put the sixteenth note in its place — as for the musical effect which will best interpret the composer.

I have heard him rehearse the opening of the Overture to *The Flying Dutchman* dozens of times, not because the horns could not play the notes, but because the notes as played did not yet convey their emotional and dramatic portent. I have heard him rehearse passages in Elgar's familiar *Pomp and Circumstance* repeatedly until the low trumpets sounded brilliant. Every student of orchestration knows that low trumpet tones *cannot* sound brilliant, but at the end of that rehearsal they *did* sound brilliant.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has achieved under Dr. Koussevitzky a technical perfection attained by few orchestras of our time, but I believe that its mechanical perfection is a by-product. The qualities of precision, ensemble, balance, and flexibility have come as a result of Dr. Koussevitzky's striving for complete musical expression. A scale is never merely a scale; a technical passage is never played solely to display the orchestra's astonishing virtuosity. It must be re-created as a part of an expressive whole.

2

IN developing this phase of orchestral training — the establishment of a quasi-hypnotic control over the orchestra — Dr. Koussevitzky has been uniquely successful. Although this control must rest on technical development, it brings into play many factors less easily defined. The relationship between a conductor and an orchestra presents a fascinating psychological study. The structure of an orchestra is basically authoritarian. The absolutism inherent in the conductor's position may create resentment on the part of individual players and friction within the orchestra. The layman does not always realize that in a major orchestra a large percentage of the individuals are distinguished artists in their own right. They have their own ideas, both technical and interpretative, about the music which is being performed, and they may submit to the judgment of the conductor grudgingly. Only when they are convinced of the surpassing artistry of their conductor do they willingly submerge their individualities in the creation of a unified interpretation.

One of the conductor's most formidable tasks, therefore, is to win the respect, coöperation, and

loyalty of his men. That the Boston Symphony Orchestra during Serge Koussevitzky's regime has preserved a remarkable continuity of personnel is concrete evidence of his eminent success in this task. When one considers the normal changes due to death, retirement, or incapacity in the membership of any organization over a period of twenty years, it is significant that approximately 30 per cent of the present orchestra remains from the day when Dr. Koussevitzky assumed its directorship twenty years ago.

When we observe also that this continuity of personnel includes such outstanding artists as Richard Burgin, concertmaster, and Julius Theodorowicz, assistant concertmaster, and such distinguished first-desk players as Messrs. Bedetti, cello, Laurent, flute, Allard, bassoon, Valkenier, horn, and Mager, trumpet, we have clear proof of the warm devotion of these men to their conductor and their orchestra. They have worked faithfully with Dr. Koussevitzky through the years in creating a great musical organization.

Nor is this personal and artistic loyalty limited to the solo players of the orchestra. The rank and file of the orchestra are equally imbued with Serge Koussevitzky's ideal of artistic perfection. I once remarked to a member of the orchestra that the Boston Symphony Orchestra did not let down on tour — that the performances in other cities were frequently comparable to the best performances in Boston. His answer was, "Well, we feel that we *are* the Boston Symphony."

I recall being in the conductor's room during the intermission of a concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra was giving in a city that had its own symphony orchestra. A player came to Dr. Koussevitzky's room to apologize for some "blue notes" he had played during the first half of the program. Dr. Koussevitzky's reply was typical: "That is all right, my friend, but do not let it happen again. This city has its own orchestra. If they want blue notes, they can make their own. They do not engage the Boston Symphony to play for them wrong notes."

The spirit of the orchestra — which Dr. Koussevitzky calls "the artistical discipline" — results, I believe, not only from the deep respect which the men have for Dr. Koussevitzky, but also from their understanding of his purpose. They realize that the same "artistical discipline" which he demands of them he exacts of himself in even sterner measure. When this unity of purpose is fully achieved, an orchestra becomes the conductor's own instrument of expression, a part of him as the violin becomes a part of a great violinist.

We commonly think of this merging of the artistic elements of an orchestra under the control of the conductor as a long task involving years of playing together. This is basically true, and yet it is possible for a conductor to bring a highly trained orchestra under complete control in a short period of time. I recall my astonishment at a concert of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony directed by Serge Koussevitzky as guest conductor. Fantastic as it may appear, the New York Philharmonic after three rehearsals with Dr. Koussevitzky seemed to have taken on the familiar characteristics of the Boston Symphony. That conservative and thoughtful critic, Olin Downes of the *New York Times*, devoted a special article to a description of this very phenomenon. It can be explained, I believe, as the result of technical discipline implemented by psychic control of the orchestra by a great conductor.

In the matter of interpretation Serge Koussevitzky is the exponent of a rare philosophy. Some of our distinguished conductors are essentially fundamentalists in that they devote themselves with meticulous care to the literal exposition of a symphonic score. The defense for this theory of interpretation is that the conductor's sole duty is the unfolding of the score exactly as it was set down by the composer.

This doctrine might have complete validity if music notation were an exact science. It is instead a rather crude manner of conveying the composer's general intentions. Pitch notation is fairly accurate, and an A in Boston will probably bear considerable similarity to an A in Los Angeles. In the matter of tempo, composers who wish to do so may, through accurate metronomic markings, indicate the exact tempo of the beginning of a movement or section — though I have found composers as a group remarkably inaccurate in their use of this simple instrument. Beyond this point, accuracy of notation ends. There is no way by which the composer can indicate with exactness small fluctuations of tempo or subtle nuances in balance, so that even a completely accurate, literal playing of a score may result in a performance that is far removed from the composer's conception.

Serge Koussevitzky is not a literalist. He strives first of all to ascertain the intention of the composer, and then brings to bear his formidable technical knowledge and amazing sensibility to its realization. In transmuting the score into sound, he assumes the task of re-creation rather than of translation. In the hands of a lesser man such a sense of freedom would be dangerous, but it serves Serge Koussevitzky as a powerful lens revealing the mind of the composer with amazing fidelity.

Occasionally a critic remarks of a conductor that he "makes the music sound better than it is" — a statement which every composer naturally resents. In a literal sense it is obviously impossible to make music sound better than it is, and yet in the hands of a conductor like Serge Koussevitzky this anomaly seems actually to occur. What happens is that his sensitivity to the purposes of the composer enables him to reveal the music in its most convincing form.

3

I HAVE remarked that a community is dependent upon the taste of the conductor for its symphonic menu. A few conductors present almost exclusively the repertoires which suit their own tastes; the greater proportion try to give their audiences a balanced diet. But in spite of honest intentions, the repertoire of each conductor must of necessity be influenced by personal taste, racial background, political leanings. An interesting thesis could be written on the influence of political developments upon the symphonic programs of a nation.

Boston has always had a fine tradition of liberalism in its symphonic repertoire. No one was better fitted to carry forward and expand that tradition than Serge Koussevitzky. A Russian by birth, a pupil of Nikisch in Germany, the conductor of the famous Concerts Koussevitzky in Paris, a frequent guest conductor of orchestras both on the Continent and in England, a liberal by nature, Dr. Koussevitzky had shown himself sympathetic to the art-forms of every country. He was as formidable a protagonist of the works of the great French composers as of the composers of his native Russia. He was as sensitive to the beauties of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Italian music as he was to the symphonies of Germany. He has a warm and receptive interest in music regardless of the country of its origin. In an age which was still to a considerable degree dominated by the German symphonic repertoire, the music of all lands found in him a valiant and unbiased champion.

The fine tradition which Dr. Koussevitzky had developed in Europe he continued in his direction of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His first Boston program presented music from Italy, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Russia. His second represented Germany, France, and Spain. Throughout that season and the seasons to follow, the audiences of Boston were presented a rich fare in the finest tradition of artistic and political liberalism.

In recording these achievements I have not yet emphasized Dr. Koussevitzky's greatest contribu-

tion: his championship of contemporary music. The turn of the century brought a curious perversion of attitude toward the creative arts, a veneration of the past coupled with an apathy toward the present, a glorification of the virtuoso at the expense of the composer, a canalizing of musical activities through managerial offices possessed at times of myopic vision. Music had become big business and was subject to the pressures and conservatism of big business.

But music to Serge Koussevitzky must be a living art, an art which speaks of today and tomorrow as well as of yesterday. In Europe he had revealed for the first time to many audiences the beauties of the music of Debussy and Ravel, Scriabin, Stravinsky, and a host of others. His battle for the recognition by Europe of Europe's own important contemporary music constitutes an important chapter in the history of contemporary European music. The list of significant works given first performances by Dr. Koussevitzky during this period cannot be set down here. The important thing to emphasize is the dynamic philosophy behind his support of contemporary music, his insistence on music as a *living art* and a vital, spiritual force in contemporary life.

Some European conductors coming to the United States have found adjustment difficult. Fearful of the conservatism of a new country, some sacrificed their belief in the importance of contemporary music to expediency, and played safe with a repertory limited to symphonic war-horses guaranteed to carry them to a sure and painless victory. (I recall a distinguished German conductor, famous in Berlin for his interesting performances of new music, who upon coming to the United States lapsed into a complete and deadly conservatism.)

Serge Koussevitzky was not of this mind. His philosophy was too deeply imbedded, too genuinely a part of himself, to be changed by a breath of sea air. That first Boston program challenged attention with a world première of Honegger's *Pacific 231*. Premières followed in dazzling succession — to the amazement and perhaps discomfiture of Boston audiences. The second pair of concerts brought the first American performance of de Falla's *El Amor Brujo* and the first Boston performance of Florent Schmitt's *Rêves*. The third pair listed the first Boston performance of Prokofiev's *Scythian Suite*. The fourth brought the first American performance of Roussel's *Symphony in B Flat*. The fifth included the first American performance of the Moussorgsky-Ravel *Pictures at an Exhibition*; and so through the season.

It was not until the twelfth pair of concerts that the good doctor allowed the people of Boston the

relaxation of an all-Beethoven program. After this brief respite from new works, Boston heard in the following week an all-Stravinsky program including the first Boston performance of the *Concerto for Piano and Wind Orchestra* with the famous composer as soloist.

Nor was the contemporary American composer neglected. The season included works by Edward Burlingame Hill, Arthur Foote, Charles Martin Loeffler, Henry Hadley, Henry Eichheim, and Aaron Copland. Dr. Koussevitzky's interest in American music was destined to grow steadily through the years. His belief in the position of the conductor as a protagonist of the creative forces of the age in which he lives is a basic and fundamental part of his philosophy. It was, therefore, a natural projection of this philosophy that he should seek to do for the composers of the land of his adoption what he had done so successfully for the composers of Europe.

4

IN JULY of 1944 a unique celebration took place in New York City. Hundreds of composers and their friends gathered at a great banquet to pay tribute to Serge Koussevitzky for his twenty years of inspiring work in behalf of American music. In itself unusual, since the composer is perhaps of all musicians the most self-centered and the least inclined to express gratitude to a conductor or to a performing artist, this tribute was sincere, forthright, and lusty. By the end of the evening there could be no question as to the affection of the composers of America for Serge Koussevitzky. For all of this there is a simple explanation. The list of American works performed by Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra over the past twenty years is a blue-ribbon record of the most important works by the country's most gifted composers.

The performance of these works represented a herculean accomplishment, but the listing of the American repertory which Dr. Koussevitzky has conducted does not by any means tell the whole story. The secret lies not merely in the *number* of works performed but in the *quality* of the performances. The American composer is accustomed to hit-and-run performances of his works. He is less accustomed to the Koussevitzky performance, a carefully rehearsed and searching realization of the orchestral score.

A composer conceiving a work thinks of its performance in terms of a celestial orchestra, an orchestra where his subtlest desires are completely

realized. The orchestras of this world cannot always measure up to this celestial standard, but in Dr. Koussevitzky's hands the realization is frequently so near perfection that the composer is left in a state of breathless gratitude. Such performances are not the result merely of a detailed technical working out of the score; they spring from Serge Koussevitzky's psychic penetration of the meaning of the music, his magical ability to comprehend the mind of the composer.

He has, in addition, a profound belief in the music which he has chosen to conduct. Having once made up his mind as to the value of a score, he is a lion in its defense. I recall some years ago a symphony which, though favorably received by the audience, had something less than unanimous approval from the critics. Upon reading the adverse criticisms, Dr. Koussevitzky's reaction was typical: "They do not like this music. I must repeat it until they understand it." And repeat it he did, until the critics reformed or gave up in self-defense. This is something more than loyalty to an individual composer: it is loyalty to a principle, to a deep, personal philosophy.

The final test of a great conductor is his ability to influence the developing cultural life of the country. Conductors have not always measured up to the opportunities and obligations of such leadership. Some of them in the days before the war were birds of passage, bringing us their gifts from foreign shores and then returning home. Under such nomadic conditions they could hardly expect to take an important part in the development of the musical resources of this country. But Dr. Koussevitzky, realizing that the future of the music of a nation must rest with its young people, founded the famous Berkshire Music Center in "Tanglewood," where in beautiful surroundings talented young musicians could come for instruction under distinguished teachers and for training in orchestral playing and conducting.

When the war made the continuance of the Berkshire concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra impossible, Dr. Koussevitzky continued the concerts for a year with the student orchestra, assuming personally both the financial and the artistic responsibility for this courageous adventure. Its success has fully justified the faith of its patron. Here he taught youth not only the notes but the spirit behind the notes. Here he imparted his own dynamic evangelism of beauty.

Aesthetics, education, and even the economics of

music, have all profited from Dr. Koussevitzky's penetrating analysis. Uppermost in his heart, however, have always been the twin spirits of creation and performance — first the music and then its transmutation into sound with sympathetic understanding and loving care. His article, "Justice for the Composer," is as stirring a manifesto in behalf of musical creation as this age may see. His establishment of the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, in memory of his wife, Nathalie Koussevitzky, for the aid of composers is evidence of his rare ability to grapple practically with the economic difficulties of the composer.

The organization of the Koussevitzky Music Foundation again emphasizes Dr. Koussevitzky's concern for music as a living art, his passionate belief in the eternal importance of musical creation. In order to help the composer of serious music, Dr. Koussevitzky inaugurated through the Koussevitzky Foundation a series of commissions. The manner of setting up these commissions throws a revealing light on Dr. Koussevitzky's breadth of mind and purpose. Commissions for large works are awarded to established composers to give them time for creative work. Smaller commissions are awarded to gifted young composers, not only for the financial assistance which they afford, but to give encouragement, incentive, and recognition. They are awarded to composers of foreign as well as of American birth, to men representing varying points of view, regardless of schools of thought, race, creed, or color.

Distinguished composers who have already completed works for the Foundation include Bela Bartok, Nicolai Berezowsky, Nikolai Lopatnikoff, Bohuslav Martinu, Darius Milhaud, William Schuman, and Igor Stravinsky. Gifted young composers who have completed compositions under special awards include William Bergsma, Robert Palmer, and Burrill Phillips. The list of commissions outstanding includes the names of Samuel Barber, Benjamin Britten, Aaron Copland, Howard Hanson, Serge Prokofieff, Arnold Schoenberg, Ralph Vaughan Williams, and Hector Villa-Lobos.

Serge Koussevitzky has a sense of historicity, a mystical ability to feel the motion of men's minds and to assay his own place in the development of his time. History will recognize him not only as a great conductor but as one of the significant creative forces of his era. For what he has done, and for what he will continue to do, for the music of America and of the world, we are all greatly in his debt.

A LETTER TO TWELVE COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

by CAPTAIN McGEORGE BUNDY

On January 24 of this year, twelve college presidents addressed an Open Letter to President Roosevelt, in which they opposed the adoption of compulsory military training, as a permanent peacetime policy, while the nation is under the strain and tension of war. The digest of the letter had an instantaneous effect upon the men in uniform. — THE EDITOR

FRANCE, *March*, 1945

GENTLEMEN: —

I see by a clipping mailed to me from home that you have written Mr. Roosevelt a letter to tell him that you disapprove of passing a peacetime draft law in wartime. Time enough, you say, to face that problem when the war is over and we all have a chance to look around. Your arguments are various, and their points of reference somewhat hazy, but the general idea is clear. The President advocates peacetime universal military training, and you are not having any now.

The Army has not destroyed my deep respect for what you represent, but your wholly unexpected views have aroused in me a feeling of deep apprehension. If in less than three years I can have come so far from men and minds whose leadership I once proudly acknowledged, it is time to speak plainly. For if it has happened to me, it has happened to others like me, and there is a wide new gulf between you gentlemen and those you taught not many years ago.

We believe that universal military training after victory is an urgent national necessity. We believe it is the focal point of any solid United States policy for post-war peace. Our arguments and thoughts and hopes about the fruits of victory all come back in the end insistently to one vital condition: "*If* we have universal military training." And so when men like you oppose it, we are deeply troubled.

McGEORGE BUNDY, who graduated from Yale in 1940, enlisted as a private in the Army in the spring of 1942. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Signal Corps, and in the spring of 1943 was appointed Army Communications Officer and Aide on the staff of Admiral Alan G. Kirk. He served in the invasion of Sicily and Normandy, and in March, 1945, was transferred to the Infantry for training in France as a combat officer. He was a Junior Fellow at Harvard in 1941, and expects to return to his studies there after the war.

The core of your argument is the inadvisability of taking this drastic step in time of war — and you point with warning finger at the Prohibition Amendment. This, you say, is what happens when one does new things in wartime.

And yet what a curious argument! The trouble with the Eighteenth Amendment was not that it was passed in wartime — the trouble with the Eighteenth Amendment was that it was a bad law. It is true that pressures and emotions are different in war; it is *not* true that all the differences are for the worse. And as for the passage of large-scale legislation in wartime, I do not recall having been taught in college to view with cold displeasure Mr. Lincoln's Homestead Act.

What I fear you really mean is that you think peacetime universal military training unwise. Then you should say so. It would keep you from advancing arguments that only hide the basic issues. For example, you write: "No one can now foresee the international situation when the war is over; it is therefore impossible to determine intelligently the extent of defense measures which will be needed." In other words, we are to let our military policy be determined by something nebulous called the international situation.

This is the fatal error, gentlemen. First off, military policy is not something separate from foreign policy, nor even something that waits upon and follows it; the two are one. Peaceful peoples like ourselves get into wars for *want* of a military and foreign policy, not for too much of it. We get into wars because we let situations govern us when we should be governing the situations. You are talking the old language, the helpless language of men who dare not act as men to master man-made "situations." You have put the cart of situation before the horse of policy.

You crave postponement of the issue, and this argument of yours obscures the essential reason for having a peacetime universal military training law *now*. Your advice is to wait till the situation is clear. But this thing you fear is the one thing above all others that Americans can do, today, to make that situation clear.

The "international situation" is not a phenomenon to be observed at a distance, dispassionately, scientifically. It is here and now and you and I. It is full of question marks, but the biggest of all is whether America is *in*, or whether she will wait and see. If that question can be firmly answered, "In," the day of victory will show a scene more fair by far than any we have known. And the best way to be *in* is to take the single drastic, hard-boiled step that will mean our bets are backed by aces.

"Yes," you will say, "it is good to be *in*." (At least some will — others of you have in your time held other views.) "It is good to be *in*. But is this the way? Is it not rather a matter of conferences and treaties and world organization and trade and general good will?" If only it were. Those are the things you taught us ten and even five years ago. If they were true, how many things we might never have had to learn from the Army!

Yours is the error of great and learned men in other times — the tragic error of Wilson, and Briand, and even Chamberlain. Clemenceau once gladdened hearts like yours (and mine) by saying that war was too important to be left to the generals. He should have added, I begin to think, that peace is too important to be left to the civilians. We have been killing Germans and Japanese for three years now. They have been killing us. Surely all this intensive effort is not the result of a failure in conferences and good will. We got into this war because we had not the will, or the policy, or the force, to stop it. If we wait and see, we shall see my sons and your grandsons in this same old horror.

You are concerned about the dangers of a "revolutionary change in fundamental American policies." You say that such a change should not be made in wartime. Your sciences, together with the war in which we are engaged, have already revolutionized the fundamentals upon which our policies are based. We cannot escape history, and whatever policy we have must now be new. Many of you gentlemen, even, when it is foreign and not military policy that you discuss, are shameless advocates of revolutionary change — you seek a sweeping reversal of America's reluctance to commit herself in Europe. It is not "revolutionary change" in wartime that you fear; it is this particular, specific proposal.

2

BUT you cannot have your cake and eat it. If you believe in a new American policy, newly alive to American responsibilities everywhere, you must have the courage to accept its inevitable accompaniment — a new and lasting American military strength. We cannot go forward with one foot and back with the other. You are challenged by a new and different world. Do not dodge the challenge. "New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth." Must we come back to find our college presidents, when these new duties seem to fall on them, fighting with specious arguments? It is not a hopeful prospect.

You say that a proper military policy may not require compulsory military training. Is your judgment in this matter very solid? You would agree, surely, that the military establishment of the United States cannot be allowed again to fall below the level of a self-respecting third-rate power. Can you point out the modern nation which has met its international commitments *without* peacetime universal military training? Can you produce a military man of proved reputation who will say that any sound American military policy can be developed without the assurance that the young men of the country have been trained to fight?

You are merely hoping, and in these matters it will not do to put hope ahead of facts. Some among you, scientists, may look to wars of brains and buttons, atom-smashing bombs and mighty rockets. But men have been trying to escape the fact of the infantry for hundreds of generations. It has not yet been done. Wars are still fought by trained men, millions of them. It is today that we need military strength; and today our military strength is in universal military training only.

"Young man," you are muttering, "young man, you are talking beside the point. Read the third reason we give for our position." It is an estimable statement. It says among other things: "We are all heartily in favor of whatever measures may be necessary to insure our adequate defenses and to give us adequate military and naval strength commensurate with our international commitments in the post-war world." This is a proper sentiment; break it down, though, and what does it say? Does it say what commitments we may or should have? Does it define a policy? No, it says only: "Wait and see; we shall later favor what we shall later favor."

No, gentlemen, America cannot wait. Americans must decide now; we are moving through war to

peace, and each new battle opens out a string of peacetime problems. What the soldiers do now affects the peace tomorrow, and what the legislators say and do and vote today is writing future history. If we wait, we merely abdicate.

But what, you say, if the peace is really peaceful? What then becomes of this panoply — this permanent “armed camp”? I must answer with another question: Is it then your belief that out of the bloody bitterness and suffering of this war the twisted, torn, and shaken peoples of the world can build in five years, or in ten or twenty, the lasting peace that makes an army foolish waste? The question answers itself. We are in a world of force; we are fighting our greatest war to assure that right has might.

Our leaders, with other leaders, are moving firmly and with practical effect to bind up the peoples' wounds. It is slow work — and we have not yet begun on the enemy, whose energies will still be bent on finding means to break our will, our policy, and finally our strength. It will not be over when the battles end. It will be only beginning. Later, much later, when we know that we don't need them, we can dismiss our armies. It is not hard to make peacetime soldiers into peacetime civilians — if younger men replace us in the occupation armies, we may have a chance one day to prove it. The hard step is in the other direction. And it will be five times harder if we ever let the pattern now established vanish into wartime history.

And incidentally, when you talk of armed camps you are drawing across the trail one of the oldest of red herrings. This is the argument that guns and armies cause wars. It has never been true in our country. It has been pointed out that the only war the United States has ever kept out of was the one she was prepared for — the war that was not necessary when the fact of our military strength induced the French to get out of Mexico just after our Civil War. Strength in the hands of the righteous is the only guarantee of peace.

As you most properly remark, the essence of the problem is military and not educational. We do not need universal military training for its side benefits. We need it to make soldiers and sailors and flyers — to have an army, a navy, and an air force. We need a year of military training for everyone. We need it now, to guarantee our policy — to show ourselves and all the world that, in the battle for a lasting peace, America is in to stay.

We are agreed that the educational aspect is secondary. It is odd, then, that you should choose to write as educators. The answer is, perhaps, your special, warm, and almost vital interest in the eighteen-year-olds of our country. You do not trust the

Federal government, you say, to educate these boys. Neither do I, if you are talking about politics and languages, history and sciences, and the disciplines of scholarship. But when you say that military training has no “collateral educational and social values,” you are talking through twelve learned hats.

Have you asked us, who know the Army from the inside? By three or four to one we believe in lasting universal military training, and one reason is that we are sure it was not a bad thing for us. We do not look for the millennium in a military year. But we think a boy will learn to know Americans he would not otherwise meet; we think he will face and learn from a kind of American discipline he would not otherwise find.

I believe that to know what military service means greatly helps a man in search of rounded education. I know of no place where a man can learn more quickly how to judge his fellow men and trust his judgment. These lessons, and those of coöperation, self-reliance, self-criticism, and humor, can all be learned in other places, but nowhere better than in the Army.

Some of you, perhaps, are worried lest military training turn out men who will be blind to higher education, and who will be a spawning ground for fascism. You cannot serve in the American Army without learning that the effect of military training, in both these matters, is exactly the reverse.

So much for universal military training in peacetime. I think my views are not far from those of most other men in uniform. In closing, then, may I point out that if this is the case there is a danger facing you that is far greater than anything you have to fear from any peacetime draft. You are in danger of cutting yourselves off from the young men of your country.

The returning soldier will have a deep and lasting hunger for education. Not all of what he wants, of course, is yours to give. Not every man is looking for the training of the colleges. But among us there are many tens of thousands who are waiting for the day when we can again go to you for light and truth — for a sharpening and deepening of our minds that these last years have left us badly needing.

We will go eagerly and humbly, but if we find in your colleges a way of life still unrevised to meet the facts as we have had to meet them, we will not stay so long or drink so deep as you and we now hope. It would be your great loss, and ours, if, in your eagerness to keep the old, you should lose your great, shining chance to mold the new. For the road is forward, gentlemen, not back.

Respectfully,

McGEORGE BUNDY

“THE FRENCH LOOK SO HEALTHY”

by MONICA STIRLING

1

THE damaged station at Havre did not look so sordid as it was. This was because sunlight the color of Normandy cider was pouring through the fissures made by our bombs. But because it had none of the conventional station bric-a-brac — no buffet, no porters, no little trucks loaded with newspapers — it lacked verisimilitude. It might have been a discarded film set. Along the remaining outer wall were surprisingly unfaded posters, their bright, nursery-colored text inviting one to visit Brittany and Normandy and Rouen Cathedral (of which only a lovely lace skeleton remains). On the wall above the posters were scribbled the names of American soldiers, sometimes with the names of their home towns added; below, there still remained a few German names.

Drawn up alongside our train was a train preparing to go in the opposite direction. It was laden with newly arrived soldiers. They looked clean and, in both the literal and the slang sense of the word, fresh. Their field jackets were hardly creased, and as the boys going on leave looked at them I imagine that they could not avoid drawing the comparison, its pathos as terrible as it was banal, between their present appearance and the one they would acquire in the foxholes.

After the snowy, mutilated towns of eastern France, with their panoply of tanks and trucks en route for the front, this town seemed, at first, a long way from the war. Streetcars, yellow and squeaking, were running; *Les Hauts de Hurlevent* (*Wuthering Heights*) was being shown at one motion picture theater; newspaper kiosks were selling Paris papers as well as *Le Havre Libre*; the sun was shining with dazzling effect on a smooth gray-blue sea.

It is extremely difficult to convey the effects of

In an American correspondent's uniform, MONICA STIRLING, a young English girl still in her twenties, has been representing the *Atlantic* in France since last November. Her father was once the director of the English theater in Paris, and there, in her girlhood, she made the friends who, as they talk to her, unlock the anguish and fortitude of a brave, sensitive people.

bombing. Those who have never lived under bombardment cannot fully apprehend it. How badly most of us focused the pictures of the Spanish Civil War can be proved by the different way in which we now see the same pictures. And those who have lived under it long enough have their sensibilities blunted. The damage in Havre did not, at first, shock me, and this was not because it is not shocking, but because living in London accustomed me to shocking sights.

Aware of this deficiency in my imagination, I bought some picture postcards in a little shop in the suburbs that constituted, I later discovered, the only normal-looking parts of Havre. These postcards, brown with glossy surfaces, had been printed several years before the war. With them to help me, I made my way from the Fort, which was like a huge cheap toy, through ruins which, because Havre was once an opulent commercial town, were full of traces of handsomeness that made them approximate the ruins of antiquity.

One of my postcards showed the Promenade at its most conventional, and sunlit. Unindividualized crowds were gathered round clumsy bathing boxes; outmoded cars were parked in front of the ugly, ornate casino; and rather plain civilians in summer clothes and white canvas shoes were strolling over the smooth surface of the undamaged sidewalk. And the sum of all this banality was something exquisite, because it was based on an acknowledgment that the demands of pleasure are legitimate and must be acceded to.

Even its visual aspect was enchanting when compared with the dissimilar scene that now lay beneath similar sunlight: the soiled, bombed casino flanked by ruined villas; the sidewalk messed up as if by pigs with iron snouts; the beach bereft of white palings, bathing boxes, and cheerful crowds, and littered with debris and rusty girders amassed by the Germans to prevent the Allied landing; the red brick pillboxes still marked “Interdit aux Fran-

cais." Another postcard showed a charming little theater with a neat garden in front of it and cafés on either side; of this there remained only a few fragments of pillars, jutting through the rubble like broken teeth. And the wildest surrealist could not have done more with the center of the town than paint it realistically.

The worst section, a square mile of rubble, abounded in fantastic detail: attached to one of the surviving trees was a notice saying that the office of Monsieur Dax, the lawyer, had been temporarily transferred to other premises; a ruined garden contained an undamaged statue of a man and a woman, he frock-coated and she voluminously skirted, engaged in a chaste embrace; across the inner wall of a wrecked house was pasted a large and crudely colored picture of an ancient Roman interior; in the background stood the prettily pompous façade of a pillared edifice marked *Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle*. The only object in this part of the town that had not been destroyed was the 1914-1918 war memorial, now flanked by the fresh graves of bombed civilians.

2

OF THIS great European port, once touchingly proud of being the best-lighted town in France, two thirds is now destroyed: the port by the Germans or by French patriots, the town by Allied bombers. There were a hundred and twenty Allied bombing attacks on Havre before the one that presaged the invasion. During this final attack 4000 persons out of the 30,000 who remained in the town, out of a normal population of 160,000, are known to have been killed — bodies are still being unearthed and the injured are not yet numbered.

It is estimated that the rebuilding of Havre will take twenty years. The people of Havre have already started the rebuilding. Since glass, slate, and cement (together with food and shoes) are among the town's major deficiencies, they are reconstructing with usable fragments from the surrounding ruins.

In addition to the postcards, I bought a local daily paper in order to see what home-town news enlivened the average person's day here. The miniature sheets — half the size of our daily papers — were not without cheerful content: heavy type announced the imminence of a "grande matinée de basket" (basketball match) to be played by American and Havraise teams in order to raise money for the homeless.

There was an account of a bicyclist who had been knocked down by a truck — "his bicycle was

rendered unusable, but disappeared shortly after the accident"; of the formation of a society "to group together old soldiers and the victims of the two wars"; and of the activities of that most pathetic of contemporary French adolescent groups, the "anciens résistants." There was an announcement that lack of coal would shortly cause electricity to be limited to a period from 5.00 P.M. to 11.00 P.M., and of stoppage of the streetcar service. There was a list of the food rations: 11 ounces of bread a day, 9 ounces of meat a week, 5 to 5½ ounces of ersatz coffee a month, 1 pound of sugar a month, no milk, flour obtainable only by surrendering bread tickets, and allotment of foods not on the constant ration (butter, cheese, potatoes, vegetables, fruit, eggs) varying according to locality and ration card. There are eight types of ration cards, ranging from infants (under 3) to aged persons (over 70). A paragraph called the attention of Frenchmen between the ages of 18 and 47 to the fact that, for the time being, volunteers would be accepted for the colonial armies only.

There were scores of tiny advertisements inserted by persons wanting not houses, nor apartments, but rooms. A Monsieur Fresnais begged to inform his clientele that he was now selling cider "as before," and several persons expressed the wish to buy bicycle tires. In the middle of the paper, setting the tone of contemporary daily life in Havre, were two columns headed: "Bombardment of 5th September, 1944," and consisting of a list of victims buried in the Place Gambetta. Beginning with an unknown person described as "human debris found on the Quai George V," the list continued with a Monsieur Murette Maurice, aged 55, whose body had been found in a butcher's shop, to culminate in Made-moiselle Guérin, aged 23, whose body had been found in the market place. On the back page were sixteen small paragraphs in which the families of persons killed in the bombardment thanked their friends for condolences.

The family that had invited me to lunch was one that had played a creditable part in the successful struggle for French survival. Neither aristocratic nor of the "Workers of the world, unite!" school, these people were of the often abused and as often praiseworthy bourgeoisie. Jacques, who had not been old enough to fight in 1939, had spent the war in Paris working for the resistance and was now a liaison officer with the American Army. His relations with the foreigners among whom he worked were as admirable as his industry, and the Americans liked him too much to patronize him. He was a dark, pleasant-looking boy, whose only obvious eccentricity was a passion for an English town named

Bradford, where he had stayed as a schoolboy. The friendship of his new associates and the fraternity-house atmosphere of the mess were giving him a taste of the innocent juvenility of which the war had hitherto deprived him.

His elder brother, Olivier, in whose room we lunched, had spent the war in Havre. He was thirteen years older than Jacques, and more saturnine. Throughout the war he had continued with his profession, which was dentistry, and this work, hard and embittering in its revelations of irremediable damage to the health of the nation, had intensified the ardor he put at the disposal of the resistance. He and Jacques were both fervent nationalists, but their nationalism was regulated by common sense rather than chauvinism.

Olivier's wife, Paulette, a pleasant young woman, was busy frying potatoes in an adjoining cubbyhole that served as kitchen (a portable stove) and bathroom (a tin basin). Throughout the occupation she kept her husband's secrets, harbored his friends, uncomplainingly accepted the horrible dangers in which he involved her — she told me that she had never been afraid of bombs, all her capacity for fear being assigned to the footsteps on the stairs, the knock at the door that might mean the Gestapo — without ever permitting this mode of life to strip her of the gayety that made her love so valuable to her serious husband. Like Olivier, Paulette was not deficient in practical sense.

The fact that their only child, a girl of eight named Joscelyne, looked plump and healthy was due to Paulette's having twice a month, over a period of two years, bicycled thirty-seven miles to a farm whose owner had once been a patient of Olivier's and who in consequence supplied butter, eggs, and occasionally a piece of bacon, most of which were kept for Joscelyne. A score of rabbitskins from the same source had made the child a fur coat. She was wearing this, over a pair of her father's trousers, cut down, which were gathered at the ankles and tucked into flannel socks and wooden sabots, when she ran in from school, her cheeks rosy, her temper jovial, her appearance the essence of health.

3

WHILE I helped Joscelyne lay the table, Paulette told me how lucky she and Olivier had been in keeping the family together during the occupation, and how sad she had been when, anticipating the Allied landing, Olivier sent her and Joscelyne to a farm outside Havre. But it was fortunate he did so, since their house was completely demolished. He

himself was among the few Red Cross workers who survived the bombardment without injury.

The room in which we were talking was one of two, in a dilapidated slum house, found for them by the hospital on whose staff Olivier works. Although it was sparsely furnished — a wooden table, six wooden chairs, a small bookcase containing three shipping magazines, a lamp with its shade decorated by Olivier's FFI armband, and a small cabinet full of curious little objects that looked like figurines off a medieval Christmas cake — it was far from depressing. Paulette kept it very clean, and the wallpaper was the same color as the sunlight coming in through the uncurtained windows and the Calvados she was carefully pouring into tumblers that did not match.

Although delightfully free from mock modesty, neither Paulette nor Olivier saw anything remarkable about their conduct. And they were right. Their conduct was not remarkable in France. Had there not been thousands of families like theirs, France would not have survived. But that is no reason for us to forget that it was remarkable.

The only one of their immediate circle whom they did find remarkable was a young Parisian to whom they were giving hospitality. I knew something about her since I had been acquainted with her before the war. Her name is Simonette, and when I had last seen her, five years earlier, she was an extremely pretty girl of eighteen, overflowing not only with gayety but with an energy that led her, when war was declared, to volunteer as an ambulance driver. She was an undisciplined little creature in those days, but the companionship of her twin sister, to whom she was devoted, and her appetite for adventure enabled her to endure with hilarity the boarding-school aspects of military life as organized for *jeunes filles*.

In 1940 she was awarded the Croix de Guerre. When I asked her how she won it, she said, “Everyone was fleeing — and I fled fastest.” Then she gave a defensive little smile and said, “My Jewish degeneracy, no doubt.” Simonette's father was a liberal as well as a Jew, and for his anti-totalitarian writings previous to the war he and his wife were made political prisoners by the Germans. While this was happening, Simonette's elder brother, who had been taken prisoner while fighting at Dunkirk, escaped from Germany into Russia. As soon as Russia entered the war, he came to England to join the Free French.

With his story I was already familiar: my brother-in-law, who is French, escaped from a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany and arrived from Russia in the same group. Simonette's sister also came to

England, via Spain. I could remember her as being very amusing in London about a certain prison in Barcelona which she said you had only to enter to find yourself among old friends calling out, "Hello! Fancy seeing you here. Which way did you come?" "Yes, Bertrand got shot coming across the Pyrenees." "You know, you're looking very well — where did you get that suit?" "No, our trouble was being denounced. Which Maquis is Julien in?" The atmosphere was that of a macabre cocktail party at the Ritz.

The two younger children were then only eleven and thirteen, so Simonette stayed in France, spending all her energy, and a great deal of the family's fortunately adequate income, in looking after them and in finding food to supply her parents with regular parcels, without which they would have starved. But it is doubtful, as Simonette herself observed to me, whether she did well to prevent her parents' starving. For at the end of a year they were removed from the camp for political prisoners to one for Jews.

This change in their circumstances was not to their advantage. Neither was the next one, which took them to Germany. Simonette has not heard from them for three years; she has learned through the grapevine system that they were moved from Germany to Poland; she has also heard a number of detailed accounts of German atrocities in that country.

After her parents had been taken from France, Simonette joined the Vercors Maquis. Towards the end of 1943 she became ill and was cared for in a Maquis hospital in the mountains, run by two girls who at first had to do all the cleaning and cooking themselves, in addition to trying to tend the wounded with inadequate medical supplies and no sheets or bandages. In September, 1944, Simonette had the pleasure of seeing her brother again, and the pain of hearing that her sister had been captured by the Germans.

Traces of what she has endured, and is enduring, are not apparent in Simonette's person. Her prettiness still enchants by its suggestion of healthiness, her cheeks are as round as a well-nourished child's, her complexion is clear, her large eyes bright, her curly hair thick, her teeth strong and white; if she has a physical fault, it is that she is a trifle plump. But the reason Simonette is in Havre is that the doctor who treats her in Paris has had to go there for the time being; and the reason she cannot be without this doctor is that he is making an attempt to prevent her from dying of an extreme form of pernicious anemia.

I asked the doctor if she needed food or medicine

that could be provided from Allied sources and he said no — there were luxuries which might make her life more agreeable, but the disease had reached such a stage that she was bound to be dead in six months. She is twenty-four, and of the finest moral fiber.

4

BUT it was not until late in the day that I heard Simonette's story. Over lunch we talked, at first, of impersonal topics. Despite the rigors of their recent experience, the conversation of this little group, of whom only Simonette was intellectual, was neither bigoted nor puerile. When Jacques brought up the subject of Allied treatment of German prisoners, Olivier apologized to me and said no doubt I was sick of hearing about them, but it was difficult to avoid the topic in a town in which so many prisoners were working among a hungry, homeless population. Before I could answer, they all began explaining the Geneva Convention to each other, to spare me from having to do so.

I am not trying to pretend that all French people are so courteous; it happened that Jacques, Olivier, Paulette, and Simonette were. But their civility did not soothe my confused feelings. I believed we were doing right in abiding by a Convention we had signed; but I knew that if I were a French docker, sitting in a bombed warehouse and eating a roll and — if I were fortunate — a slice of *charcuterie*, I should not be gratified by the knowledge that the enemies responsible for the ruins around me and the lack of lunch in front of me were being well fed by my friends. And if, after eating my roll, I had to unload K rations, I think I should try to steal some to take home to my family. And yet we are in the right.

And I believe that the reason for the irritation which some of us express by grumbling that people in the liberated countries "expect every American to be a Santa Claus" is due less to demands made of us than to our dislike of the knowledge, implicit in this and many simpler current problems, that being in the right is not, automatically, a solution. I believe that the mistake is not in keeping one's promises, but in making promises of a grotesque nature; for if one has the self-control to observe rules of war, one has the self-control not to make war. It is useless to draw the red herring, "Ah, but it was only the Germans who wanted war," since the Geneva Convention is based on reciprocity and it is because the Germans are observing its rules to some extent, so far as our prisoners are concerned, that we are observing the rules with theirs.

We *are* in the right. But we must not be irritated by the lack of pleasure with which the French view our right-doing. Instead, we must try to remember that 720,000 French people are prisoners of war in Germany; 220,000 are prisoners of war who are being forced to work for Germany; 708,000 are deported civilian slave laborers; 400,000 have been deported as political prisoners; 115,000 — mostly Jews — have been deported because of their race; and 300,000 people from Alsace and Lorraine have been deported and drafted into the Wehrmacht.

My hosts were as aware as the most critical foreigner that not everyone in France is behaving in an exemplary fashion. They compared the Minister for Food with Lord Woolton greatly to the latter's advantage, and they were bitter about the breakdown in the health services. But they had a healthy interest and pride in some of the ways in which the government is tackling its impossible task: in the municipal elections, scheduled to take place between April 12 and May 13, in the purging of collaborators from the central administrative offices, in the measures to assess foreign securities, and in the superb fighting of the First French Army. Particularly pleasing was their freedom from that most nauseating of snobberies, the snobbery of suffering. For every story of their lives under the occupation they wanted one of the struggle outside, and their feeling for London was extremely touching.

The Calvados heightened the sense of well-being inspired by that rarity, an egg each, and fried potatoes, and towards the end of the meal we talked less of the war and became like any little bourgeois group in which persons of one nationality are proudly describing the merits of their town to another. The only difference was that they had to say “You should have seen,” instead of “You must see.” But they sidetracked this, without self-pity, by saying, “You must come back in ten years.”

Throughout the meal Joscelyne had been staring

at me with an ecstasy that I felt could not be directed at me personally. I was right: unable to contain herself, she turned scarlet and whispered, pointing at my uniform, that the dream of her life was to be dressed exactly like that and marry an FFI. When Simonette began to tease her for infidelity, the little girl ran round the table and began to pummel her, until Simonette picked her up and went to the window, threatening to throw her out. They ran to and fro, shouting with youthful laughter, the plump child who had kept on her fur coat because the room was not heated and the first spring sunshine was still no more than a delight to the eye, and the radiant young girl in her expensive 1939 uniform: delightful illustrations of the pretty fancy that the French look so healthy.

After lunch I went to visit the port: mile after mile of wreckage evocative of the shape of things to come, with here and there an undamaged wall with “White Star” or “C. G. Transatlantique” written across it and reminding one of the forgotten, exquisite qualities of travel whose object is pleasure or work. But the desolation was not unsoftened by hope. Leaving what had been a German E-boat base, until a local boy planted a charge and wired it to the telephone so that the first incoming call blew the place up, I came upon a patched-up warehouse in which French civilians were assembling American machinery.

Out beyond a solitary fishing boat, incongruously pretty with its russet sails, were Liberty ships. We are doing our best to bring France material — as much for our sake as for hers. But, as Nurse Cavell said of patriotism, this is not enough. France is not a poor relation to be patronized. She is a great power who has endured sufferings from which the Channel and the Atlantic preserved Britain and America, and only if we bring her understanding as well as material shall we be applying the word *ally* to ourselves correctly.



THE BUILDERS

by VANNEVAR BUSH

THE process by which the boundaries of knowledge are advanced, and the structure of organized science is built, is a complex process indeed. It corresponds fairly well with the exploitation of a difficult quarry for its building materials and the fitting of these into an edifice; but there are very significant differences. First, the material itself is exceedingly varied, hidden and overlaid with relatively worthless rubble, and the process of uncovering new facts and relationships has some of the attributes of prospecting and exploration rather than of mining or quarrying. Second, the whole effort is highly unorganized. There are no direct orders from architect or quarrymaster. Individuals and small bands proceed about their businesses unimpeded and uncontrolled, digging where they will, working over their material, and tucking it into place in the edifice.

Finally, the edifice itself has a remarkable property, for its form is predestined by the laws of logic and the nature of human reasoning. It is almost as though it had once existed, and its building blocks had then been scattered, hidden, and buried, each with its unique form retained so that it would fit only in its own peculiar position, and with the concomitant limitation that the blocks cannot be found or recognized until the building of the structure has progressed to the point where their position and form reveal themselves to the discerning eye of the talented worker in the quarry. Parts of the edifice are being used while construction proceeds, by reason of the applications of science, but other parts are merely admired for their beauty and symmetry, and their possible utility is not in question.

In these circumstances it is not at all strange that the workers sometimes proceed in erratic ways. There are those who are quite content, given a few tools, to dig away unearthing odd blocks, piling them up in the view of fellow workers, and apparently not caring whether they fit anywhere or not.

It seems appropriate, at this time when the world has so much building — and rebuilding — ahead of it, to have these keenly analytical observations from VANNEVAR BUSH, who has been closely identified with Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he was Vice President, and with the Carnegie Institution of Washington and the Office of Scientific Research and Development, where he now holds the posts of President and Director, respectively.

We are grateful to the *Technology Review* for permission to reprint this essay.

Unfortunately there are also those who watch carefully until some industrious group digs out a particularly ornamental block; whereupon they fit it in place with much gusto, and bow to the crowd. Some groups do not dig at all, but spend all their time arguing as to the exact arrangement of a cornice or an abutment. Some spend all their days trying to pull down a block or two that a rival has put in place. Some, indeed, neither dig nor argue, but go along with the crowd, scratch here and there, and enjoy the scenery. Some sit by and give advice, and some just sit.

On the other hand there are those men of rare vision who can grasp well in advance just the block that is needed for rapid advance on a section of the edifice to be possible, who can tell by some subtle sense where it will be found, and who have an uncanny skill in cleaning away dross and bringing it surely into the light. These are the master workmen. For each of them there can well be many of lesser stature who chip and delve, industriously, but with little grasp of what it is all about, and who nevertheless make the great steps possible.

There are those who can give the structure meaning, who can trace its evolution from early times, and describe the glories that are to be, in ways that inspire those who work and those who enjoy. They bring the inspiration that not all is mere building of monotonous walls, and that there is architecture even though the architect is not seen to guide and order.

There are those who labor to make the utility of the structure real, to cause it to give shelter to the multitude, that they may be better protected, and that they may derive health and well-being because of its presence.

And the edifice is not built by the quarrymen and the masons alone. There are those who bring them food during their labors, and cooling drink when the days are warm, who sing to them, and place flowers on the little walls that have grown with the years.

There are also the old men, whose days of vigorous building are done, whose eyes are too dim to see the details of the arch or the needed form of its keystone, but who have built a wall here and there, and lived long in the edifice; who have learned to love it and who have even grasped a suggestion of its ultimate meaning; and who sit in the shade and encourage the young men.

LIBERIAN ROAD

by DOCK HOGUE

1

AFRICA was different in 1937. That was before World War II brought men, tanks, guns, planes, and even USO shows to the Dark Continent. For some Africans this war meant chaos; for many others, chaos already existed. Certainly it existed in Liberia, where a few thousand descendants of those courageous freedmen who had founded the country were trying desperately to keep subjugated, for personal gain and to ensure their own continued existence, almost two million black people. The stage setting was a democracy — the Republic of Liberia, established in 1847. The curtain, which had never been raised except briefly by the League of Nations in 1930, was woven of protocol and diplomatic maneuvers.

There is a lot I do not know about Liberia. There was a great deal more that morning the S.S. *Daru* dropped her anchor a mile offshore and swung with the Tabou drift, a four-knot current which bears along the lower West African coast toward Nigeria. From the rusty deck I could see a low, green country spotted with palms and aproned by a thin strip of glistening beach that disappeared with each shattering rush of the surf. Far inland were hazy hills, but only the rocky dome of Cape Palmas broke the monotony of the coast. That famous bearing point was marked on Portuguese charts early in the fifteenth century, four hundred years before the town of Harper, second in importance in Liberia, had taken root around its base.

There it was. And atop that mass of rock, a bungalow with a faded red roof was to be my home for almost two years. At twenty-seven I was coming to Liberia to build roads and bridges for the combined advantage of the Liberian government and a large American-owned rubber plantation.

DOCK HOGUE, a descendant of Idaho pioneers, was born in Boise in 1909. After graduating from the State University he worked as a civil engineer in Oregon, Ohio, Alaska, and Africa. He married in 1940, entered the government service in 1942, and only recently returned from the Belgian Congo, where he was assigned as Special Assistant to the American Consul.

Two things take white men to West Africa — money and war. There was no war when I went. My own United States was just crawling out of the slough of depression. I had no idea that my original two years in this tropical, Negro-governed country would grow to four and then to six. But the cards were stacked that way. Among these people I was destined to find loyal friends and to make bitter enemies. I was to take part in the pseudo-civilized life of the Liberians along the coast and squat around fires in mud and thatch huts far in the hinterland. I was to see trial by ordeal, face an angry witch doctor's juju, and suffer my share of malaria and dysentery.

Those things were coming later. The immediate problem was getting ashore through the breakers in a leaky surf boat. I made it with everything but my breakfast.

The bungalow was comfortable. It had been built by the Firestone Plantations Company as a rest-house, but was seldom used. My nearest neighbor, a young Swiss trader, Charlie Ramus, helped me fix it up. Ramus bought for export cocoa, coffee, palm oil and kernels, piassava, and whatever else might turn up. In return, he sold the Liberians ready-made clothes and staple goods, and the natives such items as cloth, tobacco, and cooking utensils.

His houseboys promptly brought in their relatives, every one of whom, amazingly enough, was an accomplished steward or expert cook. I selected two and apparently picked the worst. Wodo's idea of being a chef was to fill a frying pan almost full of Crisco and dump in whatever needed cooking. I stood two months of this; then Wodo and I parted company.

My next cook was Charlie, a wandering Bassa tribesman from northwestern Liberia, and Johnny Gio, a taciturn and moody black from the interior. These two faithful servants survived even my marriage and the introduction of a "Missy" into the household.

One of the first visitors to my ménage was an old Mandingo who made his living selling curios to the few white people along the Liberian coast. His tribe was notorious as traders — for hundreds of years in slaves, but now in ivory, skins, and gold trinkets. Ramus had warned me he would be around, but I was not prepared for the quiet dignity of the old fellow as he walked across my veranda, his gray beard at war with his black face, a dirty fez in one hand and a bulging cloth sack in the other. He bowed low, pulled up his dusty, blue burnoose to allow freedom of action, disclosing the droopy white drawers which I came to associate with all Mohammedan natives, and squatted on his heels.

"Boss," he said, "I bring you plenty fine, fine things. For three moons I live for Timbuktu —"

I began questioning him about the land beyond the Niger. As he answered in the pidgin English of the coast, he spread out ivory and ebony carvings, bracelets, brass figures, small drums, crocodile bags, a leopard skin. After a while we settled down to bargaining for the few items I selected. To hold the price up, the old rascal dwelt on the hardships of his trip — how lions almost killed him near Lake Chad. I raised my offer a bit and the sale was closed.

While the Mandingo gathered up his curios, I walked to the edge of the veranda. From there I could see along twelve miles of beach to where heavy breakers marked the mouth of the Cavalla River — the boundary between Liberia and the French Ivory Coast.

By way of conversation I said, "There is a fine river. It is fine past the Niger."

The trader shook his head.

"Boss, the Cavalla is a bad river for strange people. I fear it plenty." He mumbled something to himself. Then a smile rippled through that scraggly beard and he dived into his pack. The thing he placed in my hand was a small, metal, birdlike figure.

"Boss, this be a river bird. You must carry him always. He be strong medicine."

He went on to tell how it was made by Vai metal-workers in the back country of Liberia; how they mixed the still warm blood of a freshly slaughtered river bird with the brass; how the figure lay for a year and a day under the mud floor of a witch doctor's hut.

"Boss, you must buy him. The medicine is strong-oh."

The old Mandingo was a good trader. In the end he collected five shillings from me for the good-luck piece.

Later that night, after the chanting of the Kroo children had ceased and the Cape was quiet except

for the crash of the surf, I examined my charm more closely in the strong light of a gas lamp.

I had to grin. Stamped very plainly on the bottom was **MADE IN JAPAN.**

2

MY assignment looked easy — on paper. I was to locate, survey, and build an all-weather road from Harper to the Cavalla rubber plantation, the smaller of Firestone's two developments in Liberia. From there a spur road was to join up the village of G'Bolobo on the Cavalla River. I was to design and construct the necessary bridges and install proper drainage facilities. This project, financed by the Firestone Plantations Company, was to be the first link in the Republic of Liberia's proposed hinterland highway, and at the same time provide the rubber company means of getting its raw product to the coast for shipment. Eight hundred native laborers were to be hired for the enterprise.

Nothing was said about the 140 inches of rain which fall each year in Liberia, nor about the stretch of almost impenetrable jungle that lies across any route between the Cape and G'Bolobo. There was no reference to the procurement of right-of-way through the Liberian-owned coffee farms (a natural graft for Liberian lawyers), nor of how I was to round up eight hundred natives to do the job. A construction engineer is used to having such things glossed over.

The Harper-G'Bolobo road project started as a very small breeze. My staff was composed of Sampson Doe, a Kroo overseer whom I had borrowed from a friendly rubber planter, and a small boy to carry my water bottle. Equipment consisted of seventy used shovels, ten cutlasses, a few dull picks, a half-dozen battered wheelbarrows, and one engineering transit with the lens covered by fungus.

My first real problem was labor. Many of the Liberians among the three thousand people living in the vicinity of Harper were lawyers or government officials. Others were small merchants, farm owners, employees of European trading firms, or plain loafers. The percentage of lawyers and politicians seemed to be far in excess of a reasonable proportion. None of the Liberians were interested in manual labor, but several approached me with vague offers of being Director of Enterprises or Chief Road Constructor.

The natives in the neighborhood of Cape Palmas were for the most part Kroo and Fanti tribesmen. They made their living by fishing, handling cargo when a steamer lay in the open roadstead, and

manning the surf boats used by the few European traders for what coastal trade there was. Of the others, renegades and outcasts from the hinterland tribes predominated. Most of them were so shiftless that even the Liberians could get nothing out of them.

Matadi was one of this group. He was also a cripple. Sampson Doe told me how he was injured. Matadi had been the problem child of the Grebo village of Yede Bareke — the town drunkard. Released from jail one morning, he stole two bottles of gin from a Syrian trader and ran off in the bush. The gin, a real luxury after his usual diet of distilled sugar-cane juice, lasted most of his walk to Yede Bareke. Near the outskirts of the village, Matadi decided to take a nap. Since there was no open place other than the trail itself, he lay down and promptly passed out.

Now near this spot was a series of swamps where pythons were often seen — huge ones perhaps twenty feet long. It was one of these that slid out of the bush right on top of the blissful drunkard. If Matadi had been smaller or the snake larger, the native would have left Liberia forever — and his relatives would have offered sacrifices for his spirit at the end of the year. According to Sampson Doe, when Matadi came to life his left leg was fast disappearing down the throat of the python.

His screams brought the whole population of Yede Bareke. The villagers killed the snake and freed his leg. It was badly mangled.

That was why, so Sampson Doe assured me, Matadi would never drink if I would overlook his injury and give him an easy job on the road.

A week later I found Matadi peacefully asleep in a wheelbarrow, an empty cane-juice calabash clutched in one hand.

My labor problem I tackled by the age-old method of recruiting. To the paramount chiefs of the hinterland I sent presents of tobacco and cloth. Each of my messengers carried word that I would pay the prevailing wage of ninepence (eighteen cents) a day to every native who would come to work on the Harper-G'Bolobo road. In addition, I promised to issue rice and fish to each worker. Some of these tribal leaders, pressed for tax money by the Liberian administration, offered to send the laborers if I would pay all wages directly to the chiefs themselves. Others were openly suspicious. Too often the men of their villages had been seized and compelled to work at varied tasks by the Liberian district commissioners. Pay was seldom if ever forthcoming from a commissioner, although he might possibly credit the labor against taxes.

Now a total stranger was asking for men. This stranger, for some reason which the chiefs could not understand, refused their requests that wages be paid directly to them. He insisted that each man who worked receive his pay personally. I think this was what finally won them over, plus the fact that I tried to visit as many of them as I could, especially those living near the Cavalla River. A visit from a white man is still considered an honor in the Liberian bush.

The river furnished the easiest means of transport. In a dugout canoe, with six or eight husky Grebos paddling, I could make thirty miles a day upstream. Coming down with the current, my paddlers sometimes boosted that to fifty. I got a chance to fish a little and shoot a few crocodiles.

On my second trip up the Cavalla I met Boymah. He was a Webbo tribesman. His hut and small cassava farm stood on the edge of the river just above G'Bolobo. The life of Boymah seemed complete, except that I noticed he had no wife — no steady woman.

I came to know Boymah well. He sold excellent bananas and delicious Tabou pineapples. One day, as I stopped at his place, he told me that for two moons he would be gone — that he was going to Kron country to buy a wife.

"But the Krons," I said, drawing on my fast accumulating knowledge, "are not friendly to the Webbos. Why do you not take a woman from your own people?"

"None here please me, Boss," he explained. "Once, in Kron country, I saw a young girl at Binda who pleased me much. I will go now and buy her."

He was gone two months or more and returned alone. When I stopped to get some pineapples he greeted me warmly, but I could see that he was travel-worn and unhappy.

"Where is your woman, Boymah?" I asked.

"Boss, I did not have enough money. Her people asked twelve pounds. I had ten. I must earn two more. Then I will go back for her."

"Did you leave the money?"

"Yes, the woman is mine, but she cannot leave her country until all the money is paid."

On my next stop Boymah was gone again. I guessed that he was once more in Kron country after his woman. He never returned. I heard he had been killed by Liberian Frontier Force soldiers while resisting arrest.

His brother, at the little cassava farm on the river, told me the story. He said, "When Boymah returned to Kron country with the two pounds for his woman, he found her dead. Her people would not give back the ten pounds. They said she was

Boymah's woman because he had paid for her. Boymah took his cutlass and chopped the mother and father until they died."

I knew the background of the story. It has happened too often in the jungle. The Kron girl was poisoned by her own people. They had accepted ten pounds for her. By tribal law she belonged to the Webbo native. It would take much cassava and rice and meat to feed her until Boymah returned. And he might never come back. So they killed her. Who was to prove that she died of poison?

3

OF SOME three hundred white people in the whole of Liberia, sixteen lived in Harper. Three of these were American missionaries. The rest were German, Swiss, Dutch, and Danish traders. It wasn't long before I discovered that these traders were much more sociable than my countrymen, the missionaries. They were slow to admit me to their circle; but once they decided I was a fairly decent sort, I was fully accepted. Many of them were old-timers in Liberia. Fred Frey, the dean of the group, had come from Switzerland in 1912. He knew the ways of the Liberians and the natives more thoroughly than any other white man I have ever met.

All these men were generous with their help and advice. They taught me how to make life endurable and often pleasant in a tropical, fever-ridden country. They guided me through snarls with the Liberians, and nursed me when I went down with malaria. They had been through the mill and had survived in a country where not only was nature against them, but where every man-made law was designed to give them few rights and no privileges. I was just starting out on a tough grind and they all knew it.

I soon realized that probably no sharper, shrewder group of traders existed in Africa. Business was business and no holds were barred. They cut one another's throats from nine until five each day, with two hours out for lunch, and gathered at sundown to drink and laugh at what they had done. Let the Syrian traders start bucking them, however, and they became a tight little band — four rival firms suddenly were one powerful organization.

Muus, a likable Dane, was a connoisseur of wines. As my first Christmas in Liberia approached, he promised to provide me with a case of champagne. Excellent vintages of Moet and other brands could be bought very reasonably in Tabou, the nearest French Ivory Coast town boasting European inhabitants. Liberian import duties raised the prices

considerably, but not enough to keep one from enjoying the holiday season.

Shortly before the middle of December, Muus dispatched a canoe with two Kroo paddlers to make the trip by sea to Tabou. The Gulf of Guinea was calm and the Kroos made good time. Muus was well known and his order was quickly filled by a Frenchman there. The two natives loaded their dugout and headed back up the coast toward Cape Palmas. Off the mouth of the Cavalla River they decided to go ashore for a rest, and to visit some women they knew in the village of Blieron. Because they had made a fast trip to Tabou, they could loaf a day or so without Muus's knowing of it. The fact that they had to cross one of the most dangerous river bars in West Africa was of no concern.

A breaker rolled the canoe, and the cases of champagne disappeared. The Kroos made shore safely — horrified at the loss of their cargo. Muus, keenly aware of the irresponsibility of the natives, had held up past wages of the two men pending safe delivery of the champagne. The Kroos knew they would lose not only their pay, but a promised bonus as well.

They went into Blieron and spent a night dancing and buying cane juice for the villagers. By morning they had succeeded in getting a few Grebos to agree to help hunt the missing wine. The bar was fairly calm. A few hours' search, plus expert diving, resulted in recovery of the cases. The Kroos left for Harper in a hurry.

Muus, of course, got the story from the natives after he found sand in the packing cases. Since no bottles were broken, the men were not penalized and received the promised bonus. I heard about it from Cook Charlie when some champagne was delivered to my bungalow. That rascal was always up on local gossip.

Later, when I saw Muus, I mentioned the incident and said, "Well, we're lucky we didn't have a dry Christmas."

The Dane, a dapper, polished chap, smiled. "Mr. Hogue, that wine is for next Christmas. Because I anticipate such accidents, I buy my champagne one year ahead."

4

AS THE number of road workers slowly increased, other difficulties arose. Within three months I was running low on tools. From that time until just before the completion of the project, I was always short. There are substitutes, but it is heartbreaking for an engineer, accustomed to modern construction equipment, to order a man to dig earth with a

pointed stick and carry it to a fill in an old gasoline tin or a bamboo basket.

But I never fully realized the meaning of trouble until I finally succeeded in creating a labor force of nearly eight hundred African natives. I had to provide houses for them and their families, issue rice and fish, see that they received medical attention, pay them, keep them from killing one another in a revival of one of the old tribal wars of the bush, teach them to work, and defend them from preying Liberians. Some of my men had been cannibals on the upper Cavalla; others were proud bush warriors who had never before engaged in manual labor. I had my hands full.

Many of the difficulties stemmed from the Liberians — people who might normally be expected to assist in creating a public utility. Instead, their interest was centered chiefly on ways and means of getting money out of the road project. I do not believe that any group in the world loves litigation more than they.

By starting the Harper-G'Bolobo road, I created a bonanza for Liberians who were looking for easy money. I had rounded up and formed a wage-earning group of some hundreds of natives, automatically making the same number of prospective clients for legal services. The justices of the peace were the worst cross I had to bear. A fight between two of my laborers over a shovel would end up in one of their courts with twenty or thirty more of my men summoned as witnesses. Both were usually fined and the money went into the pocket of the lucky J.P. The loss in man-hours was appalling.

The straw which broke my back was to have seventy new recruits from the hinterland wander into Harper to see the sights. I had ordered them to stay at one of the labor camps, but being Tchien tribesmen and having never seen the ocean, the temptation was too strong for them. I discovered where they were when a policeman brought me a message that all seventy were in jail charged with indecent exposure. They would not be released until I paid the total fine. Now I admit these natives didn't have much in the way of clothes, but they certainly were as well clad as the local Kroo fishermen. It was a simple shakedown. The Liberian police magistrate figured I would pay up in order to get the men back on the road project.

From that point on, I made my own laws. The first was that any man working for me who became involved in a court action was promptly fired. As soon as his income was cut off, lawsuits against him evaporated. I ruled that none of my labor force could sue another without my express approval.

With the help of a decent, outstanding Liberian politician, I forced through a local ruling that men from the road project could be summoned to court only after working hours — also subject to my approval. I managed to get the commission of one extremely persistent justice of the peace revoked, and threatened one very nasty lawyer with a beating if he didn't leave me and my men alone. But I was trespassing on sacred right. My popularity with the Liberians went into swift decline.

I received little or no help from my workers. The more sophisticated ones, such as Brown, my clerk, and the only Liberian working for me, enjoyed lawsuits as much as anyone else in the country. I do not know how many court palavers he had been involved in. His agreement with me, however, was that his services would terminate the minute he was involved in fresh legal action. It was like keeping a youngster out of the cookie jar.

Brown was an odd chap, lean and hungry-looking, who never failed to sign any document for me without adding E.O.E. I was familiar with the English custom of placing these letters, meaning "Errors and Omissions Excepted," on bills, but I could not understand why they should be constantly appearing on my records. I asked the clerk one day if E.O.E. happened to designate his college degree.

"No, sir," Brown explained. "That means Errors and Omissions Expected."

Brown, of course, would not walk into a lawsuit blind, but a bush native like Podie Number Two, one of my squat, ugly canoe boys, was putty in the hands of a shyster. Podie's I.Q. would have undoubtedly embarrassed even an examining psychologist. One of our first difficulties arose over a number of cases of material that had to be moved across a swamp by canoe. I told him to count the cases he moved during the day and tell me the number after work.

"Boss," he said, "I no be fit count cases."

I was learning fast even if Podie wasn't.

"All right," I remarked. "Every time you take a case across the water, you put a small, small rock in your canoe. When you knock off, you tell me how many rocks live for the canoe."

Podie Number Two readily agreed. At dusk he showed up at the hut I was using for an office.

"Boss, it be nineteen rocks live for canoe."

This hulking native could not count cases because they were something strange to him. Rocks he knew — so he could count them without difficulty.

Everything considered, you can go crazy very easily in Liberia.

(To be concluded)

POEMS

by SGT. JOHN CIARDI

Machine Gunner on a B-29, Saipan

DEATH OF A BOMBER

WE SAW the smoke. The blue skull of the sky
Scarred on the black trail of the running fire.
The world came out of doors and every eye
Turned on the afternoon, while higher and higher
The sirens mounted and the watchers' breath
Drew in and waited to be first with death.

It was a choice: to parachute or ride.
It was a race: fire against altitude.
He chose to land. Which way would fire decide
Lapping the tanks, racing to be renewed
Into the thundering of exploded gas
While the charred midgets cometed to grass?

We stood and watched and each man watched his own
Possible future flaming to arrive.
By never ending inches she came down
Bringing the living back to stay alive.
Still with a sky unclosed, we saw her shed
The first burned metal, flaking down and dead.

We counted distances by fractional
Unending seconds till her wheels might touch;
While fire grew wider till it lavished all
The warping wing, and something came to clutch
The circling silence of the afternoon,
And the long smoke rode her like a black dragoon.

First feet, then inches. Still a roof above
The blurring ground, the burning engine spat
Clear from the melted wing and dove
Spilling its flame into the landing mat.
And still the wing held and the sky thinned out
Between her and the ground, and with a shout

We heard the brakes squeal, saw the midgets dive
Like dervishes toward grass and rise and run
Across the sweet returning of their lives.
We counted out the crew and one by one
We saw death leave us, and from roof and wall
The held breath broke, as sudden as a squall.

We stood in circles when they brought them in,
And offered cigarettes and held the match,
Not certain where to let their lives begin,

Or held our breaths after the silent watch.
And then it thawed, and inches past a doom
Were all the spaces of the afternoon.

We turned and waited till the fire reached home
And saw the tanks blow and the monstrous cloud —
Orange and black upon the air's blue room —
Slant up through miles of air, the emptied shroud
Still holding us. And crackling down below
We heard the roasted ammunition go.

It took an hour to burn down and be done.
We watched and memorized it flame by flame,
Our faces mirrored in the afternoon
With death gone by and fire become a game.
And when we left the last fire and last smoke
Someone began a drawn-out bedroom joke.

ELEGY JUST IN CASE

HERE lie Ciardi's pearly bones
In their ripe organic mess.
Jungle-blown his chromosomes
Breed to a new address.

Progenies of orchids seek
The fracture's white spilled lymph.
And his heart's red valve will leak
Fountains for a protein nymph.

Was it bullets or a wind
Or a rip cord fouled with doom?
What artifacts the natives find
Failed and left no tomb.

Here lies the sergeant's mortal wreck
Lily-spiked and termite-kissed,
Spiders pendant from his neck,
And a beetle on his wrist.

Bring the tie and southern flies
Where the land crabs run unmourning
Through a night of jungle skies
To a climeless morning.

And bring the chalked eraser here
Fresh from rubbing out his name.
Burn the crew-board for a bier.
(Also Colonel What's-his-name.)

Let no dice be stored and still.
Let no poker deck be torn.
But pour the smuggled rye until
The barracks' threshold is outworn.

File the papers, pack the clothes,
Send the coded word through air —
"We regret and no one knows
Where the sergeant goes from here."

(No one but the jungle root
Fusing to a flare of bloom
And the anthill underfoot
In his stalked enormous room.)

"Missing as of inst. oblige,
Deepest sorrow and remain —"
Shall I grin at persiflage?
Could I have my skin again,

Would I choose a business form
Stilted mute as a giraffe,
Or a pinstripe unicorn
Or a cashier's epitaph?

Darling, darling, just in case
Rivets fail or engines burn,
I forget the time and place,
But your flesh was sweet to learn.

In the grammar of not yet
Let me name one verb for chance,
Scholarly to one regret:
That I leave your mood and tense.

Swift and single as a shark
I have seen you churn my sleep.
Now if beetles hunt my dark,
What will beetles find to keep?

Fractured meat and open bone —
Nothing single or surprised;
Fragments of a written stone,
Undeciphered but surmised.



THE FACE AT THE WINDER

by CONRAD RICHTER

IF IT had a brighter child in these woods than her Sulie, Sayward did not know who it was. It wasn't that she was her mammy. Sayward would rather her child be a little slower like the rest. It didn't do a young one good to be made such a fuss over. It might go to her head and give her the notion she was better than the others. Sooner have her look up to her older brothers and sisters and for the younger ones to take her down to earth once in a while. Now her boys never could get the best of Sulie. She might be littler, but she was too bright for them.

Sayward wouldn't tell Portius the strange token she had before little Sulie came along in this world. Resolve was only a little feller then, a mite bigger than Sulie was now. Worth's oiled-paper window was knocked out long ago and Portius had a real glass light from George Roebuck's. The bound boy had mortared it in the hole. Portius would sit by that window light with his books and lawyer papers. But this was in the nighttime. Portius was off somewhere, Guerdon asleep, and Kinzie in the cradle. Resolve was a-laying on the old bearskin making a cabin of corncocks in front of the fire while Sayward knitted at the thumb of a red mitten by the fire.

It came to her Resolve was mighty quiet. When she turned her head he was looking at the window, and his eyes were stiff in their sockets.

Conrad Richter's stories of early American life, *The Sea of Grass*, *The Trees*, and *Tacey Cromwell*, have established him as a master of the short novel. In *The Trees* he wrote of those days when the great forests all but engulfed the pioneers' cabins in Indiana and Ohio; he wrote of the children brought up in the great dark corridors beneath the trees. One of them, Sayward, reappears in this haunting short story.

"Somebody a-peekin' in!" he said. She looked but the window was empty.

"It's went," Resolve said. "I'm afeared!"

Sayward felt no fright. She went to the door, aiming to look outside. When she opened it, Put, the hound, came in stretching and yawning.

"You just reckoned you seen something," Sayward told, coming back.

"Oh, no, I seen him plain," Resolve said.

"Who did you see?" Sayward asked him.

"A little boy."

The first queer feeling ran up Sayward's spine.

"Now I know you didn't see anything," she said.

"What would you be afeared of a little boy for! Besides, no such would be out in the woods tonight. And if he was, he couldn't reach his head up to that winder."

"It was a little dark boy," Resolve said without winking.

Sayward laid down the mitten. This had gone far enough. "You're a-makin' this up," she said sternly.

"No, I ain't. The little dark boy knowed I seen him, too."

"Now, harkee, Resolve! I won't have you lyin' to me or nobody else either."

"I ain't lyin'."

"If you seen anything," Sayward said, "I reckon you seen the fire shinin' in the winder."

"He was all dressed in white," Resolve told her. A strange quiver went over Sayward.

"You go back to your playin'," she told him.

"You just took it into your head you seen somethin'."

"I seen him plain like I do you, so I did!" Resolve went back to his corncocks all right, but more

than once when she looked up she saw him raise his eyes to the window.

Now Sayward wasn't what you could call a scare-baby. It had no man nor woman either, in these woods, she would give ground to. But she didn't like Resolve's notion he saw a little dark boy dressed in white a-peeping in their window. Especially not when she was carrying a young one.

And she didn't like the other token she had, the very day before the baby was to show up. Old Lady Giddings had had one foot in the grave too long, and when she died, Sayward told them they could bury aside of Jary, if they wanted. Some of the men came out to clear the brush so that it would be ready as a burying ground tomorrow. Resolve was out. He came in all worked up. He said his mammy had to go along out. He said he saw something and he didn't know what it was. When Sayward and he got out, he pointed to a strange dark man tugging at a rock with his back turned.

Buckman Tull saw him point.

"Don't fret, boy," he said. "We'd never put him in here."

The strange slow man gave no notice he heard, but Portius, who had a grubbing hoe in his hand, stood up.

"Then, ban my own body from this spot," he spoke up so all could hear. "Sooner see me laid beside some lowly son of Ham in a remote spot unsanctified by man than in a place marked by human bigotry and dissension." He looked around him with dignity. "I hope that those within the sound of my voice will be my witnesses and in the event of my untimely death remind my widow of these sentiments."

Buckman Tull shut up like a jackknife. Only the strange humble man paid no notice. He seemed like one apart. Sayward watched him struggle up with the rock and tote it off cradled in his arms and belly.

"I seen one of them when I was a gal," she said to Resolve. "I reckon it's Zephon Brown's new slave man."

"What's the matter with him?" Resolve asked.

"They ain't nothin' the matter with him. He's a black man."

"Why is he black?"

"Because God made him so."

"But why did God make him so?"

"I reckon God wanted a change."

"But why did He want a change?"

"You can ask your pappy tonight. Maybe he kin tell you," she put him off, and went back to the cabin. Ever since Portius spoke about dying, she had felt the repeated stabs of her babe deep in her being.

All through the spell of pain that night, Sayward kept her mind off any notion of signs or tokens. Oh, it had things in this world, if you believed them, that were darker and more fearsome than hell itself. It had babes born to decent girls, she'd heard, that were monstrous as toads, hairy as wild bulls, or mad as a wolf with slobber on its jaws. When the hard labor was over, the first thing she asked about was her baby.

"How does it look?" she put to them.

"Just fine," Mrs. Covenhoven said.

"Is it dark or fair?" Sayward asked.

"Why," Mrs. Covenhoven said with surprise, looking it over in her hands, "I'd say fair."

"It has no dark spots?" Sayward persisted.

"Why, she hasn't a blemish on her."

"It's not a boy then." Sayward took a breath.

"It's a fine little girl child," Mrs. Covenhoven declared. "What makes you talk this way, Saird?"

"I'm just glad it's all right," Sayward said and shut her eyes with relief.

2

THAT baby grew like a stalk of anise weed. She could say "Mammy" and "Pappy" at eight months and hobble from stool to stool at nine. At ten months she came big as you please down over the door log where Sayward was talking to Granny MacWhirter and said, "Howdee. Howdee." Now she was two years pushing on three and knew more letters than her mammy did. Oh, she was bright and sharp as a needle. She picked up everything she heard and plenty she didn't. She might be the littlest, except for the new baby, but she was always one step ahead of the rest with her Yankee tricks.

Today Sayward was out boiling soap, and you'd think Sulie was the one making it. She lugged water in her little kettle, spilling half of it over herself. She made Sayward bend down so she could stick a bunch of sweet fern in her mammy's hair against the woods flies. She was always the one to do anything first. She stood big as you please on the stump stirring the kettle with the sassafras paddle, plaguing her mammy with questions. She wouldn't give Sayward any rest. She'd pop a new question before you could muster up an answer to the old.

And when she wore out her mammy's tongue, she'd make the answers herself. She was going to have her own ash barrel. She would pour in water and out would come lye. It would be lye strong as whiskey. Only white hickory ashes would she put in the barrel, and only coon fat in the kettle, for soap.

made from coon fat never smarted the face like her mammy's soap and A'nt Ginny's. No, her soap would be soft as butter. With it you could wash a silken towel. Oh, Sulie was a pest if there ever was one. She could talk you deaf and dumb.

When the others hollered for their turn with the paddle, Sulie threw it down and swept hard on the ground with her little hickory broom. Then she toddled around in a circle and stopped stock-still on one foot with a stupid look on her face.

"What ye doin'?" Guerdon wanted to know while Kinzie on the stump tried to look this way and that through the smoke.

"I'm a chicken!" she called, solemn as all get out, standing on one foot like she was one of Mrs. Covenhoven's gypsyfowl. "I'm a-thinkin' how to lay a egg!"

Guerdon had to try it while Kinzie itched and sweated, wanting to come down and try it too. But before Guerdon had his foot down, Sulie had a new trick. She was meandering around with her head way down and her eyes looking out back between her far-apart legs.

"What's that now?" Kinzie wanted to know.

"I got the rheumatiz," she called. "I kin see how the world looks upside down. The kettle's a-fallin', and you're a-standin' on your head in the sky."

Kinzie couldn't stand that. He dropped the paddle and jumped from the stump to see the world down side up. In two shakes Sulie had scrambled up to stir with the paddle while Kinzie cried she stole it from him, and little bittie Sulie stood up there and sang at the top of her voice: —

"Liar, liar,
Hangin' on the brier
With your britches on fire!"

Oh, she was too quick and bright for her brothers. They fought and screeched to high heaven, but it didn't hurt the soap any. When Sayward got it done, the soap was as clean and yaller as jelly. And Sayward still had time to grind meal for supper and to visit in the cabin with Mary Harbinson, who came along the trace with her little girl, Salomy. She could hear the five young ones running outside, yelling to each other, a-playing Injun against the black hornets who reckoned the run belonged to the hornet nation. Then for a while it was quiet as a sitting hen.

Sayward inside pricked up her ears. Fighting and bawling she paid small heed to, but peace and quiet sometimes called for looking into. That fire under the big kettle, she told herself, should be out this long time. Even so, the youngsters had strict orders to stay away. She had no idea that this minute

Resolve was running to the cabin hard as he could come. Not that Resolve was a tattletale. He just wanted to tell his mammy that Sulie was playing with those ashes. She was showing off to Salomy, that's what she was. She'd swept them out from under the big kettle with her little hickory broom. Now she was a-running through them with her bare feet to show she "wasn't afeared."

But Resolve never got more than halfway to the cabin. He must have stopped dead when he heard Sulie screech. Sayward heard it plain enough, a high screech, sharp and mad like the edge of a scalping knife. It lifted Sayward off her stool like God Almighty had yanked her. When she got to the door her eye took in Resolve, Guerdon, Kinzie, and Salomy, all standing at different places, stiff as small steelyards, staring at a ball of fire running for its mammy. Not till then did Sayward get through her head that the ball of fire was Sulie.

It was only a shake and a half till Sayward was across that yard, wrapping her skirt around the fire, beating out the flame with her bare hands. But that was a shake and a half too long, for fire is a cruel, tarnal thing, and a little girl child is soft and tender as a young Marybud coming up in the spring. Sayward wouldn't believe what she saw when she took her skirt away. This was something to make her blood stop and her hair stand. This was something that couldn't be.

"Oh, Mammy!" those blackened little lips of Sulie tried to say, a-telling her she meant no harm, a-begging her not to scold that her dress was burned, a-asking her mammy to help her little Sulie who had never asked help from anybody but always knew her own self what to do.

If she got to be a hundred years old, Sayward told herself, never without her voice breaking could she tell a stranger how it went with their little Sulie that day. How she lay in her bed looking up at them with blackened rims where her eyelashes ought to be. How one minute she had been in this world light and free, and the next, the gates of the other world were open and she had to pass through. Already she was where her own mammy couldn't reach her. She couldn't even touch grease to that scorched young flesh without Sulie screaming so they could hear her over at the Covenhovens'.

Never did Sayward think she would be weak enough to let other folks get her own child ready for the bury hole. She fought cruel as death to do with her own hands what had to be done. When the women would have it no other way, she let them push her in the chimney corner. But it would have been easier to do it herself than watch them try to pretty but only darken that little burned face and

body that were once white as milk — to try to fix the gold hair Sayward used to run her haw comb through and was now like a lump of burned weeds — to have to sit and listen while they dragged in their young ones to show what would happen to them if they played with fire.

3

ALL the time in her mind she could see that little body when she first started to walk. Back and forwards, Sulie's small red dress used to go, her little red arms out to balance. She'd never get a-weary. She could go it all day, wraggling and wriggling, skipping and jumping, going hoppity-hoppity, nodding and bobbing, in and out, from one side to another. Did that little mite know, she wondered? Did something tell her she had only a short while in this world, and that's why she was always on the go with one dido after another?

The women in the chimney corner kept up their woman talk to ca'm Sayward. They said a woman couldn't expect to raise all her young ones. It was a blessing Sulie was spared the trial of going through this vale of tears. She was too bright to grow up anyway. The Lord took such for his own. Oh, Sayward never said back a word. But she would have changed places in a shake with Sulie if only Sulie could go through this vale of tears.

And in her heart she cried her disbelief that the Lord would steal human flesh from His children. No, you couldn't throw the blame on the Lord. She didn't hold too hard against herself either for not harping more about staying away from fire. She had done it a-plenty. You couldn't dingdong at young ones all the time. You had to let them be their own selves once in a while, or they'd grow up tied to their mam's apron strings. But if she'd had her wits about her, she would have taken a bucket of water and doused that fire before she came in the cabin. She might have reckoned that Sulie would be up to some new Yankee trick.

She felt hard for Portius when he came. He looked like he was dragged through a knothole. He had been way out at Keleher's improvement when he heard the news. He didn't carry on any more than she did, but she knew how he felt, for little Sulie was his favor-rite, and now she'd never climb his knee again or call out the letters of the alphabet, but spend her days a-moldering in the ground till nobody could tell any more which dust belonged to her and which to the woods.

The only comfort Sayward had was that they had cleared a burying place for Mrs. Giddings and those

that came after. Now Sulie could lay out of the dark of the trees, in the sun. She wouldn't have to lay alone either. She would be next to her granmam. Both she and Jary had always been the sociable kind. Jary had come to these lonesome parts against her will. If she'd had her way, she'd have lived her life in the settlements. Her mother would feel kindly tonight, Sayward thought, if she knew she wasn't lying in the woods any more and that she had kin for company.

The hardest thing was to look at your young one the last time by the open grave. Once they put the lid on that box, you would never lay eyes on her again. She lay so uncommon still for Sulie, wrapped in her muslin winding sheet. The bound boy had stayed up most the night to make this small box of sawn boards for her. He had made it fine as a town box, shaped like a diamond, the widest place for the shoulder. He had taken some shavings and pegged a scrap of muslin over for a pillow. Four young boys had carried the box out of the cabin to the grave. Now wasn't it a pity that Sulie couldn't have made a nicer-looking corpse! And yet you might know Sulie would not be as other folks. Even in the way she had to die, she'd go her own way. She wouldn't waste away or die from the flux or a fever. No, she had to be a ball of fire and die from swallowing some of the flame!

Sayward never knew how long she stood there, bitter and cruel, looking down for the last time. She held her youngest girl babe in her arms so in after years that babe could say she had looked on her sister in her grave box. Portius and the boys came close after. Guerdon and Kinzie said no word, but Resolve stiffened when he looked in the box.

He stood like he saw a ghost.

"Mam!" he said, pulling at her skirt. "Mam!"

"It's all right," Sayward told him.

"I want to tell you something, Mam. Do you know who that is?"

"It's our poor little Sulie," Sayward said quiet as she could to ca'm him.

"No, it ain't, Mam," he told her excited, starting to sputter.

"It's just that she went through the fire," Sayward told him.

"No, it ain't, Mam!" Resolve stood his ground. "I knowed our Sulie and I know this one. Don't you mind the one I told you about that time?"

"You don't know what you're talkin' about," Sayward reproved him in a low voice, trying to get him still. But he wouldn't listen.

"I'd know that one anywheres!" he cried the louder. "That's the little dark boy I seen that time a-peekin' at me and you through the winder."

» Congress has authorized a post-war expenditure of 400 million dollars to begin the Missouri River plan. Here is a new frontier for returning veterans, with five times the potential of the TVA.

WHY AN MVA?

by ROBERT LASCH

1

ONE must have lived on the Great Plains during the drought years to appreciate fully what is going to happen, after the war, to the Missouri River. From the outside looking in, the drought was Okies migrating to California, Presidential conferences, farm relief. From the inside, it was day on day of dry, crackling heat; dust storms that turned the sun to a pallid disk and filled the air with choking clouds of flying soil; it was fired cornstalks and dead cattle and ruined farmers; bankruptcies and forced sales, despair and angry sun and powdery fields.

That drought is long over. A miracle of coincidence brought back the rains just when the nation's need for food was greatest. But nobody west of the Missouri has quite forgotten the thirties, when the Great Plains languished for want of water. The memory is overlaid with a fresher one of swirling yellow floods pouring down the valley in 1943 and 1944, washing out railroad tracks and bridges, inundating airports, uprooting crops, and halting work in war plants.

Flood and drought, glut and scarcity: the two historic themes of the trans-Missouri West intertwined last December when Congress adopted a joint plan of the Bureau of Reclamation and the Army Engineers to curb the river and its tributaries, and to bend the energies of these waters to the service of the people.

It is difficult to comprehend the breadth and sweep of this Missouri River plan. In area the basin is ten times the size of New York State and could contain one hundred Tennessee River watersheds. It is a vast tilted plain, shelving down from the

continental divide to a narrow outlet among the wooded hills of eastern Missouri.

Sixteen million people dwell in its cities, its prairie towns, its level wheat lands, rugged range, and mountain valleys. Every one of these people will be affected in some degree by the Missouri River plan — whether through the doubling of irrigated acreage in Montana, Wyoming, the Dakotas, and Nebraska, or the electrification of farms, or the maintenance of a water highway for heavy freight, or the formation of blue inland lakes, or the restraint of torrents which for too many years have eaten away whole farms and carried fortunes in topsoil into the Gulf.

Complete control of the Missouri and all its tributaries is the objective. For years men have been grappling with one or another of the watershed problems. Fort Peck Dam, forming a lake two-thirds the size of that behind Boulder Dam on the Colorado, was built during the thirties to serve navigation and flood control; the Platte, Yellowstone, Big Horn, Milk, and other tributaries have been exploited for irrigation; hydroelectric power is generated in Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana, and Colorado. All this will now be knit together with new projects to form a comprehensive system of river regulation.

One hundred and two dams, big and little, will be built. A network of canals will cut up oversized demesnes into small irrigated farmsteads. A high-tension grid of transmission lines, linking power stations across the plains, will distribute electricity in Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, and the Dakotas. Engineers will guide and control every drop of water from the time it trickles off a mountainside near Yellowstone National Park until it flows into the Mississippi at St. Louis.

Hydrographic engineering is a little like playing God. That must be why schemes of water-resource development excite the imagination, particularly of

ROBERT LASCH, now in his thirty-ninth year, is a native son of Nebraska who is familiar with much of the country that would be affected by the MVA. An editorial writer for the *Chicago Sun*, he has contributed several notable articles to the *Atlantic*, chief of them being his prize-winning essay, "For a Free Press," which appeared in July, 1944, and which has been widely reprinted both here and abroad.

people who live in a region which rarely sees enough water in the right place at the right time.

Engineers look at a mountain site in the Washakie National Forest, eighty miles west of Thermopolis, Wyoming, and say: "Here we shall build Du Noir reservoir, dedicating its impounded waters to the irrigation of lands along the Wind River below." Following this stream south and east, and then turning north into the Big Horn, they say: "Here we shall build a lake fifteen miles long, to be called Boysen reservoir, which will desilt the stream, store up irrigation supplies, and generate power."

On the Montana-Wyoming border, they decree two more reservoirs, Kane and Yellowtail, to form a double lake fifty-five miles long. The Big Horn flows into the Yellowstone, and the Yellowstone, winding north and east to the North Dakota line, into the Missouri. Near Garrison, North Dakota, the engineers say: "Here we shall transform the Missouri into a lake almost as large as Fort Peck." In South Dakota they specify an even larger lake, backing up water for two hundred miles, from Pierre, South Dakota, almost to Bismarck, North Dakota; and they show how water can be pumped from this Oahe reservoir to irrigate 750,000 acres on the west slope of the James River valley to the east.

Below Oahe they plan three more dams, to generate power and provide day-to-day regulation of the navigation channel downstream. At Sioux City the channel will begin, a scientifically controlled waterway on which Diesel-driven barges may ply, carrying wheat, coal, steel, and lumber between Omaha, Sioux City, St. Joseph, Kansas City, and port towns along the great inland waterways system of the Mississippi, Ohio, Great Lakes, Tennessee.

The Flood Control Act passed by Congress last December included authorization for post-war expenditure of 400 million dollars to carry out the initial phases of this Missouri River plan, which it is estimated will cost about a billion dollars more — twice the investment to date in the Tennessee Valley Authority. Behind the authorization lay a legislative swap between two Federal bureaus and two competing economic interests.

Since 1938 the Bureau of Reclamation had been studying the upper reaches of the basin — Wyoming, Montana, the Dakotas, and Nebraska — for the purpose of blueprinting a comprehensive irrigation prospectus. The Corps of Engineers in the War Department had been improving the river below Sioux City for navigation, and studying the flood-control needs of the lower river, particularly at Kansas City and St. Louis. The destructive floods

of 1943 and 1944, which caused calculable damage of at least 100 million dollars, speeded up the plans of both bureaus.

Under pressure of strong public demand that the river be brought to book, the Army Engineers laid before Congress a scheme for five great dams on the main stem in the Dakotas, which with tributary reservoirs and levees would provide sufficient storage capacity to hold any flood of record. As a corollary benefit, their plan provided water supplies for a nine-foot, as compared with the previously authorized six-foot, navigation channel. Downstream people, interested both in flood control and in water transport, applauded.

Partial to its own plan, the Bureau of Reclamation and its supporting lobby of irrigation interests viewed the Army scheme with something less than enthusiasm. When the yellow waters come tumbling down in March and June, the Missouri seems too big for anybody's good; but from July to October there is often not enough water. If impounded flood waters were earmarked for a nine-foot barge channel during dry season, would enough be left to supply thirsty acres in the same period? This question the irrigators answered to their own satisfaction in the negative, and their Senators proceeded to block Congressional approval of the War Department plan.

A series of conferences among Engineers and Senators at length produced a joint plan, sanctioned by both bureaus and both lobbies. The conflict over water use disappeared — temporarily, at least — under a proviso granting nominal priority to irrigation. The Army Engineers gave up some of their dams; the Reclamationists modified some of theirs. It was agreed that, in general, the Reclamation Bureau should manage the upper river, centering attention upon irrigation and power, and that the Army Engineers should rule the lower river, with responsibility for flood control and navigation. The joint plan slid through Congress on greased ways.

2

IT MAY take up to twenty years to realize this sweeping scheme of river development, but there can be little doubt that it will be realized. The conservation of water resources has become a recognized function of Federal authority, and the Missouri basin plan is solidly grounded on the economic needs of the region.

There had been droughts west of the Missouri prior to the thirties. John Wesley Powell, Director of the Geological Survey, had warned the intruding

settlers as early as 1880 that the Great Plains could not be farmed by a humid-climate formula. Repeated agrarian disasters forced repeated migrations of ruined settlers and bred periodic flowerings of political radicalism. But the catastrophe of the thirties, compounded by a national and a world depression, struck home with greater force.

A vanished frontier now left no avenue of escape. A settled and mature society, with investments to amortize, governments and schools to support, business interests to sustain, recognized that the new frontier would have to be created at home.

When the rains returned and farm prices recovered, the West reverted to conservatism in politics. But the legacy of the drought was a conviction, shared by the most conservative, that bold measures must be taken to stabilize the region's economy. With no replenishing stream of immigration flowing in from the East, the basin could no longer afford the recurrent migrations to the West, which now meant a loss of population. Ways must be found both to anchor people to the land and to diversify an all too agricultural economy.

West of the 97th meridian, which intersects the Missouri River near Yankton, South Dakota, rainfall averages less than 25 inches a year — the minimum figure for crop production — and often drops far below that minimum. In the mixed farming regions close to the river, drought means unstable land tenure, mining of the soil, and large relief rolls; in the wheat belt, it means steadily expanding farm units and a gambler's agriculture which counts as good luck four paying crops in ten; in the range country, it means periodic liquidation of herds and flocks which cannot be fed through the winter of a bad year.

Uncertain weather reflects itself in unstable income and a vicious circle of soil exploitation. South Dakota, which reported a cash farm income of 400 million dollars in 1944, a wet year, sank to the poverty level of less than 60 million dollars in 1932, a dry year. While national farm land values were declining 38 per cent during the thirties, those in Nebraska declined 60 per cent and in South Dakota 68 per cent. Every such period of drought sets up pressures to expand acreage under cultivation, as farmers endeavor to offset low yields.

While mechanization served to increase the average size of the American farm from 148 acres to 175 during the twenty years prior to 1940, the size of units in the Missouri basin expanded much faster, and now ranges from 308 acres in Kansas to 1866 in Wyoming. There are 12 acres of crop land per farm person in the nation; 61 acres per person in the basin states.

Nothing can be done to change the Great Plains climate, but full conservation of its wasted winter snows and spring rains can establish, as the Bureau of Reclamation phrases it, "islands of safety." These oases of irrigated land would support a dense farm population. Their assured production of alfalfa and hay would supply winter feed for livestock in dry years as well as in wet ones. By a stimulus to dairying and poultry raising they would decrease the basin's reliance upon grain and permit the retirement of marginal land to grass. Their production of high-value specialty crops (beets, potatoes, fruits, vegetables) would bring the region's cash income from that type of produce for which demand may be expected to rise with the national standard of living.

The Bureau of Reclamation says average dry land crop yields of \$6 an acre can be increased to \$36 an acre by this peaceful revolution in agriculture; that more than four million acres of Missouri basin land can be brought under economically feasible irrigation to supplement the four million already so farmed. These estimates point to an increase in farm income of 130 million dollars a year, and a stabilized agriculture which can support 200,000 more people on the land and 400,000 more in the towns and cities which feed on the land.

3

IRRIGATION as such has frequently been attacked by those who would leave economic development entirely to "natural" forces, including the weather. Some of its effects must indeed face critical examination. For example, is the national welfare served by beet-sugar production under forced draft when cane produces sugar more cheaply elsewhere? But beets are not the only crop grown under irrigation, and it is difficult to sustain a case against the principle of sound water conservation itself.

Recent studies of farm productivity suggest that post-war America will need the output of its best acres, even though the total cultivated acreage may have to be reduced. Irrigation provides a means of getting rich soils into production and taking out the land that never should have been plowed.

The strongest argument for reclamation is a social one. The Missouri basin is settled, and cannot be unsettled. To relieve its distress during the thirties, government agencies spent more than one billion dollars. Thousands of servicemen, polls show, want to come back to farms of their own. Neither the nation nor the basin can lose by helping these people develop the land to the limit of its fertility.

If agriculture, supplemented by mining and petroleum production, must remain the base of the region's economy, the location of war industries there has whetted the public appetite for a parallel development of manufacturing and commerce. Before the war the nine states of the basin, with 9.8 per cent of the nation's population, had only 4.6 per cent of the nation's manufacturing employees.

The development of irrigation would greatly stimulate processing of food products—the canning, refrigeration, dehydration, and packing industries, and the manufacture of butter and cheese. On the basis of the experience of other reclamation projects, the basin could expect ultimately more than 400 million dollars a year in new wholesale markets, some of which might be supplied by local manufactures, and all of which would bring business to the wholesaling centers.

The essentials of industrial development are cheap power and cheap transportation. The example of the Tennessee Valley Authority is proving a powerful educator in both respects. In most of the Missouri basin states, industrial and commercial power rates are 50 per cent above the national average. TVA rates in the region would represent a saving to consumers of 100 million dollars a year.

Turbines turned by water on the Missouri system would not only light Great Plains farms but encourage the growth of food-processing plants and small industry. Despite the disappearance of privately owned electric utilities from the Tennessee valley, business enterprise as a whole has made greater progress in that region than in the nation at large during the last ten years.

As a lever for lower transportation costs, the Missouri valley, like the Tennessee, looks to barge navigation. Barges can carry coal from central Illinois to Omaha at \$1.17 a ton less than the rail rate, and steel from Chicago at a saving of 30 cents a hundredweight; Kansas and Nebraska farmers can receive four to eight cents a bushel more for grain shipped by barge than for grain shipped by rail. Oil, iron, sugar, lumber, and machinery are expected to move by water, at savings to shippers estimated at from 12 million to 18 million dollars a year. On imports the savings would be reflected in greater opportunities for manufacturing; on exports, in higher farm income. The Missouri basin badly needs both.

4

IF POWER can be developed, the land irrigated, floods controlled, and the channel made navigable by the Reclamation Bureau and the Corps of Engi-

neers under the joint plan, then why an MVA? Why did the President, in approving the joint plan, call it “only a beginning . . . a basic engineering plan to be developed and administered by a Missouri Valley Authority”? Why did Senator Murray of Montana, author of legislation to establish an MVA, hold up Congressional action until he had obtained pledges of early consideration for his broader scheme?

The technical achievements of TVA have tended to obscure its achievements in the realm of government. As Chairman David Lilienthal has said, TVA “is not dams or power or land rehabilitation . . . but essentially a way of getting things done. The real issue in the proposed MVA is the relation between the people in their everyday life in the Missouri valley, and the Federal government in Washington.”

Visitors to the Tennessee valley have been astonished not only by the grandeur of the Norris, Cherokee, Douglas, and other dams, but by the spirit of local possessiveness that surrounds the Authority and its operations. Here is no remote Federal bureau doing things *for* the valley, but an essentially autonomous agency *of* and *in* the valley, rooted there, responsive to its needs and aspirations, fusing a variety of initiatives into a social drive peculiarly expressive of the region itself.

TVA has bridged the gulf between the ordinary citizen and the Federal authority. Deriving its power from Congress, functioning as an arm of the Executive, it owes its strength to neither of these but to the intimate relationship it has woven with the people, their local institutions, their governments, their economic life.

Senator McKellar collided with this new principle of government when he tried, in the time-honored way, to establish political suzerainty over TVA. The people of the valley rose up in their wrath to smite him. More than the non-political guarantee which had been written into the TVA act was vindicated; the test of strength demonstrated both the Authority's freedom from Washington interference and its reliance upon popular support and acceptance at home. A North Dakota editor, studying TVA for lessons which might be adapted to the Missouri basin, asked twenty-one editors of the region: “In your judgment, would the people of the valley support the TVA now if they were to vote on the subject?” All the editors replied, “Yes.”

Early fears that a regional agency might overshadow and encroach upon the states have vanished. In an area where the states' rights doctrine blooms brightest, the seven governors agree, in the words of Prentice Cooper of Tennessee, that “the rights of

this state and its citizens, far from having been restricted or violated, have been enlarged through enriched opportunities." Governor Arnall of Georgia says: "The only complaint I have regarding TVA is that its influence has not permeated this state further."

The tax problem created by large holdings of public property has been satisfactorily adjusted; last year the Authority paid to states and counties, in lieu of taxes, two million dollars, a sum greater than the ad valorem taxes formerly assessed on TVA property.

Instead of competing with the states and counties, the Authority has lured them into helping with its work, and so has strengthened and dignified them. Scores of contracts embody working relations with state extension services, agricultural colleges, public schools, and other local agencies in carrying out coöperative programs of public health, demonstration farms, library service, recreation, research. Federal agencies have likewise been drawn into active coöperation, while at the same time the Authority has adjusted its own activities to avoid overlapping. TVA and the Department of Agriculture work together on soil conservation: the Bureau of Mines conducts TVA's researches in ceramic clay; the Corps of Engineers operates the navigation locks in TVA dams.

Basic to the valley authority idea, then, is the conception of a coördinating agency which not only performs certain functions related to the control of the river, but focuses the efforts of many agencies and many interests in the development of all regional resources and opportunities. TVA early abandoned any attempt to impose from above a rigid plan for the social and economic life of the valley. Instead it undertook to inspire the people themselves, to release their energies and develop self-help. The result is a regional entity with a life and a spirit of its own, which sees the valley at close range, understands it, and approaches its problems as parts of an interconnected whole.

The development of river transport inevitably gives such an authority leadership in the South's fight for lower freight rates; the generation of cheap power involves a search for industrial opportuni-

ties that will provide jobs and income for the people. The authority, serving as a switchboard through which pass the energies of towns, counties, states, and Federal agencies, can accomplish more than the sum of the individual agencies. The proof is clear in the economic statistics of the Tennessee valley, which show, in every particular, greater gains than national averages during the ten years of TVA's existence.

Nowhere is the integrating function of the valley authority more significant than in the performance of its primary task: the conservation and maximum use of water resources. A watershed may contain many diverse economic and social elements, but the river itself, with its tributaries, is a single whole. To divide it into two sovereignties, as the Bureau of Reclamation and the Army Engineers propose with respect to the Missouri, is asking for trouble.

Irrigators upstream and navigators downstream have signed an uneasy truce along the Missouri, but latent conflicts still lurk just beneath the surface. The Bureau of Reclamation, for example, has its heart set on opening a new irrigation frontier in the Souris basin of North Dakota, which lies outside the Missouri watershed. Lower-river interests bitterly oppose transferring any Missouri River water over the divide. Which shall prevail? Neither the states nor Federal agencies with competitive interests can settle this conflict, and the many other day-to-day differences that are sure to arise, so efficiently as can a regional authority, equally representative of and responsible to all the interests of the valley.

Congress has embarked on the task of taming the Missouri and has specified that the river shall be developed and controlled as a whole. Unless the great lesson of TVA is to be thrown to the winds, the next logical step is to match technical integration in the construction of dams and powerhouses with the unifying force of a regional authority. An agency "clothed with the power of government but possessed of the flexibility and initiative of a private enterprise"; expressive of the national interest, but serving it in a fresh and vital way; applying centralized power through decentralized administration — this is the best possible armor with which the people of the Great Plains can confront the next drought.

BELGIUM: AN AMERICAN VIEW

by LT. ALEXANDER W. WILLIAMS

1

BRUSSELS has grown upon me, and I now look upon it as one of the most charming cities in Europe. Externally it has been practically untouched, and it is possible to buy many things here that are virtually unknown in England. On the other hand coffee, chocolate, soap, and tobacco are very scarce, and the problems of heat and transport are severe. I was amazed, though, at the vast quantity of Allied flags and emblems and of ingenious patriotic costume jewelry, showing that the people had been working at these things for months beforehand under the Germans' noses.

As far as I can gather, the impression prevails at home that before liberation the Belgians lived like the gloomy and starving "Potato Eaters" in the early Van Gogh painting, and that since liberation they have lived on the scale of the residents of Sodom and Gomorrah. Certainly the Belgians were overjoyed by being liberated — probably a great deal more so than we had been cautiously taught to expect on the other side of the Channel. It was a bit of a saturnalia at first, and one it did your heart good to see.

And something of this feeling has remained, in spite of a morning after with nothing in the larder or the coal bin and with the positive knowledge that not so very far away the war is still bloody well on. So much so, in fact, that the man in the street finds himself worse off than he was in the days of the German occupation when he had a marvelously well organized black market. If a man was too poor to buy on the black market, he became the intermediary who brought in the goods to sell, and with his profits he could then buy what he himself needed.

The Belgians have been through this business of

occupation twice, each time for a four-year spell, and what they don't know about outsmarting the German, or anyone else who orders them to do what they don't want to, is not worth knowing. They were, I think it's fair to say, far cleverer than their neighbors, the Dutch, in the matter of leading as normal a life as possible and actively and passively resisting the Germans. The Dutch frequently did not know how far they could go or when they had better stop.

Sometimes the Belgians failed too, as many a burned and gutted village in the Ardennes can testify. In a large measure, though, life for the average Belgian under German occupation this time was like sleepwalking. To be sure, they had their clandestine newspapers, but these were not so important as the radio, to which everyone listened every day. For the most part they stayed at home. They did not go out to cafés and theaters where the Boche was sure to be. The children did not talk to or play with German soldiers or, least of all, the German Wacs, known as the "*souris grises*."

Waking up from this state has had curious results among the Belgians. As one paper put it, it has been like taking too much strong drink on an empty stomach. So at first the miners started striking because they damn well wanted to after four years of forced drudgery. And then the people found out that they had some unpleasant medicine to take into the bargain. The Germans had left them with a nice problem of inflation to cope with (by flooding the country with too much currency). For that they have taken the strongest fiscal cathartic that any nation has ever voluntarily swallowed, and they are still squirming from the dose. Further, because they cannot get the machine started right away, they also have a problem of unemployment on their hands. Then we systematically damaged their transport before invasion, and later the Germans stole it, with the result that it has been a terrible problem to distribute food and coal. Indeed, food,

Successor to the late Philip Hale as music critic on the *Boston Herald*, LT. ALEXANDER W. WILLIAMS began his basic training in the Army in the spring of 1942. He won his commission the hard way, coming up from private to the rank he now holds — that of First Lieutenant in the SHAEF Mission to Belgium.

coal, and transport chase each other round in a perpetual vicious circle.

On top of all this come the Allied armies, making tremendous demands for coal, power, and transport (but not for food) and further weighing down a heavily burdened and struggling national economy. Employment of civilians is an advantage, of course, but for the moment the armies' supply requirements work to the average fellow's disadvantage. It is an absorbing problem to determine just when the Belgian man in the street's hungry stomach and cold house become a question of military priority as important as a bullet for a soldier's gun. It is to judge this question, and alternately to soothe and to stimulate the civilian human elements which comprise it, that some of us are here instead of in a foxhole at the front.

2

ANOTHER thing the Belgian waked up to on this cold gray dawn is that he has a political dilemma. And here too his government, as in the financial situation, instead of clapping him on the back and telling him what a fine fellow he had been all these four years, announced to him coldly: "All right, you have deserved well of your country; now hand in your arms and go home. Later on, perhaps, you can join our good old pre-war army." Some of them did so; but a fair-sized and very politically-minded minority said unpleasant things about the Belgian Army and its elderly officers. Three ministers (one Communist and one representing the troublesome group of the resistance — *Front de l'Indépendance*) resigned. There were a lot of demonstrations and in one of them some people got hurt. In protest the Communists tried to call a general strike and failed signally.

It is too soon to say what the aftermath of all this will be. Undoubtedly there is a greater cleavage between left and right — how great, we shall not know until circumstances permit a general election. But on the other side there is no doubt that a lot of people felt ashamed that there should have been a political dust-up when Belgium's independence was being fought for on her very frontier.

One of the liberal papers, *La Dernière Heure*, carried an editorial: "Did the Communists really think that they were masters of the situation? And did they not understand that their attitude to the other democratic parties was as much as to say: 'You have only the right to follow us — not that of choosing what path we take'? Was it so difficult to predict the consequences of this idiotic policy on the

Belgian people? Agitation for agitation's sake: on the one hand fight against the black market, on the other defend the farmer who is its principal organizer; now the defense of the value of the franc, then riots in the street to demand the liberation of accounts under 50,000 francs — when they know this would throw 65 billions into circulation and would surely entrain the inflation which high finance and big business may want but which would ruin the little fellow and every wage earner. . . . To gather up the malcontents wherever you can find them, excite them, and exploit them without bothering about the consequences — what admirable tactics!"

M. Van Acker's cabinet, like M. Pierlot's at liberation, is a coalition of all the parties, and in it the Catholics are still strongly represented. When the Communists got out after the little dust-up in November, they thought the Socialists would follow them and they could swing the government to the left. But the time wasn't ripe, and the Communists found themselves out in the cold.

The moment that the Socialists chose for ousting the thoroughly unpopular Pierlot government was apt. They acted on the general theory that things could not get much worse without getting better, and took the gamble that the war might not last much longer.

The Pierlot government had hard luck all along. The war did not end by Christmas; instead there was a vicious counterblow on Belgian soil. Consumer goods were not available at lower prices. Food was scarce. Industry could not get going. Cold weather froze the canals. Instead of fewer armies to use the transport system, there were more. No government could stay popular with those cards stacked against it.

M. Van Acker did a remarkable job in getting together a new team in the face of what looked at first like insuperable odds on the right. The only member of the old London group is M. Spaak, an able orator and a somewhat changeable politician.

There are more cabinet members from the resistance. M. Van Acker himself is one. He is a self-made man, a Fleming, not an orator. He was the Minister of Labor in the Pierlot government and achieved a lot of social legislation in that post. Of the Communists, the one resumes the Ministry of Health which he abandoned back in November, and the other — the secretary of the party and an editor of the *Drapeau Rouge* — takes over the tricky post of Food Supply.

The new government is not radically different from the one before it. It is slightly more to the left, with the Socialists in the saddle though numerically

inferior to the Catholics. The Communists have come back into the fold. M. Van Acker will stand or fall by his handling of the all-important matter of coal supply, to which he has committed himself.

In spite of their troubles, — and they are many and profound and irritating, — and granted an end to the war at some not too distant date, I have every confidence that the Belgian people will pull through in better shape than their unfortunate neighbors to the north and their high-spirited neighbors to the south.

I have said something about Belgium's economic and political troubles, but I should add a word, I suppose, about their legal difficulties. Their jails are full of traitors and collaborators, but the really fat cats, like the infamous Léon Degrelle and the Flemish quislings, got out while they still could. Traitors, when duly convicted and so sentenced, are shot in the back; and so far only four have met this dismal fate. Incidentally, it is the first time in eighty years that anyone has been executed in Belgium. But three things bother the Belgians. One is that, while there are some innocent people in prison, there are also some guilty ones and fifth columnists at large in the country. Another is that, for obvious reasons, only the piddling traitors are being tried — and those not fast enough. And the

third is that there is no universal agreement as to what constitutes an industrial collaborator.

The Communists, naturally, are for making a holocaust of big business. But others say that a businessman who kept his employees from being deported to Germany, and saw that they were paid and fed, is really a patriot, even if he did furnish some goods to the Germans. I have heard an absolutely patriotic Belgian declare that he could convict himself of collaboration if he left out all the bright side of his ledger. In short, where exactly can one draw the line? I gladly leave that one to the lawyers.

It would be nice if one could sit as Romain Rolland did in the last war and write of things and people outside the melee. But I cannot. My sympathies get aroused and my "admirable objectivity of mind" vanishes. From America, all the foregoing may appear absurdly prejudiced and out of the picture. But my job is here with these people — "les bons Belges," as the French ironically intone in imitation of a Brussels accent, but which I use literally. So I think of them as people like myself, with problems to be solved, and not as units in a huge machine out of which so much must be got for the war effort. For, in the long run, we shall get more by building them up. The other way is the Nazi way.



LAST LEAVE

by LT. (j.g.) JESSE STUART, USNR

THIS flesh is substance of this dirt and stone
 Since it was nurtured from a scanty fare
 My father wrought from dirt he did not own
 On slopes too steep and stubborn to compare.
 I never knew how painful it would be
 To leave this land with freedom of the fox
 Where I have been a brother to the tree,
 Where there is elbowroom among these rocks.
 This blood goes deeper here than roots of fern
 That cling tenaciously to rocky bluff;
 These eyes have been quite able to discern
 Upon these juttred slopes beauty enough.
 These ears have heard good music from the streams
 That carry lonesome waters from the coves;
 Here is one place this brain is filled with dreams
 As I stand here among my many loves.



A LITTLE PLACE IN THE COUNTRY

by JOHN HARRIMAN

MY WIFE and I were having breakfast on the terrace one morning when the Cody family arrived. They came as they always did. Walter skidded as he turned the car in from the main road and threw a bucket or two of gravel onto the lawn, where it would lie in wait for lawn-mower blades. Martha put out a hand and waved when they were about a hundred feet from the house. And Kitty, just as the car passed the front door on its way around in back where Walter always left it, leaned out the front window, held her nose between her thumb and forefinger, and shrieked, "Pee — hew!" in a shrill but friendly voice.

"My God!" my wife said.

But they were already coming up the steps to the terrace and Martha was calling out, "What do you think!" I was about to answer that neither my wife nor I ever thought — this early in the morning. But she gave me no chance. "We've just gotten the nicest letter from Mr. Farrington. And he's arriving. He's getting here before lunch today."

Walter rocked on his heels, his hands in his trouser pockets, and beamed down on us. "Yep, getting here today." Walter had a way of repeating Martha's remarks, as if he thought they needed to be dignified by reissuance in his deep, male voice.

"He wrote us the nicest letter," Martha was exclaiming. "He really must be a terribly nice man. We've never met him, you know. And we're just

crazy to. We're going to insist that he visit us for at least two days."

Walter was still beaming, and he snapped his fingers at Martha. "Show 'em the letter." While my wife was reading it, he winked at me. "Going to have a little talk with Mr. Farrington. Just a little talk with him."

Farrington was the owner of a small house down the road which the Codys were renting. "Oh, yes," I said. "About selling you his place, I suppose."

Walter winked at me again. "But definitely!"

"I hope you get it," I told him.

"Yep. Crazy about this country out here. No city life ever again for me!"

I regarded Walter enviously for a moment. He had, I knew, just come off a ten-hour night shift on the assembly line of an airplane factory which is about fifteen miles from where we live. Since getting home he had fed five hundred chickens, six pigs, two dogs, a bull calf, and the three cats which we had rather shamelessly pawned off on him the last time our cat had kittens. Yet here he was, throwing his ample chest out and gulping country air with enthusiasm, and looking forward to entering into negotiations with a man who called himself G. Preston Farrington, Esq.

Martha had fixed me with an eager eye. "You think we'll be able to buy the place, don't you? What I mean to say is — you think he'll sell it to us, don't you?"

I told her that I didn't know — that I'd heard Farrington was fond of his place. But the six-year-old Kitty claimed my attention, having just hoisted herself into my lap.

A native of Purchase, New York, JOHN HARRIMAN was educated formally at St. Mark's School, informally by several years in Europe and by six years of reporting for the *New York Evening World*. He is the author of two novels, *Winter Term* and *The Career of Philip Hazen*, but this is his first magazine story.

It is one of my vanities that children usually like me. But with Kitty I was never sure. There was something just a little baffling about Kitty. She had a way of staring at me with a glance mutely brimming with affection, then hesitating while the shades of changing mood played over her face, and finally looking deliberately away from me as if what she'd seen had fallen far short of expectations.

"Tell me — " Kitty began, sitting on my lap and watching me carefully. "Tell me — " I nodded and waited, prepared for a question as to the workings of the physical universe. "Tell me — " she repeated. Then she pointed at a rapidly chilling veal kidney on my breakfast plate, and said, "Pee — *hew!*" in an eloquently scornful voice.

Walter and Martha shouted simultaneously. They reprimanded Kitty, exhorted each other, and apologized to me, both talking at the same time and making almost identical gestures. Kitty got down from my lap and waited for them to finish.

"Thank you," she said to me — I presume because she felt that I had exercised a commendable amount of restraint.

"Ha, they're wonderful — kids — aren't they!" Walter beamed. "You never know what they're going to say next, do you? By golly, though, what'd we do without them? What'd we do without 'em — that's what I always say. Did you ever think of that?"

"Not until this minute," I admitted, poking the kidney, for which Kitty had aroused in me a faint distaste.

"Not until this minute, eh? Ha, ha, that's wonderful! Did you get that, Martha? Not until this minute. Well, we got to be running along, folks. Got to go to town. We're going to see if we can pick Mr. Farrington up a nice thick steak."

We watched them leave. As their car came past the terrace, I cupped my hands and shouted, "Hope you get the place!"

I glanced at my wife questioningly.

"It wasn't at all a nice letter," she said. "I want you to drop down there with me this morning. I have a feeling that Mr. Farrington isn't going to be at all nice."

2

WE ALWAYS felt that there was a certain pathos in the affairs of Walter and Martha. They were a happy and contented couple. They seemed to cope adequately with the business of living and to be successful as far as their aspirations went. Martha had taught piano in a girls' school before her marriage, and done very well with it; while Walter, be-

fore he had gone into a defense plant, had run some kind of store in Philadelphia.

But it is our peculiarity that we find much of human dignity — and much that is touching — in those who feel deeply and intensely about ordinary, everyday things. We are happiest with people of limited objectives. To us there is something warming and human, and more than a little poignant, in a person who can say, as Walter had said to me on the first day we had called on them, "You know, this is what we always wanted, a place like this. But I'm going to take it very, very easy. A man doesn't know right off what he wants to go in for, you see. It may be chickens. And I don't know — I sort of like pigs."

I think it was Walter's energy that had defeated his determination to take it easy. The first draught of living in the country is often heady. At any rate, Walter's efforts to discover what he wanted to go in for, sandwiched between a ten-hour shift at the factory and the bare minimum of sleep, had had startling effects on the "Small country property: stone house, barn, garage, tool shed, fifteen acres, five landscaped," which belong to G. Preston Farrington, Esq.

Poor Farrington! I shuddered at the thought of his return.

The Farringtons were childless. They had loved gladioli, fine shrubbery, purebred springer spaniels, ping-pong, and badminton played gracefully of a summer evening on what the seed catalogues urge on you as a green velvet turf.

Martha Cody had strung the clothesline on the front lawn, because it took longer to get to the back yard in cold weather or in case of sudden rain. The bull calf occupied the space in the barn where the Farringtons had played ping-pong, and White Leghorns in various stages of maturity swarmed like maggots on earth that had once nourished the prize gladioli. The place hadn't run down exactly. It had simply reverted to an earlier state, like a jungle clearing neglected. It looked now as it must have looked a hundred years ago when some Pennsylvania Dutch farmer had fought for his living in its none too fertile earth.

The Codys had not yet returned from town when my wife and I drove up that morning. For a moment or two we sat in the car.

"It's really horrible," my wife said. "I didn't appreciate, somehow, just how bad." She groaned and indicated the little enclosure which had been the badminton court. Now it was pocked and gouged. Between the two posts reared the huge hams of Walter's pigs. "Of course the war makes everything difficult," she went on, "and the

Farringtons always went to the other extreme. And then poor Walter does have to work ten hours a night."

"He doesn't have to put pigs —"

"And then of course having a child makes a difference, too."

We got out of the car and walked slowly around the place. Everywhere was mute evidence of those minor crises which Walter had met so manfully and with such spirit: the raw earth of the mass grave of the two hundred pullets which had succumbed to the coccidiosis that swept and raged through Walter's hen house like the Black Death; the discarded brooder which had selected two o'clock of a March morning to prove to Walter that brooders do not always work; the cindery-looking ground behind the house, the result of a helpful neighbor's having told Walter that his kitchen-garden patch would be improved by being burned off. Walter had burned it, along with twenty-five acres of his other neighbor's clover and ten acres of winter wheat.

There was something poignant about all this. Here were the ghosts of such fine enthusiasms and of so many minor disappointments. And I realized suddenly that Walter's spirit had seized the place. Farrington's tenure had passed. It was now entirely Walter's, whether he owned it or not. Energetic, disorderly, enthusiastic Walter, who found himself hung up between an interest in poultry and an affection for pigs.

3

MY WIFE and I had gone up a slope behind the house, and we stood watching the Codys drive up and start unloading their car. They waved at us, and Walter shouted something I didn't catch and held up what must have been a huge steak. A moment later they were all coming up the hill towards us. Walter was puffing and blowing, but smiling broadly.

"Say, what do you think we found out in town?" he called to us when he was a good twenty feet away. "We found out why Mr. Farrington went to work in Washington 'way back in the beginning of the war. It's because he was born and brought up in China and speaks Chinese." He chuckled, beside us now, his hands in his pockets, his eyes moving over the place. "You can see what that means, I guess."

"Not precisely," I admitted.

"Well, if he speaks Chinese, it means that he'll probably be sent to China as soon as the war is over. They're going to need men in China who speak Chinese. It may be years before he gets back. In view of that, I'm positive he'll sell us the place."

"You really love it, don't you, Walter?" my wife asked curiously.

"Say! We're just crazy about it, Martha and I. We just love it, that's all."

At that moment I saw Farrington's car. I recognized the long, shiny maroon body. It had stopped on top of a little hill about fifty yards up the road. He must have been following Walter and Martha down the country road that turned off the highway. And he'd stopped up on top of the hill so that he could get a view of his place.

"We've had the most terrible time," Martha was saying, "trying to find out where Fernwald is. You see, in Mr. Farrington's letter he said he was coming to Fernwald this morning. Walter and I thought it would be a very courteous thing to go over there and meet him. And we were going to; but we couldn't find a soul who could tell us where Fernwald is. It's so silly. But no one ever seems to have heard of it."

"It's a stop on the Reading, Martha," Walter said importantly. "I know it is."

"I don't think so, Walter," Martha contradicted. "I think it's over on the Main Line. I used to teach piano to a girl once — they were lovely people too. And I'm sure the town they lived in was called Fernwald. Yes, I'm sure it was. That was it."

I shook my head. I was fascinated by the way the maroon car was approaching. It was stopping and starting, being eased down the hill slowly, about ten feet at a time. "I think the Fernwald that Farrington was referring to is right here," I explained. "It's his name for this place."

They broke into simultaneous "Good Lords!" and Walter slapped his forehead dramatically. Then he caught sight of the maroon car. He took a deep breath, cupped his hands, and shouted, "You the fellow I talked to yesterday about the sheep?" He chuckled and looked at me meaningfully. "We're going to make sure we have some nice lamb this spring. We love it, don't you?"

I nodded. "But that's Farrington's car," I told him. "There's your man."

"No! Say, Martha, there's Mr. Farrington."

But Martha had already started down the slope, walking with a kind of lilt and calling out, "Hel-l-lo! Mr. Farrington! Welcome to Fernwald!" Walter followed her, his voice booming, "Hello, there! Thought you were the fellow who's bringing us the sheep!"

Kitty, for some reason, had elected to remain with us. I felt her slip her fingers into my hand. Farrington didn't turn in the drive, but left his car in the country lane. When he got out he stood hesitating for a moment. He wore a dark suit and high

white collar, as he always did. His tall, slender figure remained motionless as Walter and Martha drew near.

"We shouldn't have come. This is going to be terrible," my wife said quickly.

"Yes. Let's walk home across the fields. I'll send for the car later," I told her.

At that moment Kitty gave a whoop and began to jump up and down and wave her arms in the air. Then she charged down the slope. Her voice drifted back to us. "Pee — *hew!* Mr. Farrington, say something in Chinese so's I can hear it, Mr. Farrington." We looked at each other, my wife and I, and fled.

4

IT WAS my wife's idea that we should stay away from the Codys until they looked us up. She was sure that Farrington had been disagreeable and that Walter and Martha had had their pride badly hurt. "They love that little place, you know, and I'm sure they don't realize what they're doing to it," she said. "There's something very defenseless about people like Walter and Martha — emotionally, I mean. They aren't at all sure of themselves. When they want to see us, they'll come over. I think it would be unkind to go near them until then."

I wasn't so sure about Walter's being defenseless. However, I accepted my wife's decision — after making guarded inquiries in the village and discovering that Farrington was still staying at the inn. I knew that he would be sure to come out and see me before he left, for I had two of his springers which I had agreed to take until he could find a home for them. I hadn't wanted to take them, but they were nice little dogs and the poor man had sent me eloquent and imploring wires.

It was three days later and I was fussing with a disk harrow when he drove up. I called to him that I'd be there in a minute and to go on in the house and help himself to a drink. But he didn't go in the house, and when I joined him he was walking around with a disconsolate air and staring glumly into the flower garden over the picket hedge.

"Hello," he said without animation. "Your place looks pretty nice."

I nodded, and led him towards the kennels. "You're anxious to see your dogs, I expect."

The dogs went mad when they caught sight of him, and he squatted on his heels and started to talk to them with his fingers through the wire fence.

"I say, you don't keep them shut up all the time!"

I was a little nettled. Those spaniels of his had made damned nuisances of themselves, to say noth-

ing of the expense. "I've had to keep them shut up," I explained, indicating my wife's Doberman, which was eying the spaniels contemptuously. "They're subject to a delusion that they can chase my wife's pet dog off the place."

Farrington stared at the Doberman and I could see that he was wondering how on earth anyone could prefer that black and tan brute to his beautiful little springers. That was the trouble with Farrington; he had no interest in anything that wasn't his.

"You haven't," I suggested, "by any chance found a home for them yet?"

He shook his head. He was, I saw, deeply worried over something. And a moment later it came out suddenly, all in a burst. "You know these tenants of mine, these Codys?"

I nodded and waited expectantly. He fidgeted for a second. "I thought you might — what I mean is, they're quite difficult people and I thought you might speak to them for me." He looked away, and his voice was pained. "Of course you've seen what they've done to my place! It's — it's dreadful, isn't it?"

"It's a little different from when you lived there," I admitted.

"Thank God my wife didn't come with me," he said fervently. "She would never have got over it. I'm afraid," he said, speaking slowly, as if he encountered an insuperable effort in articulating each word, "that I didn't show the amount of tact that I might have the other morning. I was, I don't mind admitting, a little rude. And I wrote them a rather hasty letter after I got back to the inn. But you must see how I felt. After all, there I was — and you know what the place looks like — and the three of them charging me and shouting to know if I was the man who was bringing the sheep and the child wanting me to talk Chinese — I wish you'd see them," he finished on a plaintive note that struck me as strange on the lips of G. Preston Farrington, Esq. "Tell them that I — well, that I'm sorry for what happened the other morning, and that I really don't mind if they want to keep a few animals if they'd just be willing to move the pigs!"

I suppose my face showed my amazement, for he glanced at me with a dry, bitter smile twisting his lips. "You're very remote here, on your farm, aren't you? Very remote. You ought to go away for a while and rent your farm. You'd learn a few things." He gazed moodily at the tractor which was appearing from behind the corner. "You'll talk to them, won't you? And I'll find a home for the springers, I promise, sometime this week."

My curiosity was now so sharpened that I slipped

over to Fernwald as soon as Farrington had left, without even telling my wife what he'd said.

Walter, a new Walter, stony-eyed, red-faced, officious, was leading what seemed like a group of sight-seeing clerks around the place. He was talking volubly, with appropriate gestures, while the others followed and took notes.

"I want you to meet some friends of mine." He summoned me grandly. They were, it appeared, a Mr. So-and-so from one of those alphabetical agencies of the government, another Mr. So-and-so from some local housing commission that I'd never heard of, Walter's personal attorney, and a representative from the factory where Walter worked. I soon saw that he had not stretched the truth when he'd called them friends. They all smelled faintly of whiskey and were very genial.

"You got that now?" Walter demanded. "Three places in the cellar that leak. The kitchen sink — there's that trouble there. We never have hot water after ten o'clock at night. Cracks around the living-room windows —"

"What's this all about?" I asked.

The least appealing of the So-and-sos gave me an ingratiating smile. "Mr. Cody's landlord has been trying to take advantage of him, I'm afraid."

"Has he?" I asked. "In what way?"

I saw then what Farrington had meant when he'd said I was remote. It appeared that under war conditions the tenant had all the rights. Having rented the place, Walter could continue to live there or simply walk out. He could pay what rent he chose — or at least whatever rent he could persuade his friends to agree to as fair. (For the moment, they had all agreed, Walter was to stop paying rent as long as the leaks in the cellar, and so on, remained.) On the other hand, Farrington could not regain possession of his property even on the termination of his lease — unless he was going to occupy the premises himself; and even on this latter point there seemed to be some question.

"I was perfectly willing to be coöperative," Walter began magnificently, but I cut him short.

"Farrington left my place not ten minutes ago. He asked me to tell you that he was sorry if he was rude the other morning. He says that he doesn't mind what you do if you'll just move the pigs out of his badminton court. I'm sure he meant it when he said he was sorry. You know damned well there's nothing wrong with the house. Last week you'd have had anybody's hide on the cellar door if he'd as much as suggested the house wasn't in perfect condition. You don't want to make trouble for a man just because —"

"I was perfectly willing to coöperate —"

"In other words you do want to make trouble," I cut in. I was angry and deliberately being unkind. But I liked Walter Cody. I liked him because of his poignant, clumsy, humorous warmheartedness, and for his generosity; and I hated to see him behave in a manner which seemed to me stupid and petty and mean. "Somebody's insulted you, Walter, or at least you think he has. And you're out to make trouble for him. It isn't enough that you've about wrecked his place. You want to involve him with these —" Rudely, for I have a dislike of officialdom, I indicated his three friends.

He received my remarks in a heavy, red-faced, gaping silence.

I left. My last sight of him that afternoon was of a rather portly figure in one of those white mechanics' suits he wore to the factory, flanked by his surprised and indignant friends.

There was something lugubrious about Walter in his working clothes anyway. They fitted badly and the pants always hung down. Dressed for work, there was just one relieving note in his appearance. Over the badge which carried his name, number, and photograph, there was stitched an immense, flowing *Walt* in brilliant red. There was, I think, even an exclamation point following the *Walt*, but I may be wrong about that.

5

UNTIL then, busy on our farm, my wife and I had been able to keep the war at arm's length. Now it closed with us. The farmer who had worked for me for ten years left to go to a big dairy plant. I lost another man to a war factory. I tried to do the work myself for a week or two, but found that I simply wasn't up to it. Then a friend wrote me from Washington, asking me to go there and undertake certain specific work. There seemed to be nothing else to do. I put my farm up for lease.

I wrote to Farrington that we were renting the farm and that he'd have to come for his dogs. But when he stepped from his car he hung back and seemed reluctant to go around to the kennel. We stood talking for a minute or two. I thought he was looking at me rather queerly.

"I say," he said abruptly, "I'm sorry to hear about your renting your place."

I nodded. "It's been taken. I think the man's a Yugoslav, or a Czech — somebody connected with one of the refugee governments anyway. It was all done through an attorney, but apparently the man's all right."

"I'm putting my place on the market for sale," Farrington said.

My wife came out at that minute and stood beside me. He glanced from one to the other of us. "It isn't easy, is it? To give up a place where you and your wife have lived for years."

"We know that," my wife said.

"In our case — well, we have to sell. You see, we can't afford to hold on to a place that we can't live in and can't rent for enough to carry it."

"Has Cody been causing a great deal of trouble for you, Farrington?" I asked.

He hesitated, then smiled, his teeth flashing, and for the first time since I'd known him I liked him — liked him a lot. "Well, a little trouble, yes."

"And he will buy it, of course."

"He may have bought it already," Farrington said. "I left the matter to my broker and now I can't quite bring myself to go in and ask."

"Do you think he caused the trouble with the idea of making you sell?"

"I'm sure he didn't, although for a while I thought he might be doing that. No, I don't think Cody is tricky or dishonest. He's just — well —"

"Not very bright," I suggested.

Farrington nodded. "And he's angry with me. I'm going to remember after this that if you're going to make a man angry with you, it's a good thing to be sure that he's an intelligent man."

I laughed. "I did speak to him after you were here before," I told him. "Do you think it would help any if I spoke to him again?"

He shook his head. "No, Fernwald is gone. My wife and I have made up our minds to that. It — well, it went, for us, when we had to give up the dogs and the garden. You know. I'm sure you understand." He looked at me closely, curiously, for a second. "I have myself to thank for what's happened. If I'd understood Cody, seen the best side of him, the way you two do, I would never have offended him, of course. But somehow I didn't. To me he just seemed vulgar and gauche and thick, and of course he could guess what I thought —" He shrugged, then laughed. "If I'd only been able to talk Chinese to that child!"

"You don't talk Chinese, then?"

"Of course not," he said. "Oh, I'll take the dogs along with me. I can't thank you enough for keeping them." He looked around the clump of box to where the springers ranged up and down the fence like little rampant lions. "Well, I guess I might just as well take them."

But I didn't like the look on his face. "Look here, Farrington, I've got a friend who has a kennel of springers. He'll keep them for you, unless you've got a really nice home picked out for them." His face was something to see.

"Really? A kennel? Well, then, that's awfully nice of you. Perhaps that would be best." He held out his hand. "Good-bye and good luck. It's too bad that we never knew each other well, isn't it? I mean when we all lived right here."

"It is," I said.

"Just who's your big friend with the kennel of springers?" my wife asked as we stood watching his car disappear down the road.

"He didn't have a home for them. Dogs are too hard to feed nowadays and nobody wants them. He was going to have them destroyed."

My wife was silent for a minute; then she said a very nice thing. "You know, there are times when I'm terribly glad I married you." The phone rang and she went inside. "It's the Codys. They want us for dinner tomorrow night. Walter has the night off from work and they want us to help celebrate something."

"They've bought the place?"

"I guess so. Martha didn't say."

"Are we going?"

"I told her we would. After all, they're still the Codys. They're still warmhearted and generous and amusing — What's the matter?" she asked sharply.

"It has just occurred to me that we've been insufferable about the Codys. We tell ourselves that we like them because of this and that, but actually we like them because we think they're a couple of clowns and they make us laugh. I think Farrington's attitude towards them is preferable."

"Yes," she said slowly, "I think you're right."

6

I DRANK a good deal at the dinner the following night. I kept thinking of Washington and the things I'd heard about it in wartime and contrasting that with the peace and quiet on our farm.

Walter also drank a good deal, with a curious effect. He seemed possessed of some huge, private amusement. Sitting with his knees spread, his head bent slightly towards the floor, he kept chuckling and smiting his thigh with a loud clap.

"Tell me something," he broke out. "You remember what you said that morning? About my letting this place go to the devil? Did you mean it?"

"No."

"I *knew* you didn't!" I was slapped on the back.

"What's a place in the country for," I demanded, "if not to keep livestock?"

"But definitely! You might as well live in the suburbs."

"Walter, have you made the decision?"

"The decision?"

"Whether it's to be chickens or pigs?"

He smiled at me through half-closed eyes. "Pigs."

"Good." I raised my glass. "To the pigs."

"To the pigs."

I encountered my wife's eyes at that moment. She gave me a barely perceptible shake of the head.

"You want to know something?" Walter leaned towards me affectionately. "You want to know what that fellow Farrington said? He had the nerve to come by here one day and ask me to put coal ashes on his delphinium. *Coal ashes on his delphinium!* Can you beat that?"

"It's good for them. We always do it," I said.

"But you don't get the point. We burn oil here. Where was I to get coal ashes?"

"I don't know. Where were you?"

"Besides, who gives a damn about delphinium!"

"No one," I agreed. "Here's to the pigs."

"Do you want to know something else? Do you want to know what else Farrington said?" Walter's face became sly. He chuckled. I saw that the important part of what I was going to hear was not what Mr. Farrington had said but what Walter had replied. "Well, after he said that thing about the delphinium, he said, 'I don't want you to think that I'm overparticular.' You can imagine what I had to say to that!"

"Walter told him that he thought he *was* overparticular," Martha put in.

"No!" I said.

Martha nodded brightly, eagerly. "Yes, he did."

"I didn't say anything of the kind, Martha. I just looked at him." Walter's hand came down on his thigh again. "And then he had the colossal nerve to say to me, 'Of course I realize that you're very busy at the factory, and that having a child complicates life, but I do wish that —' But I stopped him right there."

"What did you say, Walter?" I leaned forward. "Did you say, 'Stop, Farrington! Stop right there!'"

"I did. But definitely! I said, 'Mr. Farrington, I've always been led to believe that having a child *was* life, instead of being something that *complicates* life.' Yes, sir!" Walter leaned forward, his hands on his knees, and glanced at me sideways. "What do you think of that?"

"Good," I said. "Wonderful. Very good."

My wife stood up angrily. "I'm going home. I don't think either of you —"

"Wait a minute!" Walter held up his hand. "Got something to tell you yet."

Martha took a deep breath. "You see, Walter

thinks that a man who doesn't have any children can never understand the problems of living when one *does* have children! Because of course having children makes everything so different. Don't you think it does?" Her bright, eager eyes fixed mine, and I had an absurd picture of her on that first morning, swinging down the slope and crying out, "Hel-l-lo, Mr. Farrington! Welcome to Fernwald!"

I nodded to her and held up my glass. "And now you have Fernwald."

Walter once more raised his hand. "But we haven't."

"You didn't buy this place?"

"Nope." He burst again into laughter. "You said so — I didn't."

"What are you going to do? Go on renting it?"

"Nope." Walter's head was on one side and he was watching me with a sly grin.

"Have you found another place?"

"Yep."

"I hope your new landlord is easier for you to get on with than Farrington apparently was."

"Best fellow in this part of the country!" Walter had a sly grin on his face. He was nodding and smiling through half-closed eyes.

My wife caught on quicker than I. She was standing beside me and I felt her hand close on my shoulder. "You mean —" I said, with a chill on my heart like death.

"Yep. Thought we'd surprise you folks. Did it through an attorney so's you wouldn't guess."

"You see," Martha broke in, "we knew how delighted you'd be to have friends — I mean by that, people you *know well* — because of course *we* know how dreadful it is to have strangers. After all — *Look at them*, Walter! They're simply flabbergasted! And when I think of how you used to tell us about a Yugo something or other — Honestly, Walter! Did you ever see —"

It was Kitty who interrupted, a Kitty who had been allowed to stay up to view real surprise. She catapulted herself from a hiding place at the head of the stairs. "Pee — *hew!* But weren't they surprised! Weren't they just *terribly* surprised though? I just love to see people surprised like that."

I have said that I took a little too much to drink that night, which is probably the reason my wife and I have never been able to agree on what happened after that. Whenever during the past six unpleasant months in Washington we have been able to discuss that evening, I have always maintained that I simply put my face in my hands. My wife says that I cursed at Kitty and shouted at her in make-believe Chinese. But that is ridiculous. I have never talked make-believe Chinese in my life.

BALANCE SHEET IN RACE RELATIONS

by EDWIN R. EMBREE

DEMOCRACY in human relations is gripping the American mind and conscience. Next to the war, questions about Negroes and other minorities are the most discussed topics in forums, drawing rooms, and bars.

Aside from morals and ethics, we begin to see that our racial patterns are hurting our economy and handicapping us in winning the war: keeping us from full use of Negro labor and fighting power, breaking the morale of the millions who make up our minority groups, shaking the trust of our democratic allies. We begin to realize — uneasily — that over two thirds of the people of the earth are colored and that these darker peoples are swiftly rising to power in industry and arms.

Negroes have found special significance in the war. It has given them opportunities they have never had but it has sharpened their sense of the clash between American creed and American practice. Negroes want to fight for democracy, but they see the issues quite as plainly in America as abroad. They are no longer satisfied with the epitaph suggested by one colored rookie: "Here lies a black man killed fighting a yellow man for the glory of a white man." Negroes want to help beat Japan and Germany. But they want democracy to win at home too. And they want it now. Many thoughtful Americans agree and are working with a zeal not shown since the movement which abolished slavery.

Other Americans are equally perturbed for opposite reasons. Fighting for the status quo, they are determined that the Negro shall "stay in his place." Many of them are distending their hate to take in whatever groups differ from them in race or religion.

Here is the current balance sheet in race relations as I see it. This review is not limited to any section, but applies to the country as a whole. Too often the North has been influenced by the slave traditions of the South, or has been so busy railing at the South that it has neglected its own faults in human relations.

DEBITS

THE most spectacular signs of the rising tide of intolerance are outbreaks against various minority groups: anti-Semitic attacks in New York, Boston, Chicago; the zoot-suit clash with Mexicans in Los Angeles; manhandling of Japanese-Americans. But the chief victims were Negroes: riots in Detroit, Beaumont, and Mobile; outbreaks in Newark and Dayton; violence on all kinds of public carriers throughout the South. In many cities Negroes were mauled by the police and stoned by "neighbors" for moving into new districts. A Negro in Mississippi was tortured and murdered by white men because he refused to sell his farm to one of them.

The most grotesque of the symptoms of clash were the rumors. Accepted and eagerly repeated as gospel fact — on the word of a friend, who had it direct from a cousin, who got it straight from a guy in the know — these rumors ran the gamut of fantasy: that the *Queen Mary*, setting out as a transport — from New York or Boston, or even New Orleans — had been seized by Negro troops in mutiny; that three bus lines in Chicago had been taken over by force by Negro drivers (as a matter of fact Negro drivers have been peaceably employed on buses and streetcars and subways in Chicago for months); that a white man slapped a Negro woman on Grand Boulevard; that a Negro slapped a white woman on Broadway; that a riot was going on at that very minute — on South Parkway, Chicago, on Rampart Street, New Orleans, in Harlem, in Little Tokyo; endless rumors of the Eleanor Clubs (gleefully whispered to be sponsored by Mrs. Roose-

Reared in Kentucky, EDWIN R. EMBREE graduated from Yale in 1906, was Vice President of the Rockefeller Foundation from 1917 to 1927, and since then has been President of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. Ever since the First World War he has specialized in the study of races. His several books, *Brown Americans*, *Indians of the Americas*, *13 Against the Odds*, *Island India Goes to School*, have established him as one of the fairest and most fearless authorities in the field.

velt), whose members, colored domestic servants, vowed to get "every white woman in her kitchen by Christmas"; the shovers or pushers or bumpers — clubs whose members were supposed to give one day every week to walking in crowded places and bumping white people; the disappointment clubs whose members were pledged to harass white women by promising to come to cook or clean on certain days and then not showing up.

But underlying causes of friction are deep-seated. Housing, always inadequate in black ghettos, has become intolerable with the new crowding. A million Negroes have migrated from the rural South since 1940, some of them to Southern cities but most to already congested centers in the North and West. In Chicago, with 350,000 Negroes, areas of the South Side Black Belt have 55,000 to 90,000 inhabitants per square mile herded into houses abandoned by their former owners, with poor sanitation and scant facilities for recreation. School buildings are so congested that many Negro children have to get their education in half-day shifts. With restrictive covenants and other quasi-legal devices keeping Negroes from any other quarters, landlords pile up the rents and let the buildings run down.

Funds available for housing for Negro defense workers in more than twenty-five Northern cities could not be used for over a year because of objection from white residents. In Detroit, where the 150,000 Negroes of the 1940 census have increased by 10 per cent every year during the war years, colored tenants could move into public housing built expressly for them only after crashing a picket line of white rioters. In Baltimore, where the numbers have jumped from 165,000 in 1940 to over 200,000 in 1944, an angry citizenry has refused to let Negroes move out of the established ghettos or have public housing.

Employment has been a constant fight. In spite of the President's orders and the vigilance of the Fair Employment Practices Committee, employers were slow to hire colored workers. Upgrading of Negro workers has brought on hate strikes and riots in dozens of centers, notably in Philadelphia, where the whole city's transportation was tied up for six days because eight Negroes were given jobs as motormen on trolleys; and at the Wright aeronautical plant in Lockland, Ohio, when 12,000 workers walked out because seven Negroes were transferred to a "white" department.

On the political front, Congress has refused to outlaw lynching and the poll tax, and has failed to provide Federal equalization of educational expenditures (the only thing that would bring education of Negroes — and whites — in the South to

something like national standard). Party machines in the Southern states, in spite of clear decisions by the Supreme Court, are still hunting means to keep Negro voters from the polls and the primaries.

Northern legislatures have threatened to penalize American citizens because of their ancestry — in this case, Japanese. Quite as bad as overt acts were the insulting speeches in the United States Congress, in many Southern legislatures, and in the hustings — speeches attacking not only Negroes, but Americans of Oriental ancestry, Jews, Catholics, "and other foreigners."

Minority groups themselves have not been guiltless. Catholics and Jews have often discriminated against Negroes. A Negro club in Philadelphia refused to admit a white minister to membership. When a Japanese-American was put alongside her, a Negro secretary walked off the job in Chicago as haughtily as any Nordic. Negroes and Mexicans vie in looking down on one another.

The police and the courts have not always shown fair play or justice. In riots Negroes have been arrested and punished in far greater numbers than white offenders. Police brutality against Negroes, even when they are in uniform, has become an open scandal. In Southern courts, judges often treat colored defendants with disdain or amusement, refuse to accept Negro testimony against whites, and tend to assume a Negro guilty until he is proved innocent. Juvenile delinquency has become alarming. White and Negro gangs have clashed on streets and public carriers in many cities.

In the news there has been suppression and distortion: the pamphlet, *The Races of Mankind*, an authentic, scientific statement, was banned by the USO and the Army. *Strange Fruit*, the powerful novel by Lillian Smith, was censored in Boston as "obscene"; Gene Talmadge featured his (losing) campaign for Governor of Georgia by bonfires burning copies of *Brown America*; the USO press agent suppressed a photograph of Mrs. Roosevelt with the very dark Mrs. Bethune as "controversial."

Many white newspapers play up Negro crime and print almost no other Negro news. Most of the stories, radio skits, and motion pictures in which Negro characters appear follow the stereotypes of the happy clown, the criminal, and the "mammy." There has been little reporting of the many instances of Negro heroism in battle, while mess halls and officers' clubs have reeked with false rumors of Negro cowardice.

The Church, in spite of the central Christian doctrine of brotherhood, has almost universally continued to practice physical and spiritual segregation. The weak attitude of the Church and the

easily aroused prejudices of the masses have made it easy for vicious cults to use the Christian name in preaching hate of every minority group. *The Cross and the Flag, Bible Flashes, Crusading Mothers*, are among thirty-one publications and organizations exposed in detail by Henry Hoke in his survey entitled *Black Mail*.

Galling are the insults and uncertainties that individual Negroes face every day, never knowing when they may be admitted or thrown out at a theater, a restaurant, a hotel, a bathing beach. In Washington a Negro soldier who had lost a leg in Italy was refused service in Thompson's restaurant, two blocks from the White House. Negro troops in El Paso, Texas, were refused food in a station dining room where they could see German prisoners of war seated and receiving courteous service.

A little colored girl, asked to name fitting punishment for Hitler, said, "Make him black and make him live in America." Negroes are not the only sufferers. Americans of Spanish and Japanese descent face daily insult. A respected Chinese citizen of Chicago, Tom Y. Chan, was refused burial by the side of his wife because the cemetery now accepts only "white" bodies.

Resented most of all is discrimination in the armed forces. Negroes — and millions of other people the world over — simply cannot understand a war for democracy fought by an army organized on segregation and prejudice. *Time* states that 70 per cent of all Negro troops have been used for labor rather than combat. The training school for Negro pilots had to be built by private funds, and in spite of brilliant records abroad, Negroes are still little used in any of the air services. On leave, colored soldiers and sailors have been herded into restricted areas for their play; even in the combat zones of England they were Jim Crowed in the Red Cross recreation centers and insulted and sometimes beaten by their American fellows. An Englishwoman whose village had quartered chiefly colored troops said, "Oh, we all like the Americans, but those white folks from the States are terrible." The American Red Cross, in agreement with the Army and Navy, segregates the blood of Negro donors because of the deep-rooted sentiment of many people against giving plasma prepared from Negro blood to white servicemen, though there is no evidence of any chemical difference in the blood of the two.

Most shocking is the lethargy of the United States Army in allowing civilians to mob and sometimes murder soldiers in uniform if the soldiers have dark skins. Three soldiers from Camp Doren, Mississippi, were killed, one by the sheriff of Centerville and two by white civilians after one of the

soldiers answered "Yes" instead of "Yes, sir." Private Raymond McMurray was shot in a general roundup of "suspects" near Birmingham, Alabama. A soldier in Charleston, South Carolina, beaten and threatened with death by two civilian policemen, shouted, "Hell, shoot me! It's *your* country I'm supposed to die for, anyway."

CREDITS

IN SPITE of all, the war years have made a huge dent in the old patterns of race relations. There has been a tremendous gain for democracy. Never before in America have Negroes been given the opportunities they have today. And they are making the most of them.

Over 1,500,000 Negroes are in war industry, many of them in new trades. Over 2000 Negroes are employed in fifteen cities as streetcar conductors, motormen, and bus drivers. Certain railroads have upgraded waiters to stewards, and are employing Negro firemen for the first time in a generation. Over 200,000 are in the Federal civil service, chiefly as mail carriers and postal clerks. For 1944 the Labor Research Association reported 5,300,000 Negroes employed in civilian jobs — a million more than ever before in American history.

The greatest asset in employment is the new attitude of the unions. The Congress of Industrial Organizations is the strongest force against discrimination that has arisen in these fervid years. The older unions are not so aggressive, but they are feeling the new movement for a united front of all laborers. The Farmers' Union, not yet firmly established against the big landowners' organizations, is also committed to fair play for the Negro farmers and farm workers. Meanwhile, Negroes themselves have been working to increase their competence and establish good relationship with employers and fellow workers.

Even in the matter of decent living quarters some progress has come, chiefly in public housing. Of the 132,000 family units built by the Federal Housing Authority, 35 per cent have been made available to Negroes. In addition, 65,000 units for Negroes have been set up in special housing for war workers, and many other projects are under way. The National Association of Real Estate Boards has recommended prompt use of private initiative in providing houses for Negroes. In the battles for free living space, decisions against restrictive covenants have been given by judges in Chicago and California. Much of the recent public housing is interracial in theory and increasingly so in fact, notably in Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, and Chicago.

Politically Negroes have gained stature and power. In the Northern and border states there are two and a half million qualified Negro voters — enough to be the balance of power in these states which carry the balance of power in the nation. Unsatisfied with the declarations of either party platform in 1944, the leaders of twenty-five national Negro organizations issued a joint statement of their demands — possibly the beginning of unity and of a political strategy which would give this group tremendous power. Following the Supreme Court decision in the Texas primary case, Negroes voted in Texas and Arkansas for the first time since Reconstruction days. Stirring up the race issue has proved no longer a way to get even white votes, as witness the recent defeat of such race baiters as Cotton Ed Smith of South Carolina, Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, and three members of the Dies Committee, including Dies himself. Attacks on the poll tax continue; Georgia abolished the tax in 1945, leaving only six Southern states still clinging to this device for cutting down the votes of both Negroes and the poorer whites.

The police and the courts have moved far toward democracy during the war years. Several cities and states in the North are revising their civil liberties laws, outlawing more strictly discrimination in any public facilities and services. New York State has just set up by strong legislative act a fair employment and anti-discrimination commission. Still more important, many individuals have been seeing to it that these laws are brought to the test; for others besides Negroes are excluded from restaurants and hotels in the North as well as in the South. With public approval Negro policemen have been appointed in more than eighteen Southern cities, and a large number have been added to the police forces of the North. Washington in recent years has increased its Negro officers from 42 to 135, and Chicago has just added 100 Negroes to the large number already serving. Certain cities, such as San Francisco, Washington, Passaic, and Louisville, have set up courses for the training of police in the handling of racial problems.

Following a recent Supreme Court decision, Negroes are regularly called to juries in several Southern states. The interpretation of the Southern segregation laws is tending toward the equality they are sworn to follow, as witness the compelling of white persons to give rightful space to Negroes on crowded buses in Norfolk, Virginia, and the payment of equal salaries to public school teachers in Louisville, New Orleans, and throughout the state of North Carolina.

While yellow journals still whoop it up for race

hate, a number of important papers and magazines have swung over to positive policies of fairness and appreciation for all minorities, notably *PM*, the *Philadelphia Record*, the *Chicago Sun*, *Life*, *Time*, and the *New Yorker*. Such Southern papers as the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*, and the *Nashville Tennessean* continue their record of fair reporting and democratic statements. Editorials by Virginian Dabney in the Richmond paper advocated abolition of segregation on public carriers in Virginia. The *Atlanta Constitution* led the fight against Eugene Talmadge and his race baiting.

The *Atlanta Journal* has recently urged the rights of Negroes to employment, decent housing, good education, police protection and justice, and to participation in government with full voting rights in elections and primaries. The Georgia Press Association selected a frank statement on Negro rights in the *Calhoun Times* as the best editorial printed in a Georgia newspaper during 1943. National magazines are devoting many articles to Negro and minority problems. Books and pamphlets on the Negro and race relations have been in striking demand — the pamphlet, *The Races of Mankind*, the novels, *Strange Fruit* and *Freedom Road*, and Gunnar Myrdal's monumental study, *An American Dilemma*.

The Negro press has shot forward during the war years. It has correspondents overseas, and has finally succeeded in getting a direct representative into the President's press conferences. These papers have swung behind the labor movement, are aligning the Negro more and more with the rights of other minorities, and are stressing the American Negro's common concern with the colored peoples of the world.

The entertainment world has shown a fellowship untarnished by caste in many interracial plays and broadcasts and in running Stage Door Canteens with entertainers, hosts, and guests welcome regardless of race. Famous men and women of stage, screen, and radio have publicly demanded changed racial patterns: Helen Hayes, Orson Welles, Elsa Maxwell, Helen Gahagan, Walter Winchell. While movies have held pretty much to the old stereotypes, notable exceptions were *The Negro Soldier*, a short feature prepared by the Army, and *Americans All*, of the "March of Time" series. Negroes in the theater have achieved new status with *Carmen Jones*, *Anna Lucasta*, and Paul Robeson's *Othello* all running at the same time as smash hits in New York.

On the educational front, white students of all ages are working against racial inequalities. A junior high school group in Manhattan made microscopic tests of Negro and white blood to prove

them identical. Last year three white students enrolled at "colored" Fisk University in Nashville, and a colored student at the "white" Black Mountain College in North Carolina. A sensation was caused by the report of the State Director of Research that Negro seventh grade pupils in the public schools of Virginia outranked the white seventh-graders. St. Louis University in Missouri has opened its doors to colored students.

A special gain is the trickle of Negro teachers not only into their own schools and colleges but into the general educational system. Six hundred Negroes are teaching in the Chicago public schools and a large number in the regular schools of New York, not only in Harlem but all over the city. Universities have begun to appoint scholars irrespective of color, notably the University of Chicago, Harvard, Wayne, Smith, Toledo, and the colleges of New York City. Negro chemists and engineers have begun to appear in the research departments of great industries.

In communities all over the country, committees have been appointed to work on human relationships. Forty-one cities and states have set up official commissions. More than two hundred voluntary committees have sprung up from Boston to Los Angeles, from Minneapolis to Mobile.

The Church is stirred, seeing afresh the clash between its teaching and its practice. The American Missionary Association of the Congregational Church, the greatest of the agencies for the promotion of Negro education for almost a century, has swung into direct efforts in race relations. This agency held a three-week interracial institute in Nashville in the summer of 1944, the first of its kind in the South. The Southern Jurisdictional Conference of the Methodist Church has set up a commission "charged with the responsibility of creating and executing a program of action [for] the elimination of racial injustices." The Detroit Methodist Conference, in the first action of its kind in the history of this denomination, invited Negro ministers and their congregations into full fellowship.

The Federal Council of Churches has issued a strong official statement on race relations and appointed a new commission with budget and power to develop programs. Catholic and Episcopal churches, with long histories of racial mingling in actual practice, have begun new programs for greater democracy, especially in the South. The National Conference of Christians and Jews has grown in influence; its education affects all minority groups.

Negroes have made great progress in the armed services and the merchant marine. They have been trained to fly the country's planes and have already engaged in a number of foreign missions. The Navy broke its long-standing tradition against the use of Negroes as anything but mess boys, and today has thousands of colored sailors and a few colored officers. At the last report the Coast Guard had 698 Negro officers and 4000 Negro men working and fighting side by side with their white fellows, without segregation and without friction.

On several of the Liberty ships the crews are mixed, and in a few instances white and black seamen serve under colored officers. In the heart of the South, white and Negro officer candidates have taken their training together, and many Army hospitals are serving Negro and white alike. Negro nurses are now accepted by the Army on a non-quota basis. And the Army has issued an order prohibiting discrimination at the post exchanges.

In spite of continued segregation and discrimination, the training and experience in the armed forces have been tremendous. A million Negroes — practically all the young men of the group between eighteen and thirty — have been given an education far beyond any school or college. They have been well housed and well fed. Their health has been safeguarded and their strength built up. They have been trained and disciplined — for the most part in wholesome fashion. They have seen other parts of the country and of the world. Along with slights, most soldiers have caught a glimpse of wide horizons and have had some warming experiences of respect and admiration as they have traveled over America, through the Pacific, and in Europe.

Coming back from such experience, the whole young male population of the race will never again fit into the serfdom of Southern feudalism or into second-class status in Northern industrial cities. It is too late ever again to keep Negroes "in their places." If we wanted that, we should never have drawn them into war production or called them to the tremendous education of the armed forces.

We now have the task — and the opportunity — of building Negroes, with all other citizens, into a common working force, which may then produce the highest standard of living ever known by any people; into a common culture, which will be enriched by the wisdom and ingenuity of this race as it has been by their art and music; into a common social and political order, which may then become a true democracy.

PROSE OR POETRY

by LORD DUNSANY

I

IT IS usually dangerous for anyone whose gift is one art to attempt to follow another. The pitfalls of following poetry when your gift is prose are obvious enough to be a byword, and a very common error is to follow the dramatic art for no better reason than that someone has written a successful novel, and has heard that managers pay better than publishers. Now, the difference between prose and the drama I can show you very easily. For instance, the novelist may write: "Far away to the left the sun was sinking under the hill, touching the tree-tops with pink and gold and orange, leaving long layers of crimson across the sky and turning stray clouds to purple" — and a great deal more; but the dramatist will write: "Sun sets left." The electrician, or whoever is responsible for the lighting in a theater, will do all the rest.

Yeats told me once that a play had been sent to him with the stage direction: "A bee buzzes across the evening, leaving a track of silence in its wake." The novelist had been at work there. But between prose and poetry I find it so difficult to define the line, that I have never known at what point prose strays over it. Therefore I cannot tell you where this line goes, nor can I define exactly what poetry is, or what prose is; I can only indicate a difference by saying that if a man who is writing prose strays into poetry it is rather as though at that moment he had become a little drunk; while if he is writing poetry and drops into prose it is as though the effects of a heavy meal of meat suddenly overtook him and he became dull and sleepy, without dreams.

I can only faintly indicate the difference by saying that in Ecclesiastes there is a melody in the words, and a frequent hurrying past of grand images, which from my earliest years has always suggested poetry to me, and does so still; whereas in the works of

Pope there is a certain precision, a scientific and philosophical logic, which has always seemed to me to be of the nature of prose. So the essential thing about poetry is neither rhyme nor meter, and yet all thoughts of a certain elevation appear to demand appropriate words for their dwelling. It is as though such thoughts were spirits that would not walk among men unless suitably clothed.

It is more than clothing; poetical thought is the spirit, and the rhythmic or metrical words in which they are told are the body, and together they walk among men; and when one is separated from the other they are both of them gone.

Definition of prose or poetry I have said I cannot give, but one indication I may give of the difference, which is that poetry is concerned more with truths, and prose with facts. And then what is the difference between these? A truth is a spiritual thing, a pure essence; whereas facts are concerned with matter. Imagine the feet of a spirit thickly covered with clay: it would be visible and audible as it walked. It is a fact that the 9.10 train from somewhere arrived somewhere else at 9.30; it is a truth to say that speed is beautiful, or dangerous. Facts, in short, are things done; truth is the inner significance of them, where they have significance; and I suppose that everything has if only one can find it; and finding it is the poet's job.

Once a man showed me the opening pages of a novel that he was writing, and he had something of a name. It began like this: "The mountains stretched away into the blue distance, rising up sheer from the sea, some of them over a thousand feet and one of them eleven hundred and twenty." I suggested his cutting out the measurements, which he did, but then I saw that I could help him no further, for every paragraph had something like this, and I had no time to rewrite the book for him.

What was wrong was that altitude, color and distance, mountains and sea, are all significant, and

Irish author, soldier, and squire, LORD DUNSANY, in lecturing before Trinity College, Dublin, delivered these remarks on the arts of prose and poetry.

are materials as useful to the poet as any colors a painter keeps in his tubes; but measurement is arbitrary and has no eternal significance. Measurement is only a matter of man's prying into the secrets of nature, and feet are probably not much more than a thousand years old — even cubits were not eternal; so that to come so suddenly from a description of the height and color of mountains beside the sea to the measurement of them is to turn too swiftly from God's work to man's, to fall from heaven to earth, which is half the fall of Lucifer.

Of course the book in question was not poetry, but a novel, but I have already said that I am not able to tell you exactly where the line is drawn which divides prose from poetry. I believe that the rhythms of prose are able to hold poetry, or it may be that when they do, and when they do so continually, then it is prose no longer; but I never thought that this mattered, having always been able to admire a beautiful flower, even when I was not aware of its name.

2

THE difficulty in proving — what I believe to be true — that prose of a certain altitude is poetry may arise from having in the ordinary course of education come on some of the greatest poetry in the world always in translation, or having to translate it oneself. One thus had indubitable poetry in prose. Did it remain poetry? I think myself that prose is a vessel capable of containing the molten gold of poetry; but it has to be the best prose, or it will crack and the gold will escape.

The rhythms of prose are subtler than those of verse: you cannot name the rhythm at once as you can name an iambic. On what then do its rhythms depend? I think they depend upon the spoken word; I think they are suited to our breathing; and, just as no weapon or implement can be handily used if not properly balanced, so the weight of a sentence should be adjusted as carefully as that of a spear, without which adjustment a statement that may be important to the plot of a novel may have little more effect than the words with which I have heard more than one speech concluded: "Well, ladies and gentlemen, I think that that is about all that I have got to say, upon this occasion."

Of course what I say about the rhythms of prose is for the feelings and not for the intellect; for were one to work out a rhythm with the precision of mathematics, one's spontaneity would be gone, after which whatever one said might have the value of many millions after a mathematician had multi-

plied them by nought. The question is whether the rhythms of prose are august enough to hold poetry. I would refer you to the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, beginning: —

1. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2. While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain;

for English prose has probably risen to few greater heights, especially perhaps the first eight verses, ending: —

6. Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

8. Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.

It is that that first made me believe that the boundary between poetry and prose was only an arbitrary line. Being neither a doctor of divinity nor a doctor of medicine I will not go into the meaning of it, beyond saying that it is as full of images as a picture gallery, as poetry should be; and, indeed, long before much meaning was clear to me in it at all, those images shone for me very clearly, being carried into the sight of my imagination by the melody of the lines, though there is no meter there and no rhyme, except for those rhymes of which the Old Testament is particularly full, the rhyme of ideas, such as for instance, to take a verse almost at random out of the Song of Solomon: "Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple."

But though prose has no meter or rhyme, it has its rhythms, and may share with poetry a certain chiming that is sometimes made with vowels, of which Æ was particularly fond, as he told me himself. He told me that, for this reason, his favorite poem from the whole of the *Oxford Book of English Verse* was that one that begins: —

As ye came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

To hear Æ himself quote that poem was to understand the theory at once, and the loss of his voice is one that it will be hard to repair. But I wander from prose over that invisible line that so slightly divides it from poetry. What is there, then, in the rhythm by which you can test great prose lying so near to poetry that the Muses can hear it

from across their frontier and understand its language? Well, there is a proverb that guides us here. And I have never known a proverb that was not wise. This one is: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Prose, therefore, should be read aloud to test its quality, and with great prose it will always be found that the emphasis is balanced upon the rhythm as a rider upon his horse, easily and in the right place. Prose is shaped for the speaker, and its rhythms, and indeed the meters of all poetry, are probably fitted to our breathing.

Perhaps the ten syllables of our blank verse, the sonnet and much else of our poetry, make the length that is most suited to be said with each breath; and perhaps the great lungs of the land forces that fought round Ilion or of the navy which sailed, in ten years, from Ilion to Ithaca, or rather their descendants, found themselves able to say in a single breath the long line of the hexameter. But there is something more than this in the power that meter has to charm us, and I suggest as a subject for the research of somebody more scientific than I the discovery of why it is that if a man says,

"In Padan Aram in the Field of Luz,"

exactly in those words, his thoughts will be carried down the ages, to ring on in the minds of men, and to hold mankind's rapt attention, as though this meter were a magician's wand. I think that the scientist making this research might perhaps find a certain harmony between it and our pulse beats.

It is known all over the world, perhaps too well, that a practiced speaker can make the dullest statement of some slight interest, whereas announcements of real importance can be lost on an audience if uttered in a rather different way; and the rhythms of prose have their part in this difference; indeed it is with the spoken word that they probably have their origins.

3

LOOKING over the borders of poetry, as one must so often do when speaking of rhythmic prose, one's eye is caught by a thing that one sees more than one of the younger poets doing: they have one or two words every now and then which it is of great importance to utter; but there is not room for them; the line is filled up. What are they to do? Are they to leave these important words unsaid? No. They shove them in. It is perhaps only two extra syllables, and in they go. But it can't be done: it breaks the spell and the wand enchants no longer. They may argue that the words are vital to what they wanted to say, but magic is not concerned

with that, and whatever magic there is in meter will not, when its spell is broken, carry their thought to posterity.

Some, desiring to escape from poetry's rigorous laws and at the same time to have the honor of serving Erato, call their prose *vers libre*. I have seen much *vers libre* that was not sufficiently rhythmic to satisfy me as being up to the standard of good prose. Also I think that, in all the arts, thought is not infinitely deep, or infinitely high, merely because it is out of sight. How often does something like this get into print nowadays, to be accepted as poetry:—

The charge for announcements in the
Personal Column is 6s. per line
(Minimum 2 lines)
Trade announcements 25s. for 2 lines
(Minimum)
A box number forms part of
The advertisement
And counts as six words.

How does this come about? Well, first of all the public have scorned all the arts and been caught out by every generation, whether they were abusing Keats or Whistler, or hiding the Discobolus in a lumber room; and the public has said to itself in the evening, when business was over for the day, "I have evidently been a mug. I must pull myself together and not let it occur again."

In this mood the young man with the burning desire for laurels finds him very much as the three-card-trick man finds what he probably calls his clients (a much misused word), for life is very like a race course. The young man is not after his money; his eyes are only set, as is very natural, on rewards rather than industry, and he shows him a modern picture, or sometimes a modern poem, and the public is just about to say, "What on earth?" when he remembers he mustn't, for these are the very words that he used about Keats and Whistler; and he hastily says instead, speaking by the mouth of his critics, "Oh, yes, I think I see. Yes, I do."

I do not know what the remedy is: to warn people to be on their guard against anything that they do not really understand is to make the life of the young poet hard again, as it has nearly always been; and it is also to give too much weight to the understanding, for no work of art is so much a thing to be understood as a thing to be felt, and no one that has ever said, "I am not clever enough to understand poetry," or any of the arts, is on the right track. If none of the arts really do mean anything to him, then he should say, "I am not human enough," not "I am not clever enough"; for the arts appeal to the emotions before the intellect.

The main trend of modern thought appears to be towards intricacy, and you see this appearing in all the arts; but intricacy appeals only to the intellect. The poet speaks, for instance, or used to speak, of love, while some of these moderns speak of the triangle drama. You see the difference. As I have said, it is harmful to the prospects of young artists in all the arts to put the public on their guard against modern work. I do not wish to prepare the Philistine against new artistic expression, but only to strengthen the palisades of sanity, which are being attacked from every direction; and whether you look out over them towards prose, towards sculpture, towards music or poetry, or even politics, everywhere you see sanity threatened.

Something has shaken the world — it may be that we are no more intended to live by and among machinery than are rabbits and foxes; let it suffice that this shock to the world, whatever it be, has slightly affected its sanity, and these effects are seen first in what is most delicate — that is to say, in the arts; and prose has been affected by it like all the rest. If I were to quote to you some modern prose as an example of sheer insanity there might be a libel action, and doctors that I should have to call in evidence would be taken away from more important work, to the detriment of many in Mullingar.

4

I HOPE to throw indirect light on what art is by referring now and then to what it is not. Of course, whenever I use the word *art* I mean all the arts; for they all have one thing in common, — that is to say, sincerity, multiplied and rarefied by an intense vehemence, — and the material of all of them is a vision, which by the brush, the pen, the chisel, or the actor must be brought to earth and made visible to its inhabitants. Perhaps the painter, the prose writer, and the sculptor may have one facility that is denied to the dramatist, and dead implements such as the chisel may be more easily handled than living actors, as Alice in Wonderland found a flamingo harder to play with than a croquet mallet.

But it is not only in the drama and in Carrollian croquet that a living creature comes between a man and his work: the prose writer, too, has to deal with him, for, leaving out of account the spider in the inkpot, he may meet with the printer and the printer's reader, whose commas are very little things and yet may be as fatal to meaning as was that wound to Mercutio, of which he said: —

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve.

They are little things, but to ignore these fatal pests when speaking of prose is as though I were to speak of the splendors of Africa and never mention the malarial mosquito. Between the African traveler and the ends of all his journeys hovers a veil of these nearly invisible insects, often only irritating, sometimes thwarting his enterprise; so, between every writer and his readers come these little commas bred in the printer's office, as the *Anopheles* breeds in marshes. Certain words are like treacle to them, and any writer who makes use of the word *perhaps* must expect them to come to it in swarms. Perhaps I exaggerate, but certainly two will come. The harm that they do can be explained very easily. The writer puts down "I am going to Dublin perhaps, with Murphy." Or he writes "I am going to Dublin, perhaps with Murphy." But in either case these pestilent commas swoop down, not from his pen, but from the darker parts of the cornices where they were bred in the printer's office, and will alight on either side of the word *perhaps*, making it impossible for the reader to know the writer's meaning, making it impossible to see whether the doubt implied by the word *perhaps* affected Dublin or Murphy.

I will quote an actual case that I saw in a newspaper. A naval officer was giving evidence before a court, and said, "I decided on an alteration of course." But since the words "of course" must always be surrounded by commas, the printer's commas came down on them, as surely as the mosquito upon the white man's ear, and the sentence read, "I decided upon an alteration, of course." But besides the harm done to meaning by the hidden hand of the printer, commas used like this around certain words are wasteful; they are like signalmen's levers being used to crack walnuts; they can't control traffic at the same time. Luckily children are not allowed to do such things in signal boxes, but printers are allowed to use up commas round certain words; and, as only a certain number of commas is possible in a sentence, to do this is to take them away from their important work.

I saw not long ago a story of my own in a New Zealand paper, where the commas seem to have bred more abundantly than they do even in our climate. I read for instance the words, "breathing comma of course comma ceased comma too comma." Although this flight of commas looks absurd, it does no actual harm; but, when they are allowed to buzz about the office in such numbers, they do harm sooner or later. For further on in the same story I had written: "for the surgeons had got his heart going again, and however the soul knew, it returned, and got back in time." But the word *however* is one

of those sticky words which attract the printer's commas, so down came two of them. It then read: "for the surgeons had got his heart going again, and, however"; but I need read no further, for it is now merely nonsense. I could give you innumerable more examples, but few of them are even funny, or, if they are, their humor is of no higher order than the old joke of breaking china. So long as printers are allowed to collaborate in this way, probably without even reading to the end of the sentence, these breakages of the meaning will continue.

Once when I had written upon this subject in some paper there came a hoot of triumph from a printer's reader, or one of his friends, and he described how printers had ruined a line of Gray's *Elegy*; he said that Gray had written a comma after the third word, *tolls*, but that a printer had improved the line by leaving the comma out. I don't know

how he knew, but the moment I read the letter, I saw the harm that the printer had done, and saw for the first time that Gray would never have opened his *Elegy* in the solemn hour when the curfew tolled for the dying day with so jingling a line as the one that has been handed down to us: —

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

This must have been, as that friend of printers stated, what Gray wrote: —

The curfew tolls, the knell of parting day.

But nuances of meaning are all alike to the printer, and no more sacred to him than windowpanes to a naughty boy with a catapult. Once more I have strayed from prose over the borders of poetry, but prose and poetry are here allied against a common enemy. The language of Shakespeare and Milton is something to take care of, and it needs care now.

AESCHYLUS

by BERNICE SLOTE

DID you feel Time turn his hand within
 Your grave and stir you, Aeschylus, thin
 Bone-dust sifting through the warm wheat-land
 Of Gela? Did your lost flesh move, your hand
 Flex suddenly to god-loud battle burning
 Over Sicily, the old years turning
 Back, as if you had remembered Now?
 There it was: hard thunder over brow
 Of beach and fury-cry of gods to beat
 New war from riven sky and plain. The feet
 Of strong men passed you then, old poet, stuff
 Of plays, dark fate and treble-fear enough
 For your unquiet dust to speak. Your theme
 Is as it was — the torn will, the dream
 Sent reeling back through night, the cord
 Of gods drawn long through men, the awful word
 Of right. Now let your mouth move music in
 The wastes of earth. Lament what we have been,
 And rake once more the Furies out of hell.
 Flesh silting down to you will listen well.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

by GRETCHEN FINLETTER

1

MY parents felt that our summer holidays were too long. It was disintegrating to lie fallow for four months. In the summer, children could learn — and learn thoroughly — all those things that schools claimed there was no time for. Languages, music and other arts, great literature — there was no limit to how the time could be applied. Even if one could give to it only a couple of hours a day, one could really learn French or get Sir Walter Scott's whole set under one's belt if the work was done regularly. Spring after spring my mother and father hopefully planned, and summer after summer my sisters and I successfully thwarted their efforts.

There were various reasons for these dreadful failures. In the first place the summer months were of such uneven length: June and July were normal, but August went by in a week, and September was over before it began. Our summer holiday seemed to us about two months long, with a little extra time at the end.

One or the other of us often had a disagreeable letter from school, suggesting that we work off a condition in Latin, or re-do some algebra against an examination in the autumn. These assignments, though not on the surface so stimulating as something my father had up his sleeve, had the urgency of reality. There was an old wives' tale that children studied for the love of knowledge. At this time we worked only for marks.

But one important reason for these failures in living the higher life was that my parents became bored with it all. The work demanded a certain persistence on their part, — always met with stubborn resistance by their daughters, — and their efforts never lasted long enough to achieve the desired goal.

As one of the four daughters of Walter Damrosch, GRETCHEN FINLETTER comes naturally by her wit and gayety. She was brought up in a household dominated by pianos, rehearsals, sopranos, and big ideas. The *Atlantic* looks forward to publishing her book, of which this is to be a chapter.

To announce that at breakfast everyone would speak German ought to be an easy way to make us conversationally fluent. But after a couple of mornings my mother, who did not speak German, found she did not like being inarticulate. She would find something in the papers that interested her and want to discuss it with my father — and who were we to remind them that we were eating in another tongue.

Though my sisters and I did not want to learn anything that was chosen for us, we had of course ambitions. Lying in a hammock with one's eyes fixed on a floating cloud, it was fun to dream of being beautiful and famous, and the more vaporous or vaulting the dream, the more possible did its fulfillment seem. We understood too much about music to feel that careers lay ahead for us there. We knew the work; we knew how good you had to be. We had professional standards. But to be a great actress or writer was conceivable and probable.

Secretly we attempted creations in various forms. We indulged in that unparalleled joy of "starting things." On one bedroom door or another a sign would appear: "Keep Out. No One Must Enter on Pain of Death." We had notebooks with locks and keys. On the first page of Polly's book was written:

Private. Secret.
This Means *You*, Gretchen!

My father decided we should read all of Shakespeare aloud, each taking a part. When he realized how many copies of how many plays this would necessitate, he reduced the plan. We were to start with *Julius Caesar*, and he ordered five copies.

I think he was a little startled when he looked over the cast. He remembered *Caesar* as including some good rousing speeches between Antony and Brutus. He had forgotten that there were some thirty-two other characters, besides senators, citizens, guards, and attendants. It seemed almost impossible to divide these all up. My father, however,

decided to be Brutus. We tossed for who should read Antony, and second place went to Caesar. The other parts were to be read around in rotation.

To emphasize the seriousness of the reading, my father decided it was to take place indoors. The dogs were banished outside and lay in an unhappy group just beyond the screen door. We sat in an uneasy circle around my father as he announced: "Act One. Scene One. Rome. A street."

The curtain rose and my father opened as Flavius, in a ringing voice. Alice as Marullus, and I as the Carpenter, jumped in with equal loudness. Polly rotated into the Cobbler and decided to play him as a cracked old man.

"But what trade art thou? Answer me directly," demanded Alice.

"A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles," responded Polly.

"What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?" my father shouted.

"Nay," answered Polly, sinking her voice into a senile whisper, "I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you."

The rest of us broke out into wild laughter, and there was a sympathetic thumping of tails from the porch.

"You must be serious," exclaimed my father.

"But it's supposed to be funny."

"Not that funny," said my father, but we continued convulsed with our own interpretations.

Now Shakespeare is often obscure — it would seem at times meaningless. I read: —

"Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse."

"I don't understand that at all. What's it about?" I asked.

"It's perfectly simple," said my father, and he studied the passage. "Never mind what it means. It's the spirit we're after." He glanced ahead. "Ah, good. Here comes the Soothsayer. I'll act him."

He sprang to the piano and played some minor chords as he announced in a sepulchral voice: "Beware the ides of March."

My father had invited my mother to listen to the play, but she refused. She never liked being read aloud to. If my father found a poem that pleased him or one of Finley Peter Dunne's Dooley articles that amused him, he wanted to read it immediately, with dialect, and he did it extremely well. But he needed an audience, and my mother was often the most convenient ear.

"Sit down, Margaret, and listen to this. You'll enjoy it."

My mother would sit for about a minute listening, but then a strange restlessness would seize her. First she would straighten a vase of flowers on the mantel, then tweak the window shades to make them even, and finally walk about swatting flies with a newspaper. My father seemed to find this distracting.

"You're not listening. Sit down."

"I am listening. It's very good. Go on." And my mother would sink to a chair again but start picking burrs out of the dog's hair.

2

IT HAS been said that in happy marriages husbands and wives often grow to look like each other and eventually evolve a common character. This has not been the case with my mother and father. Over the years their personalities have met, head on, and I have never seen that either one made the slightest dent on the other's character. But what astonished their daughters were the storm signals, which we recognized only too easily as indicating some big divergence between them and trouble ahead, but which always caught them unaware.

As children we knew that my mother hated surprises and that my father liked them; that my mother loved picnics and being lost in the woods in the rain and that such things disturbed my father; that he liked certain kinds of European food which my mother would not touch. And yet year after year my father hopefully surprised my mother, my mother tramped my father over mountains with only a sandwich and no path-map, and he continued to urge on her food that she would not eat.

Neither ever gave up in trying to change the other and they were continuously thunderstruck at their differences. But perhaps the deeper truth, which we were too young to understand, lay in the fact that neither one enjoyed anything very much unless the other shared it; and if my father wanted to read something aloud, and in the middle of it my mother decided to mow the lawn, my father still found her his best and favorite audience.

My mother's efforts with summer work were a little more successful than my father's because they were not so grandiose. She gave us the choice on Sundays of going to church or having a Bible lesson at home. We learned a psalm, but then we learned anything else that seemed to her important. We memorized among other things the second verse of "The Star Spangled Banner," and Taft's cabinet.

My mother had bought a great many towels which had no monograms and we marked them with a cross-stitched "D" during the Sunday mornings. The cross-stitch book had some designs of coats of arms, and during the summer the D's became surrounded with heraldic standards. Alice, who was the most ambitious, stitched on Turkish towels the emblems of the Houses of Warwick and Hastings and, tracing her designs from an old book, put the rampant lion of Fraunceys over the washrags.

"Who is Secretary of State?" asked my mother.

"Philander C. Knox."

"Secretary of War?"

"Jacob M. Dickinson."

"Secretary of the Navy?"

"George von L. Meyer. Pass over the blue thread for azure on the garter of Beaufort."

"Secretary of Commerce and Labor?"

"Charles Nagel. Now can we go swimming? It's twelve o'clock."

"Not yet. Attorney General, Postmaster General, Secretary of the Interior."

"George W. Wickersham, Frank H. Hitchcock, Richard A. Ballinger."

We started toward the lake.

"You've forgotten the Treasury," my mother called after us.

"Franklin MacVeagh!" we shouted back. The Bible lesson was over.

Another effort of my mother was to improve the tone of conversation at table. If members of a family see each other constantly at meals, talk is likely to degenerate into personalities often emphasized by swift kicks under the table. We were requested to make no remarks about each other's physical or spiritual shortcomings. This reduced us to chitchat about our friends and neighbors, and children quite as much as grownups find the odd or eccentric more interesting to analyze than the nobler traits of their fellows.

None of us liked Dr. Colton, the local doctor. He didn't stay a doctor. He was quite a lady's man, and he also played a rather feverish game of tennis. We did not approve of seeing him one day in a white coat, advising something disagreeable, and the next day in a turtle-neck sweater, making what we felt was a fool of himself on the court by serving a very easy ball to the ladies and then apologizing as though it had been an ace. He was for us always a good subject of conversation and we vied with each other in pointing out his weaknesses.

"Everyone around the table must say something nice about Dr. Colton," ordered my mother.

There was a long pause and then Anita remarked: "Dr. Colton had a bath last Tuesday."

"I forbid you to say that!" cried my mother.

"Dr. Colton did not have a bath last Tuesday," answered Anita quickly.

My father unfortunately laughed.

My mother, however, did not give up. She was an omnivorous newspaper reader and she planned to have conversation center on some event that had been reported in the press. She also wanted us to get the habit of reading the news, particularly of the political scene, in which she was the most interested.

Sometimes the papers were hard to get hold of, for Minnie read them with equal fervor at night. With two candles lit by her bed, she first turned each page hopefully to see if my father or any member of his family might by some lucky chance be in the news. Then, convinced that there was nothing worth clipping out for her relatives in Sweden, she relaxed into the Harry K. Thaw case and the papers rustled for hours.

Minnie kept most of the Thaw episodes from us, but simpler and bloodier crimes she shared. Sitting on her bed as we picked the tallow from the candles, we discussed with her the strange case of Dr. Crippen. Minnie was absorbed in Dr. Crippen but felt more deeply about his accomplice, Miss Le Neve, whom she thought guiltier.

"What's a paramour, Minnie?"

A paramour was a woman who always ended in the electric chair. Minnie was ready with the chair for any woman mixed up with crime. She resented it when the female sex did not behave well, and she wanted justice to move fast. When Dr. Crippen and Ethel Le Neve arrived on the ship at Quebec disguised as father and son, Minnie was in a fever of excitement. She would have liked to board the boat with the detectives and accuse the dreadful Ethel personally. Dr. Crippen was wicked, but Ethel Le Neve, Minnie was convinced, had single-handedly chopped up Mrs. Crippen.

3

START a topic," said my mother at lunch.

We knew that unless we moved quickly we should be cut out of the conversation entirely and become listeners, a position in which none of us ever wittingly allowed herself to be placed. We also knew that my mother did not admit crime as a topic, though she knew that we knew that she and my father were also reading about the current murder. One or the other of us floundered about with some odd fragment of information, but it did not produce sparkling talk.

Then one morning manna came down from

heaven. A perfect news story broke. It began as adventure. It became a mystery. It was one of the great controversies of the time. Blazoned across the papers were the headlines: "Dr. Frederick Cook Discovers the North Pole." Five days later a message was flashed from Indian Harbor, Labrador: "Have made good at last," and Peary declared that he had reached the Pole.

The papers could not arrive early enough. We did not save our views for mealtime. All of us became absorbed in the fantastic story. Was the amiable Dr. Cook a fraud? Three days after his announcement, he arrived in Copenhagen and received a welcome such as the world had never seen. He was in London for a royal audience when he heard the news of Peary.

"There is glory enough for both," said Cook pleasantly.

This already had a fishy smell. Why was he so ready to share his place as the man of the hour? Had the grim Peary been cheated by him of the just reward of the first acclaim? The detractors of Peary asked why he had left Captain Bartlett, his last white assistant, over a hundred miles from the Pole and taken with him for the final dash, as witness, a Negro. One photograph of Peary and Bartlett shaking hands together at the top of the world would spike any story of a Peary hoax.

The defenders of Peary declared that it was a beautiful, symbolic idea of Peary's that the white

man and the black man should make the greatest discovery of the age together. Backwards and forwards went the arguments. Dr. Cook was voluble with the reporters. Peary proudly scorned to argue and stood on his record.

I elected to defend Dr. Cook against all my family. The reasons for this were neither noble nor very complicated. I identified myself with Dr. Cook. He was misunderstood and I was going through a period of feeling very misunderstood myself. I was not so good a swimmer as my sisters and I could not dive. Day after day I jumped from the springboard, holding my nose, amid hoots of ridicule. Alice had had the proud distinction of injuring herself by a double somersault, height sixteen feet. I envied her wounds. Basely I thought they might be self-inflicted to make her seem important.

Alice came into the dining room and sat down stiffly, the living example of the words that were the most hateful to my ears — "a good sport." I sat opposite her, my hair still wet from my humiliating leaps into the water.

"I tell you, Alice, Dr. Cook got there first. Your old Peary never even had the idea till he heard about Cook."

Alice eyed me calmly. "Would you mind passing me the butter. I can't reach it because of my sprained shoulder."

She was the gallant Peary. I was the craven Cook.

CLEAN, TALL, GREEN, STILL

by JOHN HOLMES

INTO the darkness of my lonely sleep the sun
Spread slow at first, with a stranger's corner look,
Then fast, faster, till his golden light at a run
Shouted in every room of my mind, Awake, oh wake!

Stumbling outdoors from my night to morning ground,
I stared at the world's grass, a wall's shine,
At a fountain elm in all history unowned,
And a cloud, I said, that could be seen from Spain.

What I do first today must be water-clean,
Old color of sun, breathe like an elm tree tall,
As right and easy in love as leaves are green,
Flow up like the tree, and like the tree stand still.

It was early, everything yet to be told and given,
The light wet boughs waiting there to be blown,
And each thin least leaf to the Monday air open,
Of a new day all gay and green almost begun.

FEEDING THE FORTY MILLION

by ARTHUR MOORE

I

FARMERS should raise less corn and more hell" is the trenchant remark which Mary Elizabeth Lease supplied to the Populist movement of the 1890's. She also poured out her scorn for the politicians, who, for the first time, had begun to propound the overproduction theory of agricultural depression.

"The politicians say we suffer from overproduction," she stormed. "Overproduction, when 10,000 little children starve to death every year in the United States and over 100,000 shopgirls in New York are forced to sell their virtue for the bread their niggardly wages deny them." Like agricultural thinkers since her day, she looked at the paradox of want in the midst of plenty and drew two conflicting conclusions: one, that farmers should reduce production; and the other, that barriers to consumption should be removed by economic reform.

We need not inquire too closely into her statistics about starvation among children or virtue among New York shopgirls. The science of nutrition is disclosing new and dramatic evidence that Americans have never had enough to eat for maximum national health.

In 1941, General Lewis B. Hershey told the National Nutrition Conference for Defense that in his estimation one third of the draft rejections were due directly or indirectly to deficient diet. The chief of the Medical Division of Selective Service cited this contrast: seven out of ten men examined in Colorado were accepted, while in one of the Southern states — where malnutrition is widespread — only three out of ten men were accepted.

In a pre-war survey, the Bureau of Agricultural

Editor of one of the most influential farm papers in the country, the *Daily Pantagraph* of Bloomington, Illinois, and on intimate terms with the farmers of the richest corn country in the Middle West, ARTHUR MOORE has written a new and absorbing book, *Farmers and the Rest of Us*, of which this is the fourth and final chapter to appear in the *Atlantic*. The book, now available, is *must* reading for those who are concerned about the farmer's place in our industrial economy.

Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture learned that among 2000 wage earners and clerical workers, 76 per cent did not have a "good" diet and 46 per cent did not have even a "fair" diet. A study made by the WPA in 1936, of 500 high school pupils in one of New York City's poverty areas, showed that 87 per cent had a deficiency in vitamin A, 76 per cent in riboflavin, and 50 per cent in calcium. The nutritionists are properly cautious about generalizations, but it is broadly agreed that around 40 million Americans suffer from faulty diet.

To what extent stupidity and apparent laziness among these 40 million are due to malnutrition we do not know. But every nutritionist can cite cases such as that of the fourteen-year-old girl who was taken to a dental clinic with twenty-seven teeth already rotting. She was classified as the victim of a "pickle and potato chip" diet. Her schoolwork suffered from her constant fatigue, inability to pay attention, worry over trifles, and general apathy; she was a discouraging specimen to try to educate and a detriment to the race as a possible mother.

Evidence showing the extent of malnutrition and its cost to society piles higher and higher. Yet "it is a glorious thing to contemplate that as a nation we have too much," wrote a banker in 1930. "The New Deal was necessary," wrote one of its early apologists. "It was caused by one very simple fact: that we can produce more than enough for everybody." The agricultural depression from 1920 to World War II, according to a writer in the 1940 Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, was the result of "an overexuberant production on a stable or already well-supplied market."

Such statements added up to a dangerous aberration. "Abundance" became a catchword which somehow embraced the idea of restriction. "Restriction" became a catchword which somehow came to mean "plenty." "Scarcity" became an ugly word among the very people who proposed it

as a policy of abundance. "Protecting the consumers' interests" came to mean reducing the production of food while 40 million suffered from malnutrition.

Much of the talk which is heard today in support of a post-war program of crop curtailment is a defense of scarcity economics to this extent: if industrial payrolls, after the war, fall to a point which will reduce food consumption, many defenders of the pre-war AAA will say food production must also be reduced. Their first reaction will be "Raise less corn," when it should be "Feed the 40 million."

If we go back to the phrases of the 1930's, agricultural policy will call for limiting production to protect an ever glutted granary, which in turn is supposed to protect fixed prices, which in turn are supposed to make a prosperous agriculture, which in turn is supposed to buy factory goods and create a prosperous nation. The conservatives in agriculture will, I think, support such a program. But inspired by the finding of nutritionists, and drawing vigor from the farmers' still powerful belief in production, a new kind of radical may make his appearance in agriculture.

2

IF HE appears, he will not be willing, as so many present-day farm leaders are, to fit food production to some shifting and perhaps inadequate level of employment. The radical will not say, "Let us produce only enough food for those who can buy it at our price." He will say, "Let us produce enough food for everyone and then push it through to the consumer by public policy if necessary." Where there is a consumer without the money to supply a healthful diet for himself, the radical will say it is cheaper to subsidize his diet than to subsidize his ill health. He will argue that it is better political morale to invest in consumption than it is to subsidize restriction.

This nutrition Populist, however, will not look to public policy as a matter of choice. He will look first to private industry. He will interest himself in the pay and the security of city workers as a matter of his own immediate economic interest.

He will go back to the Brookings Institution publication, *America's Capacity to Consume*, for figures on what happens when city workers move from one pay level to a higher one. The authors cited surveys made between 1918 and 1930 which showed that families of \$800 annual income spend \$400 for food; families with \$1300 spend \$500 for food; families with \$1800 spend \$700 for food; and families with \$2700 spend \$900 for food. From another approach,

if the incomes of the 70 per cent of the population making less than \$2500 in 1929 had been increased to that amount, they would have spent 40 per cent more for food. The increase would have created an additional market for American farmers valued at somewhere between 10 billion dollars and 14 billion dollars.

He will cite the findings of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, particularly the estimates showing that the high output of American wartime agriculture, far greater than in the old days of supposed overproduction, would be entirely consumed by Americans at wartime prices if their ability to buy remained unimpaired. And he will recall Howard Tolley's illustration: If the incomes of all those who make less than \$100 a month were raised to that figure, that group would want to buy as much additional food as a state the size of Iowa could produce.

To prove they are not irresponsible idealists riding a new social reform hobby, the radicals will quote such sober analysts as David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture in 1913, who maintained that "further production waits on better distribution." Only they will exploit the revolutionary significance of this fact instead of accepting the point of view that, in an industrial society, agriculture must accept consumer buying power as something beyond its power to influence, as something mysteriously ordained and above question. They will revive the crusading spirit of the 1890's, when farmers dared to question the way industrialism then operated. They will ask whether the farmer has any interest in seeing that 40 million persons remain without an adequate diet when the farmer has the means of producing enough for all.

They will stress the farmer's unity of interest with the lowest-paid, knowing that after about \$2700 a year the increased amount spent for food is negligible. If there is \$100 a week to be spent for payroll, they will wish to see it go to two families at \$50 each than to one family. Best of all, they will wish to see it go to four previously jobless families. Repeated pay increases for the aristocrats among labor will not be their goal, but a large labor force employed at wages which will allow healthful diets.

For the city worker who is old, or sick, or caught between jobs, the nutrition Populist will support pensions, health insurance, and job insurance. A pork chop and dairy diet is better for health and better for agriculture than corn meal and macaroni, the new radicals will argue; so why should agriculture oppose social insurance? They will suggest diet insurance as a national policy.

The radicals within agriculture have never hesitated to tamper with the economic system if their

interests seemed involved. So if there is a slack in consumption after industry is doing its best, they will try to expand the school lunch program. They will urge canteens in factories to supply at least one balanced meal a day. Where public health is particularly endangered, they will favor public kitchens. They will be interested in food-stamp plans such as the one used before the war to subsidize the diet of persons on relief, or the one now being studied, which would guarantee that no family in the country need spend more than 40 per cent of its income for an adequate diet. They will examine the commodity purchase program with renewed attention to see if it promises to serve as a channel between food production and food consumption.

3

THE science of nutrition promises to unsettle society as nothing has done since the Industrial Revolution. The effect of an adequate diet on the stupid, the shiftless, and the antisocial will be profound. The type of person who in the past opposed public school education because it would arouse the lower classes will again have reason for concern.

Apathy is one of the common attributes of the underfed, whether in the Orient, in German-held Europe, or in our own South. Clinical nutritionists will testify that listlessness and even poor appetite are symptoms of lack of nourishment. There is an old saying that mankind is only nine meals from revolution. But let the nine meals go by, then feed people a bare subsistence diet, and inertia is the result. Nothing affects the human creature, even before birth, more powerfully than poor nutrition.

Given an adequate diet, with the magic it works on dulled brains and slackened muscles, and persons all over the world who now "know their places" will be found making new places for themselves. To the timid and the self-centered, this prospect may be disturbing. But to farming it might well restore the moral fire which has been slowly dying since the triumph of commercial farming over subsistence farming.

Every normal person wants to feel useful. If he can also feel necessary, one of mankind's most persistent longings is fulfilled. Farmers want to feel useful. They want to feel necessary to the success of our national life. The tradition of service is strong within them. If they accept an adequate diet for all as the chief purpose of agriculture, and pursue

this purpose steadfastly, with all their scientific knowledge and all their political power, farming will have found its soul in industrial civilization. It will not only be essential as food producer, but powerful as a source of betterment of the common man — and this, farmers instinctively feel, is the single purpose of both our political and our economic systems.

"If a farmer raises one hog and cannot sell that hog at a profit, he has raised one hog too many." That is the scarcity view, the "raise less corn" view of Mary Elizabeth Lease's phrase and of those who have adopted this branch of farm philosophy. The nutritional standard for agriculture would put it another way: "If farmers raise 125 million hogs and there is still one family in the country without enough to eat, then farmers have raised one hog too few."

If the additional hog cannot be sold at a profit great enough to help maintain its producer as the solvent head of a family farm and a devoted guardian of the soil, the farmer should not be blamed. He has not raised one hog too many: the economic system has fallen short.

Under a nutritional standard there would be no call for agriculture to apologize for overproduction in the midst of want, or to reduce output with the help of government payments while anyone needed food. Let the government money go to increase consumption of healthful foods, the new argument will run; that is where the breakdown occurs and that is where public policy should intervene, not on the farm.

These, then, are the four conclusions about farming for our time: —

1. The family farm must be dominant.
2. The strife of group against group must be resolved.
3. The land must be protected by a satisfactory rural life.
4. Adequate diet for all is the legitimate goal of agriculture.

These four guiding principles would restore farming's faith in itself as a source of national strength. I believe them to be valid standards for any agriculture which is part of an industrial society. The point I submit in favor of these four is that each advances the common welfare. None is based on country interest alone or on town interest alone; yet none is based on an expectation of sacrifice. Each stems from self-interest intelligently pursued. That is why there is hope of seeing them applied in the cause of a stable agriculture.

TWENTYNINE PALMS

by MURIEL VAN TUYL TRIGG

1

A PACK of coyotes had rationed the cats at Twentynine Palms and the point values of cat had gone up. But one cat outwitted these butchers. The siege had been a long one, and when he had made good his escape and managed to reach the fortress of our hill, he must have been drawing on the reserve of his ninth life. His fur was matted and mangy, and his ribs showed. He had two ugly bright red wounds that were taboo to our touch and sent shivers to the tip of his sad tail whenever we forgot.

Wallace and I were asleep out under the desert stars in a peaceful world when this cat brought his private war home to us. Once his desperate and persistent appeals for help had thoroughly awakened us, we rose to the emergency and with flashlight and gasoline lanterns converted our homesteading shack into a base hospital. He proved to be an excellent patient.

We hadn't expected that his gratitude would be a problem — but it was. He persistently left the quilt-lined box I provided, preferring the sand directly under Wallace, where he could rub his head against Wallace's hand, or lick it as it hung over the edge of the bed. Wallace withdrew the hand each time the cat wakened him, but nothing could shut off the outboard-motor purr. Finally, with an "Oh, for the love of Petel!" Wallace jumped out of bed, gathered up Mr. Mew, and made for the shack, where he locked up the disturber. "That," said Wallace upon returning, "is one for the book. I have just put the cat *in* for the night."

The next morning we opened the shack door to

find the eight-by-twelve room empty. We searched and we called; we returned bewildered to the adobe house. There a smug Mr. Mew peered down at us from the roof, with a leisurely stretch and a yawn that smacked of a smile. The jail break is still an enigma. At last we lured him down with a bowl of milk; but before he had time to finish it, his eye caught the movement of a chipmunk and he was off in a flash. He returned to us with tattletale gray hairs sticking out of his mouth, and we knew there was one less chipmunk to chatter — an episode which makes what I am about to tell utterly inconsistent.

In a month the emaciated feline had become a cat of character. His gray clotted ruff turned out to be an unusually lovely white bib, which Mr. Mew keeps immaculate. It is stunning in contrast to his brushed coat of long, fine, blue-gray fur — beautiful in the sunshine against the background of the purple sage of the desert. He has a distinct personality.

One afternoon I was settled for my siesta when a chattering that would not be denied forced me to get up and look out the window. There was Mr. Mew by the chimney with a chipmunk he had cornered. The little fellow was standing up on his hind legs voicing his indignation and interspersing his remarks with flying jumps at the cat's nose. This little prisoner was certainly a game loser.

I closed the window and tried to become drowsy again, but the commotion continued in my mind's eye as well as beneath my window. As my disturbed hour drew to a close, so did my patience. I went out and kept Mr. Mew at bay with a broom until the chipmunk could reach his hole beyond our breakfast-room window.

Early the next morning Mr. Mew was sitting by that hole with a subtle tail movement that portended no good; and by the time I had reached the loggia with my broom, around the corner of the adobe came Mr. Mew carrying the chipmunk in his

At the low point of the depression, MURIEL VAN TUYL TRIGG, then in her thirty-fifth year, and her husband, Wallace, who was forty-four, pulled out of Pasadena, where Mr. Trigg had been practicing as a landscape engineer, and headed for the tiny oasis of Twentynine Palms in the open spaces of the California desert. In two earlier installments she has told how, battling against the heat, the sandstorms, and the manifold problems of inexperience, they built for themselves the adobe refuge which is now the envy of their city friends.

mouth as carefully as a kitten. "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," thought I, but the cat deposited him on the flagging and I waited, my broom poised in neutrality until one of the belligerents should start action.

When the action started, it was not what I anticipated: the chipmunk took the offensive. Instead of trying to escape, he boldly confronted the cat. Chattering, with his tail quivering indignantly, he jumped up and bit the surprised cat on the nose. The fight was on. For hours Mr. Mew would catch Mr. Chips and carry him back to the shade of the loggia, where they would lie side by side, Chips lying absolutely flat — bear-rug fashion — until the spirit of playful camaraderie would possess one or the other. Then either the cat would make a pass at the chipmunk or the chipmunk would start sassing the cat.

After nine years of intimate association with the impossible, I believe that almost anything can happen. Even so, I felt it necessary to mark the chipmunk to convince my unbelieving eyes that Mr. Mew was playing with the same friendly enemy day after day. Of course we keep Mr. Mew well fed. A skeptical friend was on the hill one day and said, "Well, if I hadn't seen it myself, I wouldn't believe it."

2

My decision had been made: I would *not* rent my guest adobes to cadet wives. It had taken us ten backbreaking years to make the adobe brick and to build our two guesthouses. They had been inspired by Herrick's *Master of the Inn* and were not to be used as a hangout for camp followers. Moreover, the job of cleaning them without a vacuum put a burden on me each time tenants came and went. This time we were going to wait for permanent guests.

The constant inquiries for houses at my husband's office and whenever I appeared at the post office or the store made us uncomfortable, but we remained firm. Our houses are three miles outside the town. The desert roads and the tire and gas situation would, I thought, spare me the necessity of having to turn any great tide of tears from our ranch.

But I hadn't counted on the invincibility of love. These young war wives have the instinct of homing pigeons and the scent of bloodhounds. The three who routed me out of my routine had followed their soldier boys all the way from Michigan to California. With houses high and scarce, they had trained their Chevrolet to turn up every road that might lead to a roost, and so they found me. I was sitting smug on my sandy hill anticipating callers

when they came. I opened the door with my sweetest smile and beheld three young women tucked in a load of luggage.

"Have you a house?" they asked.

I do not lie well.

"Yes," I answered, "but we do not rent to transients."

"We'll be here six weeks," they informed me, "while our husbands are training at your Air Academy."

I looked at their too red lips and too pink cheeks, their silly veiled hats and high heels, and said, "I'm sorry."

"We're sorry too," said the ringleader, "for we're so anxious to get settled so our boys will have a home to come to for Christmas when they get out of their two weeks' quarantine."

Home for Christmas! My son, now twenty-two, was about to spend his second homesick Christmas on the sands of India. My "decision" disappeared. I said, "Well — under the circumstances — perhaps."

I went in and returned with the key. We exchanged introductions and started the tour of inspection. We crossed the flagged loggia and stepped into the long living room with its deep sills, thick adobe walls, and corner fireplace. The afternoon sun rainbowed the hand-woven drapes.

"Jees!" said Katenka, the young Russian. My back arched. "This is really beautiful." I relaxed. She was merely being appreciative. We went into the breakfast room, where the handmade table with the blue glass on it stood facing the window which frames snow-clad Mount Gorgonia sixty miles away.

"God!" said another. Who was I to shudder? I too had thought of God when, standing in this same spot, I had planned the window for just this picture. "This is really swell." There was genuine respect as deep as their remarks were shallow. We went into the fifteen-by-twenty bedroom with the fireplace filled with smoke tree and desert holly.

"Jees!" said Katenka. "You see, we all have our homes and we've been camping in rooms and cabins all the way from Michigan and working at anything we could get — and then to find a place like this for Christmas! This is what we just *dreamed* of finding."

"We could only find one room in town, and we girls don't mind; but we sure wanted a place so the boys could come home for Christmas."

Every time the words "home for Christmas" fell on my ears their meaning was flashed to my brain through my heart.

"All right," I said. "When do you want to move in?"

"Now!" from three mouths.

"But I'll have to have a little time to do the final cleaning and to air blankets and pillows."

"God! We'll do all that."

I forgot their language when I looked at their eager faces, but I had no way of knowing that these ordinary-appearing war wives would teach me a new set of values before the month was up.

That night the lamps burned late while they scrubbed and waxed floors, doing a better job than I could. In the morning they appeared in blue jeans and bandannas, without war paint, ready to go down to the office at the Air Academy to find work. When they returned, they had been fingerprinted and signed up to work from 6.00 P.M. to 2.30 A.M. They were to wash planes! I was appalled, for working with cold water in a cold hangar on desert winter nights was punishment I could not have taken.

Nor did their enthusiasm wane after they had experienced their first night of work. They slept until ten the next morning. Then the lines in the patio were full of clothes they were airing, washing, and cleaning, and I saw dust mops and brooms shaken outdoors and heard their merry chatter. At four they came up to my house with three fat letters addressed to their husbands. Would Mr. Trigg please take them, as the girls were headed in the opposite direction to get Christmas presents for their men. I offered them two pairs of Wallace's socks to hang on the fireplace and they squealed with delight. They would buy razor blades, gum, cigarettes, and soap to wrap up and put in them.

The next afternoon I was invited down and I shall never enter that room again without seeing it as I did then: a wreath from the Five and Ten adorned the door, and red paper Christmas bells hung from every beam. Paper Santa Clauses and little houses and paper trees and paper sleighs crowded every window sill. Mixing bowls filled with apples and nuts barely left room for the tall red and green candles in paper poinsettia holders. The fireplace hood had been covered with red brick paper. A three-foot Christmas tree stood on the raised hearth. Yet somehow under all the cluttered, ornate cheapness was a "Welcome home!" that brought

tears to my eyes and made my own cool arrangement of white desert holly, smoke tree, and white tapers pale by comparison.

My charming tenant in the other house later remarked, "*Our* houses are so darned refined they don't even look Christmasy!" Whereupon she put red cranberries on the thorn ends of her smoke tree and tacked a huge red bow to the desert holly on her front door. I got the old tinsel from last year's tree out of storage and thumbtacked a skeleton Christmas tree right on the wall over the table.

For two weeks these amazing young women worked by night, and by day cleaned, washed and ironed, planned their big turkey dinner, wrapped Christmas packages, and wrote their faithful daily letters to their husbands. Then, learning that there were some boys from their home town who would have to spend a lonely Christmas, they invited them for the week-end. Wallace and I vacated our bedroom in favor of the visiting Army and took to a cot and davenport in our living room. Christmas Eve, just as our own party was breaking up, we and our guests were treated to caroling. The cadets and their wives had come to bring me a gift. We invited the crowd in, and the fun began all over again.

Christmas Day one of the wives stayed home to cook the feast while the group drove to our stables four miles west and rode back. Hours later the distressed cook was trying to keep things from drying up, until the long overdue horsemen should return. Finally the first silhouette showed at the edge of our hill. The horses had had a holiday too. They had nibbled at greasewood and taken little side trips of their own choosing. The last horse was half a mile behind the first one, but all were enjoying themselves immensely. By five o'clock the lower house was again in order, dishes were done, and the tired and lame cadets and their wives were ready to return to barracks and plane-washing.

I tried to persuade one of the girls, who looked especially pale, to stay home from work that night. She said simply, "They need me. I'll be all right." She had lost premature twin sons three months before. As the Chevrolet drove off the hill that night I felt very humble. These misjudged youngsters are earning the better world they deserve.



Accent on Living

The Eagle

By CAPT. T. McKEAN DOWNS

IT WAS May of 1943, and Battleship Y was anchored at an advanced base in the Aleutians. As dawn broke, the harbor was shrouded in fog, its usual condition. Our nearest neighbors were hidden; in fact our own jack was invisible from the quarter-deck aft. Suddenly there was a light splash in the distance, off to port.

"Did you hear that, Boatswain?" asked the Junior Officer of the Deck.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "and I can't just figger it out. Sounds as though someone threw somep'n over the side of one of the other ships, but it seems to me like they're too far off for us to hear it."

"Oh, well, it probably wasn't anything. Perhaps one of those seals dove and made a noise. If it was a man overboard, he'd yell."

Gradually the light grew stronger, and presently the fog lifted a little. To port, where the splash had been, something was floating — something evidently alive, for occasionally it struggled convulsively. Even with his glasses, the Officer of the Deck could not make it out. Most probably it was nothing important; but during war, he must make sure.

"Boats, send the whaleboat over and see what that thing is."

A Philadelphia doctor who has served with distinction in the Navy, CAPT. T. McKEAN DOWNS (MC), USNR, tells us of one of the most memorable operations he performed in the North Pacific.

"Aye, aye, sir. Awa-a-ay the wha-a-a-aleboat!" A short run brought the boat to the floating object. From the ship, we could see the coxswain lean over and lift something from the water. A bird of some sort.

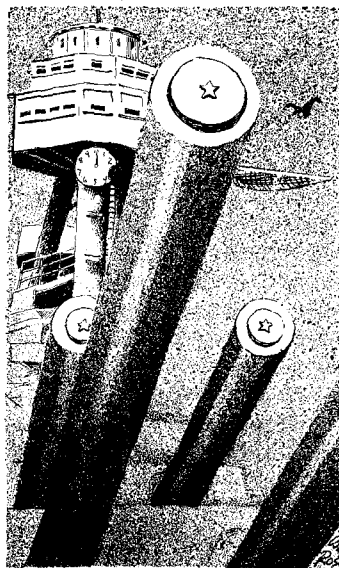
His boat once more secured to the boom, the coxswain scrambled on board with his flotsam. It was a gigantic bald eagle. But it seemed to have been a waste of his time to rescue it. It was still alive, and occasionally drew a gasping breath, but it was chilled through, its feathers soaked with icy water. It lay limp on the deck, too weak to raise its head.

The word spread through the ship that we had made a rescue, and the crew took charge of our castaway. A crate was soon found for the eagle and made soft with empty flour sacks. There was considerable discussion whether to carry it below. The majority voted against this. If the bird should recover, it might be confused and bewildered in the depths of the ship; better to leave it topside, where it could see. So a place was found under an exhaust ventilator, where the warm air from below could dry its feathers and warm it, and yet the patient would

not feel trapped and confined.

While this was going on, a messenger had been dispatched to the sick bay, for this was obviously a case for the Medical Department.

The patient, I found, was a magnificent specimen of the Alaskan bald eagle, half again as large as the variety that is still occasionally seen in our Eastern states, but emaciated to the highest degree. Though I can claim no skill as a doctor of eagles, it was not

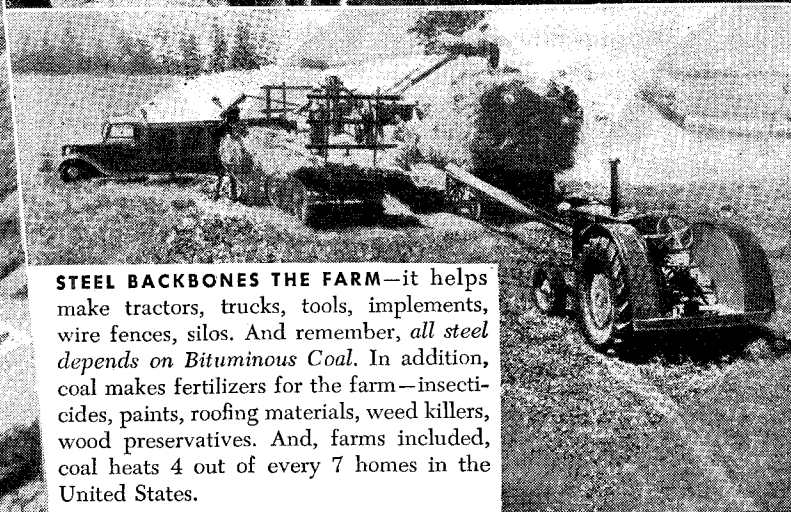


COAL? WE'VE GOTTA HAVE IT TO MAKE STEEL!

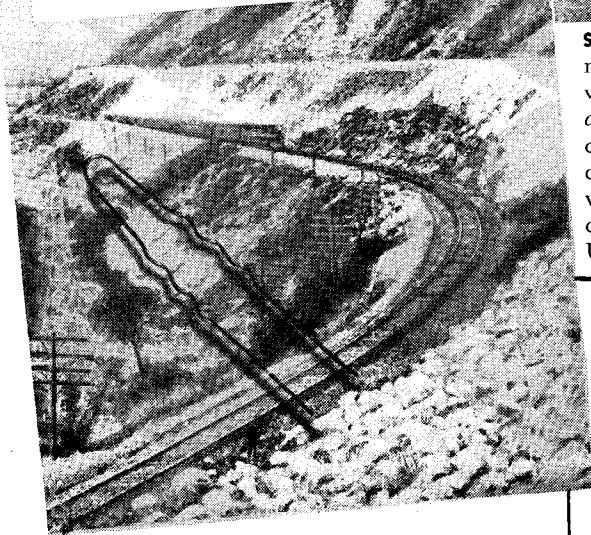


THE AGE OF STEEL IS THE AGE OF COAL—as proved by the fact that into the making of every ton of steel goes a ton of Bituminous Coal. America's wartime steel industry, alone, must have 1,743,000 tons *every week!* Other industrial and domestic needs total an average of an *additional* 10,180,000 tons every week.

HAIRPINS—whether they be the kind formed by railroad tracks or the kind for milady's hair—are made of steel. Railroad passenger coaches, freight cars, trucks, wheels, and signal equipment also need steel. So do bridges, tunnels. *Coal helps make all this steel.* Coal also powers 94% of all locomotives in the U.S. And from coal is generated over 62% of all electricity used throughout the country.



STEEL BACKBONES THE FARM—it helps make tractors, trucks, tools, implements, wire fences, silos. And remember, *all steel depends on Bituminous Coal.* In addition, coal makes fertilizers for the farm—insecticides, paints, roofing materials, weed killers, wood preservatives. And, farms included, coal heats 4 out of every 7 homes in the United States.



"AMERICA NEEDS STEEL—STEEL NEEDS COAL"



LAST YEAR, to supply the needs of the steel industry, of factory, farm and home, the coal industry produced 620 million tons...more coal than has ever been mined in any year in any country in history! And the industry is hard at work to make your postwar coal for home heating in more uniform sizes, dustless—cleaner than ever.

Be sure to see "POWER UNLIMITED"

This dramatic motion picture film is the latest of RKO's famous series, "This is America." It shows how coal is taken from modern mechanized mines whose fantastic machinery greatly speeds up production and cuts down mining risks. "Power Unlimited" also tells the amazing story of the countless products—from perfumes to explosives—that depend on coal. Ask, at your favorite theatre, for the exhibition date of "Power Unlimited."

Bituminous Coal Institute, 60 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

BITUMINOUS COAL



FEEDS THE FURNACE OF PROGRESS

hard to make a diagnosis. The emaciated body and weakness pointed to starvation, and to that were added exposure and submersion.

But how did it come to be starved? I was a little uneasy about making a complete physical examination, even of a bird so nearly dead as this one was. Its talons were long and needle-sharp. A convulsive movement in expiring would be enough to drive them deeply into an examining hand. But the chance must be taken. Turning it over, I found its left foot to be swollen and hot. There was evidently an abscess.

The sequence of events was clear. By an accident, a stone bruise had been caused in the foot, infection had set in, and the abscess had developed. Tenderness and pain had prevented the use of the foot in hunting; so from starvation and fever the bird had rapidly weakened until it could no longer keep the air. Probably it was during a last desperate effort to find food that the broad wings had collapsed this morning, letting it fall helplessly into the water.

In the draft of warm air from the ventilator, the patient's feathers were rapidly drying. The violent shivering stopped, and the bird recovered enough strength to lift its head from the deck. It was time to tempt its appetite with a little food. Beef we had on board in abundance, but it seemed too heavy a diet for such a feeble patient. How could it tear a Navy steak into mouthfuls? As usual in matters of special diets for the sick, the Supply and Medical Departments worked in close coöperation, and a Storekeeper solved the food problem by breaking out some cans of salmon. It proved an excellent choice, for it was soft and digestible, and could be torn apart without effort.

The bird was ravenous. In spite of illness, it polished off a whole can and a good part of another before its hunger was satisfied.

Everyone on the ship took a personal interest, and had to see for himself that all was going well. A constant circle of inquisitive onlookers surrounded the sick eagle's quarters: even the Captain called in person. For the benefit of those on watch, frequent bulletins were issued and carried by word of mouth to all parts of the ship.

"He must be feeling better; he just raised his head."

"Ain't he a big fella, though. Imagine if he got them claws in ya!"

"The Doc says there's somep'n wrong with his foot. They may have to operate."

"I betcha he's gonna get well. Why he's stronger a'ready."

Word was eventually passed that the operating room was being set up and that one of the Pharmacist's Mates thought the patient's condition was encouraging.

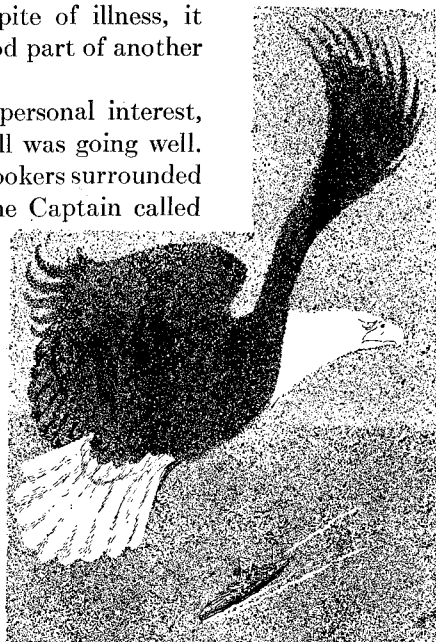
"You better cure him," said the Main Battery Assistant. "That bird'll bring us luck."

And indeed, he expressed the universal feeling. Our bird was more than a patient: he was a symbol. Everyone on board believed that in some mystical way victory depended on our eagle's life.

Neither I nor any of my assistants had ever operated on a bird. We need not have worried — it went like any other operation; in fact we had less trouble than with many human beings. Besides being a prize patient, the eagle was a most coöperative one. He submitted to being carried below, down ladders and through narrow passageways, without a movement.

When I saw him brought into the operating room, he was alert but quiet. No one had thought to cover his head, with its strong curved beak, or his feet, with their great talons, and I was appalled at the damage he might have done in a moment of alarm. But it was as though the eagle knew what we were doing and agreed to it, for he made no effort at self-defense. A quick stab of a lancet released the pus, and I felt that with reasonable luck the patient would get well.

Recovery was rapid. In a day or two the bird had gained strength enough to stand, and the abscess was healing. He bore his weight on either foot indifferently. His muscles filled out with plentiful feeding, and the ridge of his breast bone was no longer the knife edge it had been at first.



The crew made plans for going into battle with the eagle perched on our foremast, and detailed a Machinist's Mate, who claimed a knowledge of falconry, to make a pair of jesses to control him by. Until now, our patient had not been confined at all. His weakness had been so great that no restraint was necessary. Later he seemed to know and to show affection for the Boatswain's Mate who had appointed himself principal nurse. We did not expect him to leave us, but felt it wise to take precautions. We had visions of our mascot becoming as well known as that famous eagle "Old Abe," whose duty was to

When people ask you what people like to listen to most on the radio, there's a ready-made answer in the following statistics. Columbia broadcast over its network in 1944 some 30,218 programs in these proportions:

Music	8,910
Drama	8,214
News and Sports	8,192
Variety and Comedy	2,400
Talks and Discussions	2,502

★

Radio and the movies make a nice team in Tampa. You first look at the newsreel and then you hear the words "the latest news bulletins up to the moment will now be heard directly from the news room of radio station WDAE, Tampa". The CBS affiliate pipes in exactly three minutes of news summaries at each showing of the newsreel, or five times a day. The audience likes it because often the news bulletins tie in directly with what they've just seen on the screen. The theatre owner likes it because it helps build up what *Variety* calls *boff*.

★

At H-Hour Saturday, March 24, the Allied armies on the western front exploded across the Rhine. With them went 6 CBS correspondents.

Richard Hottelet from a Flying Fortress watched American paratroopers with the First Airborne Army pour out of their planes. Then a burst of flak set his own plane on fire. He hit the silk at 600 feet, landed safely with one black eye, and within 6 hours was on the air.

Edward R. Murrow, Columbia's foreign news chief, in a Halifax bomber pulling a British glider, watched his own and other tow-planes release the gliders in enemy territory.

Bill Downs went for a ride on a Thunderbolt, saw American paratroopers step out "on a carpet of flak you could walk on."

Eric Sevareid found himself on the eastern side of the Rhine with a group

of black-faced British commandos, and Howard K. Smith crossed a pontoon bridge with the American 9th Army.

Bill Shadell crossed the river with Patton's men on the first lap to Nuremberg and points east.

Then, coming to rest for a moment, the 6 CBS newsmen grabbed the nearest transmitters and started telling the folks back home what they had seen.

Counting the reports of Charles Collingwood from SHAEF in Paris, and Larry Lesueur and Douglas Edwards from London, nine CBS overseas correspondents broadcast 13 separate first-hand accounts of the flaming 35-mile front to the American people during that single day.



★

A fat envelope containing 18 separate letters on ruled paper came to CBS from the principal and pupils of the 5th and 6th grades of the Wilson School in St. Cloud, Minn. The sentence common to all but one was—"I think your program (*Let's Pretend*) is the best children's program on the air."

The one letter which deviated said: "I haven't listened to your program but children in our room say it is good and I hope I will enjoy the program when I do listen."

We'd like to thank Teacher for what was clearly a sincere and touching tribute and probably a darn good exercise in penmanship.

★

Radio people get used to having other people ask them to put their friends on the air. So when Lyman Bryson, Columbia's Director of Education, stepped into a cab on his way to The Players the other day and the driver started talking about radio, he could feel what was coming. It came.

"When are you going to put my kid on the radio?" said the driver. "He's a smart kid. He's a scientist."

It turned out that he is indeed as smart as they come. He is 15-year-old Edward Kosower, who has just been named national winner of the Westinghouse science scholarship, giving him \$2,400 for a 4-year course in any college he chooses.

Later Bryson was talking to Harlow Shapley, one of the judges of the contest. The Harvard astronomer agreed with the cab driver. He said Kosower and a friend have been making secret synthetic chemical compounds for the government, and have devised a synthetic quinine which experienced chemists pronounce fool-proof. One of these days Kosower is going to be on the Saturday science program, so you might keep listening for him at 2:15 p.m. EWT.

★

By the time the San Francisco conference was due to start, millions of Columbia's listeners had a pretty sharp notion of the tangled issues facing the delegates. Between February 24 and the opening session on April 25, more than 24 separate programs discussing these issues were broadcast by noted leaders of public opinion, including most of the U.S. delegates.

This continuing and urgent sense of the need for clarifying the major questions of the day led the network during 1944 to bring more than 550 distinguished speakers before its microphones in time withheld or "recaptured" from sale.

★

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

lead one of the Wisconsin regiments into battle during the Civil War.

But the jesses were never used. The fourth post-operative day was sunny, for a wonder. The bright afternoon sun and gentle breeze proved more alluring to our mascot than thoughts of unlimited canned salmon. On a sudden the enormous wings were spread, and with a leap the eagle was again in the air. A seaman standing by jumped to intercept; one wing tip brushed his face in passing, but he could not grip the slippery feathers.

Upward the eagle soared in circles, riding an ascending thermal current until he was apparently no larger than a sparrow. Then turning toward the sun he disappeared behind the western mountains and was gone.

Victory-Garden Victory

By HERBERT COGGINS



OUR whole present theory of farming is wrong. We coddle the things we want to grow. Instead of developing them and making them stronger, we undermine their resistance. We take from them all incentive for success. At the same time we combat weeds and unintentionally strengthen them and train them to survive.

I learned this from my first Victory Garden. I decided that the next year I would pamper the weeds and debilitate them. I would build up the stamina of my vegetables with adversity.

So the second year I left all the old vegetable plants in the ground, but I had the whole garden plowed up and cultivated to a point of luxurious fineness. I didn't waste any money on vegetable seeds or plants. Instead, I gathered and planted row upon row of lusty young thistles and wild mustard and tarweed.

HERBERT COGGINS has been an ornithologist, grape picker, publisher, cement contractor, and stationer. He is now engaged in an automotive-parts and machine business in San Francisco.

These I cultivated tenderly, treating them to the best fertilizer and watering them daily. At first I weeded out any sprouting vegetables that tried to encroach upon them. My weeds shot up to unheard-of heights, and it looked as if I might develop some giant varieties. Then, as I foresaw, they turned soft and droopy. My theory was correct. I had undermined them.

At the same time aggressive tendencies were developing in the old vegetables left in the ground. They not only resented my neglect, but they became angry with the weeds for taking their place. Their stalks and leaves shot up determinedly. I wisely pinched off the first sprouts to make the plants more combative. With that, nearly all last year's roots and seeds, like a reserve army, rose up and forced their way here, there, and everywhere, and in many places crowded out the weeds.

The next season I was sure of myself. I planted great numbers of weeds and pampered them more than ever. They became sickly from the start. Beets, carrots, and lettuce ganged up on them. Squash developed a most devastating characteristic; winding their stems about the weeds, they choked them — and in some instances actually pulled them up by the roots. One plant reached out in many directions like an octopus and strangled

five different thistles to death at the same time.

As anyone can realize, my plan makes farming so simple and efficient that the increased production might well have a bearing on the outcome of the war. In my own garden now, the great problem is to keep the vegetables within bounds.

With no labor on my part, the garden is so overgrown with vegetables that it is impossible to cross it without crunching radishes, carrots, and beets beneath the foot. Weeds are so scarce that I shall have to borrow some from the neighbors for next year's planting.

But if the neighbors adopt my method, they will need all their own weeds. In any event, in the future I must have a supply of noxious plants on hand as a threat and stimulus to my vegetables. So I am permanently setting aside a patch of my best soil for seeding mustard and thistles. I'm building a heavy wire screen fence about it. Otherwise the vegetables will get in among my weeds and destroy them.



*I'm Sticking in
* WASHINGTON*

* WASHINGTON—THE STATE—HAS EVERYTHING!

Yes, Washington's skilled labor—more than 75% of it—is going to stick after the war. This magnificent labor pool will be here, available to industry moving into Washington after the war. As far as these people are concerned, Washington is HOME . . . from now on! Since before Pearl Harbor this great army of skilled workers has been growing. These men and women are cooperative, intelligent, responsible and FAIR in their dealings with management. They have set unsurpassed war production records. This abundant supply of stable labor lends

importance to the inviting advantages of the State of Washington . . . its scarcely tapped resources, rich and varied . . . its access to the great new markets of the Pacific . . . its cheap hydroelectric power . . . its encouraging tax policy. Men and women of all trades are ready to carry on with industry in Washington.



SKILLED LABOR—intelligent, responsible, fair in its dealings with management.



ABUNDANT, CHEAP, HYDROELECTRIC POWER FOR INDUSTRY—vast, interconnected hydroelectric systems.



NUMEROUS BASIC INDUSTRIES—provide materials for processing.



GATEWAY TO THE GREAT POSTWAR PACIFIC MARKETS—the Orient, Alaska, Russia, Canada, South America.



LOW TAXES AND CONSERVATIVE FISCAL POLICIES—definite, statutory limit on property taxes . . . no state income tax . . . no general obligation debt.



IMMENSE SOURCES OF RAW MATERIALS—minerals, timber, fuels, water power, etc.



DIVERSIFIED AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTION—fruits, grains, livestock, vegetables, dairy products.



INDUSTRIAL SITES AND HARBOR FACILITIES—abundant industrial building sites on harbors, trackage and highways; available dock, terminal and warehouse facilities, anchorages, etc.



UNEXCELLED TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES—by land, sea and air . . . in all directions . . . deep-water harbors.



PLEASANT LIVING—a temperate, healthful climate, ideal for both working and living.

PACIFIC POWER & LIGHT COMPANY • THE WASHINGTON WATER POWER COMPANY
PUGET SOUND POWER & LIGHT COMPANY • NORTHWESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Business-Managed Electric Companies, Serving Low Cost Electricity to More Than 370,000 Homes, Farms, Businesses and Industries in the State of Washington

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Epithalamion for a Western World**By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN**

TIME has not yet grown so gray
 That my daughter's wedding day
 May see no guests come who are taller
 Than mortals are, or brighter and smaller.
 Our land is not too far to the west,
 Too near the Pole, the snow-owl's nest,
 To frighten ones who foot it bare
 And golden in the naked air.

It was many years ago
 Cupid learned to love the snow
 And hand in hand with woolly Pan
 Came north to live with the English man.
 So maybe, if wars will allow,
 Pan and Cupid will come now
 Over Atlantic's hills of bronze
 To dance upon these western lawns.
 For the first round yellow sun
 This bride saw was an English one;
 This tall girl once on all fours
 Crept and looked into the cores
 Of British daisies when she started
 Life with baby rose-lips parted.
 So it would be only fair
 For English deities to care
 Enough to come and put all right
 On my daughter's wedding night.

And if the bridegroom will but nod,
 Winged things from green Eire's sod
 May fly the ocean, one by one,
 To befriend green Eire's son,
 Bringing the shamrock, bringing tunes
 Made of harpstrings and white moons,
 Fetching a small grandmother's wish
 For joy like a little silver dish,
 And bringing to New England now
 The breath of a little Mayo cow.

Come, creatures of Eire and England! Hark!
 Come on the wings of westerling dark.
 Oh, come with rainbows on your backs,
 Come with blue flowers of the flax,
 Pink hedgerose and the primrose, bold
 To open its star to the March cold,
 The mistletoe pearls from the gray oak,
 Bluebells filling the woods like smoke,
 Fritillaries lovely as the snake,
 Lent-lilies that make a man's heart ache,
 The gold-dust sprinkled on the sky
 Over the fields where cowslips lie.

Come, wings from the east! It is Eve of May!
 Come over the sea, make holiday
 Here with us, so golden, so blue
 All will remember it. Bring with you
 Little Puck with tanned wide ears,
 Titania with laces made of tears.
 Do not fear iron demons that creep
 With swine-snouts poking through the deep.
 Come! Make a gentle spot of mirth
 Among vast sadnesses of earth!

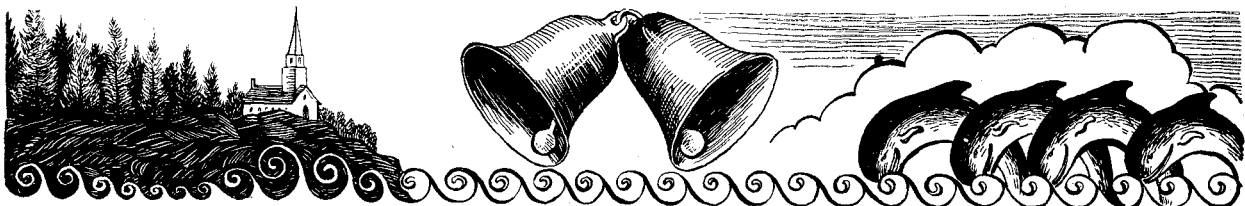
Yet if the wide wars shut the door,
 There are powers on our Maine shore,
 Little geniuses of the place,
 Who will be glad to come and grace
 This holy night and giving of rings.
 Come, small natives, on native wings!

First to come will be the slender one
 Who came with Pilgrims in the *Mayflower* band
 But stayed so long out in the fierce new sun,
 Looking for flowers, her English cheeks grew tanned,
 And people think she is an Indian now
 When they see her go
 Under the buds below
 The slim moon in an April maple grove,
 Bearing bright baskets such as Indians wove,
 To gather the mayflower stars beside the snow.

Small Yankees with their cheeks peppered with
 freckles
 Thicker than the thrush's eggs with speckles
 Worship this Eve of May, April's last night,
 When their hearts pound, when they hang the white
 Maybaskets on the doors of little girls
 Looking like homemade taffy on their curls.
 She will not fail to come, this is her weather,
 She and the stars of spring will sing together.

May Eve will bring the young Maine deities
 Under the arrows of the northbound geese:
 The white-complexioned girls of white-birch trees
 To light this house and give this wedding peace;
 Paul Bunyan will be here, smelling of spruce,
 With his big blue ox;
 The woodpecker who knocks
 At the Great Spirit's popple door to say
 Winter is gone for good, and it is May
 And wild ducks going north in chevroned flocks.

Little heifers with star-foreheads will skip over
 The bluets with lips smelling of white clover
 And pennyroyal, and in from the ocean
 A hundred happy porpoises with motion



Like music will come through the azure billows
To this happy night. The popples, willows,
Will hang their golden-tasseled lamps to guide
And lighthouses turn bright eyes upon the bride.

There will come the singer of them all,
The Maine white pine, to sing the wedding hymn
And fill this house with beauty wall to wall,
And by her side a doe will stand up slim,
A doe with head up like a slender maple,
And sharp-eyed raccoons
With eyes like little moons
Will stare and point their noses thin and shrewd
At the strange and tempting wedding food,
And round our roof will cry the mating loons.

Oh, there will be flowers and good garlands here:
White violets, hepaticas, the tear
Of an anemone, bird-on-the-wing,
The flower that flies and all but seems to sing,
The lady's-slipper and the trillium.
From the Pole the pale slim dancers will come,
The northern lights, a million quick and tall,
And peepers' silver songs come through our wall.

So set open the door for these
Guests to our festivities,
Light bayberry candles, break the claws
Of red lobsters. Frighten wars
To the world's far other side
For the sake of this slim bride;
Strew arbutus like the snow
Over the years she has to go.

Coffee

By M. F. K. FISHER

COMPARISONS are odious, of course. They are also difficult, especially when they are concerned with such a complex question as the worst coffee of my life.

When I think of the coffee I drank one night in the railway station at Valence, while I waited for the Paris express to stop for me and three Spahis in their long, scarlet-lined capes, I am sure it was the worst. Over the greasy steamed window of the café the rain dripped interminably down, and I thought of how cool and clean it must taste. I was cold and tired and shy. The pale, stinking brew I swallowed offered me a kind of sensory comfort, upon which my throat muscles closed like the

Few Americans have combined such lively experience in the field of cookery and such ability to describe it as M. F. K. FISHER. She is now living in California.

coat of an outraged snake. The Spahis spat out their first mouthful and matter-of-factly filled the nasty thick-grimed glasses with rum, and I watched them, wishing I could be as easy in my white skin as they seemed in their shining dark ones.

Coffee almost as hideous was brewed every few hours in a big hotel in Cornwall. Perhaps the fact that it happened more than once was the most unpleasant thing about it.

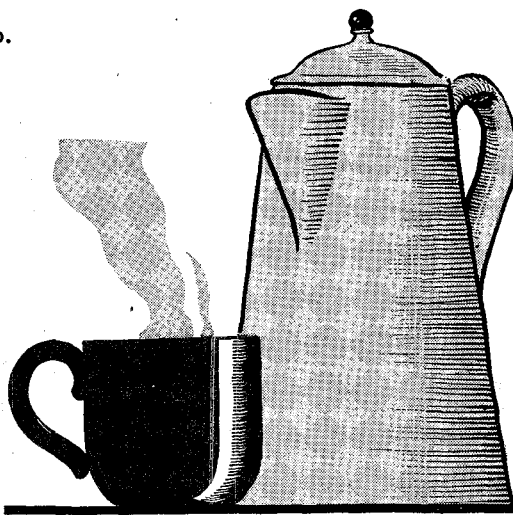
I would smell it, slithering and sneaking up the elevator shaft like the gray-brown ghost of a long-dead, forgotten scrubwoman. I would know that after the interminable dinner with its pink fish-sauce and its limp savory, after the last tippie of digestive or purgative tonics, the other solemn souls and I would sit in the drawing room, politely vying for places near the tiny fire and waiting impatiently for the waiter to come with his tray of small cups. "Black or white, Madam?" he would ask, bending over the sweetened grayish brew. "Black," I would say stubbornly, hating the implications of his description, and wondering each time if I could swallow what I chose.

It had a burned taste to it: that was what I smelled always a few hours before its appearance. And there was a disgusting fatness about it, like ancient boiled mutton. I thought perhaps the dripping-pans were charred and then rinsed out, to color it. But as in Valence, in the station café, it was hot — and I was very cold.

It is surprising that in a country as standardized as ours we still manage to make our coffee in almost as many ways as there are people to make it. It comes in uniform jars, which we buy loyally according to which radio program hires the best writers, so that whether the label is green or scarlet the contents are safely alike, safely mid-

dling. Once in the pot, however, its individuality becomes evident, a watery monster full of venom or sweet promise, as the case may be. Coffee in a roadside waffle-joint may outdo nectar, and some made most carefully, measured and boiled just so and with the pot heated and swabbed and such according to directions, may be a loathsome brew in my best friend's kitchen.

There are vintners who believe that certain human beings have a chemical (or spiritual?) aura about them which will make wine turn over and



ardest part

Stick at it, Sisters! For the first part is often hardest — you have to thread that needle before you can sew a fine seam. It's like a job we had to do on an engine once. When we got it done, the engine helped lighten the world's work and fight the war — all at the same time.

SOME 25 years ago, General Motors engineers set out to make a better Diesel engine. They found they could — if an important part could be im-

proved and made quickly in great quantities.

This part, which the engineers call an injector, works like an atomizer. It breaks up the fuel oil into a fine spray by forcing it through a hole many times smaller than the eye of Sister's needle. Injectors had always been made by hand — a slow, costly process.

It took a long time — years, in fact — but General Motors men finally worked out a way to make better

injectors and produce them by ordinary production methods. And their research brought many other improvements.

Result: a Diesel engine that was more compact, lighter in weight, and so dependable that it was soon humming away at all sorts of tough jobs. Today it is at work in rail transportation, road building, heavy hauling, and many other important tasks.

When war came, GM Diesels proved a "natural" for many uses. Singly or teamed together as "Twins" and "Quads," they now power tanks, bulldozers, landing boats, submarines, subchasers, tugs, generators.

Engineering like this is giving us things needed in war just as it gave us useful things in peace. Today it is more active and creative than ever. It is a great energizing factor in our American system. And it is ready to help give us "more and better things for more people" when final victory has been won.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH • GM DIESEL

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

MAKE VICTORY COMPLETE
★
Buy More War Bonds



INSPIRED IMPROVISATION

Alec Templeton Gives a Musical Description of the Meissner

"Today I had a marvelous experience . . ." The speaker was Alec Templeton, pianist, composer and musical satirist. "I heard the famous Meissner electronic radio-phonograph."

"Tell us about it, Alec," his friends urged.

"The first record I heard," Alec began, "was a Chopin waltz. And, as he spoke, beneath his fingers, the keys moved in the intricate patterns of a Chopin melody. 'Nothing was missing,' he continued. 'The entire range of the characteristic rippling treble rang true . . . each note was so sparkingly alive . . . it might have been my own piano, and not a record . . .

"Then a Gershwin concerto." Abruptly, Alec's accompaniment changed in its tone to the familiar heavy

bass and the "crushed" chords of the American master. "The low notes were just as real as the high notes," Alec said.

"Then Tchaikovsky . . . Ravel . . . Debussy . . ." With each new name, Alec Templeton supplied new music. "Put them together—the great master's greatest works—and you have this—the song of this great new Meissner."

And as he finished, Alec's own musical description of the Meissner began . . . an inspired improvisation that left his listeners breathless.

The Meissner Alec Templeton heard is the only instrument of its kind. Perfected before the war, it is now "on loan" for the duration to the high school of Mt. Carmel, Ill., Meissner's home community.

Your own postwar Meissner will bring you the same new world of sound Alec Templeton found. You will be able

to enjoy more than two hours of recorded music without touching a record—play both sides of any record.

With both AM and FM radio reception and Super Shortwave, you will have the world's best entertainment at your fingertips . . . all this in addition to the ability to reproduce recorded music that has won the praise of the world's greatest musicians.



mope in the bottles. Perhaps it is as true that some people breed trouble in the fragile oils of roasted coffee beans. I have at least three familiars who could no more make a potable cup of coffee than they could walk upon the waters. They have tried, too — and even wept at their defeat.



Methods can be amusing or merely finicky — elaborate or as simple as spilling some grounds into boiling water and letting them settle, unmeasured, unhindered by directions. And what people want is even plainer. First of all, coffee must be hot, they say — all except a stern old man I once knew who frowned on “stimulants” but drank quarts of cold black coffee every day, instead of water. And then coffee must be fresh, made shortly before its drinking and made only once. (In Cornwall, water was boiled twice or more over the same sad grounds, in defiance of counsel I found in an old cookery book: “Dried coffee, once used, is best employed as filling for pin-cushions, and will not pack down nor rust the needles.”)

And some people like a light delicate brew and others, equally firm about the freshness of the grinding and the rest, will settle for strength or nothing. Their coffee, like tea for the Irish lady, must be strong enough to trot a mouse upon.

I like to lead strangers and intimates, in that order, to tell me the only right way to do a thing, their way. Scrambled eggs, reducing, surrealism, are all good gambits, but coffee-making is the best.

One woman who lived for years in Guatemala will grow soft-eyed and gentle in the telling, over and over, of the way coffee smells in the air down there, dark and sweet with the sugar which is stirred into the pan of green beans in the oven. It turns black finally, in a kind of glaze, and when the beans are ground they have a fine richness about them.

A tall man, usually preoccupied with such things as laparotomies and the tightrope balance between death and life in the “closed closed” wards, will discuss with voluptuous candor how to blend and boil true Turkish brew. It is an elaborate ritual, like part of a ballet, and he the *premier danseur*.

A woman now more remote from the present than the past will tell me, and her voice becomes younger in the telling, of the coffee at Aunt Annie’s, in the days of Sam Ward and Diamond Jim and all the gilt-edged gluttons.

It came every week from Park and Tilford, freshly roasted, and cost fifteen cents a pound. It was from Maracaibo! It was ground in the kitchen in a big hand-mill, two pounds at a time, and mixed

into a paste with four beaten eggs. Then, spread thinly on a pan, it dried out in a slow oven until it could be broken up into a powdery mess again, while the whole of the great house was perfumed by its tantalizing fresh, strong smell. And it was used like any other coffee: a heaping tablespoonful for each cup of water, and one-plus for the pot. But I can never tire of hearing, and believing, that it was the best ever made. Maracaibo — the word is magic, as that weary woman says it, as I listen.

Of course I have my formula, less charmed but more misquoted. At least ten philosophers from half that many countries have claimed it as their own, so why not I? Coffee, I say, should be

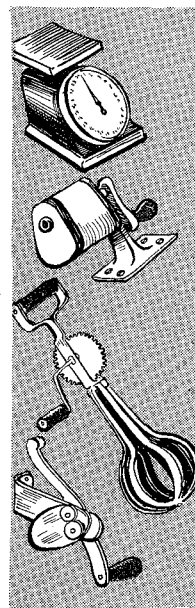
Fresh as the springtime,
Black as death,
Strong as a long-gone lover’s arms,
And hot as hell.

Then, whether it be shipped, a bag of green beans, from some foreign port, or, true-test roasted, be poured from a vacuum-sealed, dealer-dated jar, it will be good. It will, being good at all, be perfect.

Gadgets

By

FRANCES TROY SCHWAB



A GADGET (slang) is “a contrivance, object, or device” for doing something. That it’s usually a labor or time saver does not mean that it needs to be tricky; nor does it have to do several things at once or turn from one thing into another or disappear into a wall. So long as it does something, it is a gadget.

It’s true that Americans produce more gadgets and use them more lovingly than any other people on earth. But it’s also true that Americans have always been entirely serious about them. Inspired by a native urge to escape work or trouble, Americans usually fashion their contrivances to do something useful. And in order to be useful to as many people as possible, the gadgets they devise are usually produced as cheaply as possible and distributed as widely as possible.

FRANCES TROY SCHWAB was born in St. Louis and is a Radcliffe College graduate. While collecting material for a forthcoming book on Victorian design, she has driven a taxi and worked in a war plant. This is her first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

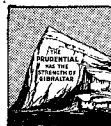
GREAT DECISION...

A MAN THINKS deeply before he asks the one he loves to share his future for better or for worse. For no decision he can ever make will more completely affect his life and another's, than to become engaged and to marry.

A man wants everything in the world for his beloved wife, and means to have it. And yet he knows that many unexpected things may happen. So he makes another important decision—to protect her for always with insurance on his life. He knows that through Prudential life insurance, her whole future can be made more secure. And, if there are children, their lives as well as hers will be more free from the possibility of hardship and want.

A Prudential representative will gladly show you how Prudential policies have been especially designed for family needs. He will help you decide which kind of protection you should have, and which payment plan is best suited to your circumstances. Call him today, and have a friendly talk with him.

*Listen to the Prudential Family Hour, with
Patrice Munsel... Every Sunday, 5:00 p. m.,
EWT—Columbia Broadcasting System*



THE PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

A mutual life insurance company

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The desire to display ingenuity for its own sake has seldom influenced our gadgetry.

Inventors in other countries have often surpassed us in creating what most people think of as gadgets, but most of these devices have remained no more than novelties and all but useless. In the Victorian Age, during the first violent upsurge of invention and the first general dip into gadgetry, the English produced an astonishing array of tricky mechanisms. Descriptions of them appear in the catalogues of the Great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, held at the Crystal Palace in London in 1851. Here are but a few of the English gadgets on display during that fabulous event:—

A collapsible piano for a gentleman's yacht.

A portable expanding chair. By moving the thumb-screw in the seat it is raised to any suitable height; by moving the other screw it is made to fold up altogether.

A new willow sofa-bed-chair which may be used as a bed, a sofa, or a chair, and only occupy the same space as an ordinary chair.

A table convertible into a bedstead, wardrobe, bed table, suite of drawers, seat, closet, and sponge bath.

A patent portable barrack containing a chest of drawers, a washhand stand, dressing table and glass, iron bedstead with curtains and bedding, reclining chair, towel horse, writing and dressing case, and having sufficient room in the drawers to contain a complete military outfit, the cases at the same time forming a wardrobe.

A window cleaner for the protection of female servants from fatal accident and public exposure.

A fire-escape dressing table intended to be always ready and in instant motion without the least preparation. The first motion of raising the table top opens the window and lets down iron blinds to any number of lower windows.

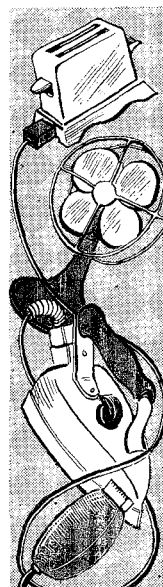
Registered silent alarm bedstead. The movement of the hand of a common watch will turn anyone out of bed at any given hour when attached to his bedstead.

A pair of safety swimming stockings and a safety swimming swan to assist persons in escaping from shipwreck.

A medical walking-staff, containing an enema-syringe, a catheter, a test tube and test papers, a pair of forceps, a number of wax matches, and a pill box, divided, containing in each division pills of various medicines.

One more item should be mentioned because it was a favorite with the audience. It was a metal mechanical mannikin which could be expanded or contracted in any part of its frame to suit the precise measurements of any man. It was designed to facilitate the fitting of army uniforms.

The English press curled its lip in disdain at the pedestrian American display which had to compete with all this in the Crystal Palace. It could not find much that was worthy of mention, except a portable bedstead, lamented in one of the English papers as "a terrible instrument for the contempla-



tion of householders with a large circle of familiar friends, since it pretends to enable people to carry their beds about with them as now young ladies carry their roll of music," and a somewhat bizarre musical instrument described as "a pianoforte with aeolian attachment, a wind instrument of the softest and most delicate tone, so united to the pianoforte that the same keyboard controls both instruments and either one of the two may be used or both together blended in delightful and undistinguishable harmony."

The American "centripetal spring chair," however, which was made of metal and could be raised or lowered and revolved on its axis, drew applause. "America," wrote one of the journals in elucidating the charms of the centripetal chair, "has long been noted for the luxurious easiness of its chairs, which combine in themselves all the means of gratification a Sybarite could wish. Certainly we have never tested a more easy or more commodious article of household furniture."

The essential difference between the English and American exhibits at the Crystal Palace was not the degree of ingenuity each displayed: it was the motive behind it. The English were sufficiently pleased with the trickiness of their gadgets for the tricks alone, and insufficiently serious about wanting them to save trouble or add to the comforts of life at the same time. In all probability, not one of the British contraptions I have mentioned ever saw actual use in a real household by an ordinary person. Americans, on the other hand, worked earnestly all through the Victorian Age to devise things, regardless of trickiness, which might cut out labor or add agreeable features to the hours which were free from it. Having done this, they proceeded to produce them in huge quantities.

James Bogardus, in the 1840's, founded a highly successful business in cast-iron building structures. His prophetic and long-forgotten buildings were put up with the greatest of ease by unskilled workmen—and they could be demounted and moved.

A series of Americans, notably Isaac Singer, perfected and promoted the sewing machine and made it cheap enough for any moderately well-to-do family to own. Singer's shipping container, which upon arrival turned into a sturdy piece of furniture with the machine attached, was in itself no mean contribution to gadgetry. An immediate result of the wide distribution of sewing machines was the

GIVE BLUE GOOSE

Fabulous Fruit

Give a Blue Goose Fabulous Fruit Basket *any time*, for any occasion. Only the finest selected fruits in season go into these famous Blue Goose baskets. The ideal gift for *Mother's Day, Father's Day, Birthdays, Anniversaries and Remembrances*. The thoughtful gift for that returning serviceman or convalescent veteran. Shipped express prepaid anywhere in United States only, and guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition. No C.O.D.'s.



THE WHOLE
YEAR 'ROUND

Large Deluxe Basket Fabulous Fruits, weighing approximately 25 pounds . . .

\$14.95

Luxury Basket, weighing approximately 16 pounds . . . **\$8.95**
Smaller Gift Boxes, Fruits in season **\$2.95**

THE INCOMPARABLE YEAR 'ROUND GIFT... A FRUIT O' THE CALENDAR MEMBERSHIP

One Luxury Gift Basket and monthly individual boxes of fruits in season. 9 months, \$31; 6 months, \$22.50; 3 months, \$14.00.

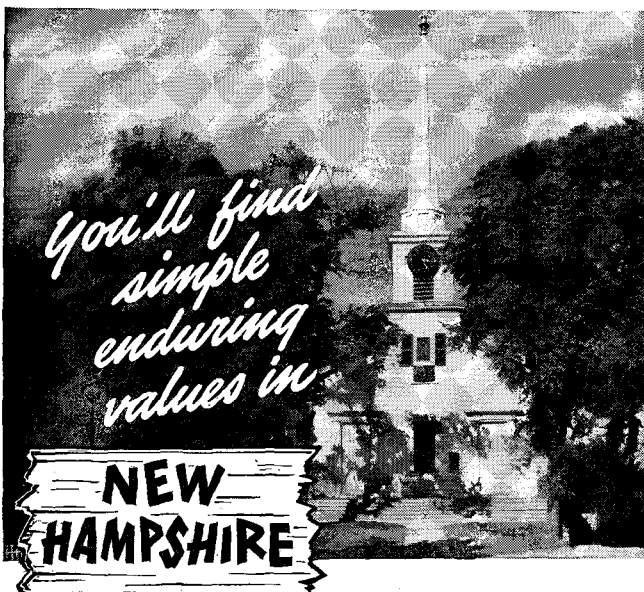
← Write for Beautifully Illustrated Brochure in Colors.

Phone, wire or write air mail

BLUE GOOSE ORCHARDS
American Fruit Growers

205 Fir St.

Medford, Oregon



COME to accessible New Hampshire for your 1945 vacation. Forget crowds; telephones; soot-laden air. Substitute: a whole mountainside to yourself; silence broken only by bird song; air cleansed by altitude and scented by pine. Write for free folder . . .

STATE PLANNING & DEVELOPMENT COMM.
400 Capitol St., Concord, N. H.
Send me your FREE illustrated Vacation Booklet.



Manoir Richelieu AND COTTAGES



at smart Murray Bay-Quebec

Relax and refresh yourself from wartime strain amid the beautiful Laurentian hills at the Manoir! However short the time you can spare for yourself this summer you will benefit from your stay at this beauty spot high above the cool St. Lawrence. A complete resort hotel—far from the bustle of cities, the Manoir offers you unsurpassed facilities for sports and recreation . . . golf, tennis, a salt-water pool, riding, fishing in well-stocked private lakes . . . and in invigorating, pine-scented, *pollen-free air*. Dancing in the Casino. *Daily service* by famous river steamers or by rail from Montreal. No passports required. Favorable currency exchange.

Season June to September. Apply to C. W. Wannop, Mgr., Murray Bay, Quebec; or Canada Steamship Lines in principal cities.

A DIVISION OF CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES



"Now, if we
were only

staying at THE ROOSEVELT"

When you stop at The Roosevelt you don't risk getting marooned like this. For you'll be within walking range of Manhattan's Midtown activities. Direct passageway from Grand Central Terminal to hotel lobby. A reservation at The Roosevelt liquidates a lot of bother.

Rooms with bath from \$4.50

THE ROOSEVELT

Dean Carpenter, General Manager

MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

— A Hilton Hotel —

OTHER HILTON HOTELS FROM COAST TO COAST:

CALIFORNIA: Long Beach; The Town House, Los Angeles; NEW MEXICO: Albuquerque; OHIO: Dayton-Biltmore in Dayton; TEXAS: Abilene, El Paso, Longview, Lubbock, Plainview; MEXICO: The Palacio Hilton in Chihuahua.

C. N. Hilton, President, Hilton Hotels

development of the inexpensive ready-made clothing industry, an exclusively American institution for years, and one of the greatest labor savers of all time. For a long time, the building trades had used a contrivance known as a hoisting platform; but it took an American named Elisha Graves Otis to devise a safety gadget to keep hoisting platforms from falling unexpectedly, and to produce that time, space, and step saver, the passenger elevator. When Otis gravely demonstrated the functions of his elevator to the crowds at the American Institute Fair in 1854, it was justly the sensation of the day.

By the early 1850's, Americans were making and selling for moderate prices both ice and iceboxes. It was the English who first developed modern plumbing devices, but the Americans set about installing bathrooms in all new houses, to save the trouble of hauling water up and down stairs in pitchers. They perfected a cheap oil lamp which everybody could own in quantities. Not content with the warmth of fireplaces or even Franklin stoves, they developed heating stoves so efficient that people all but perished from the high temperatures in Victorian parlors. They soon figured out that one larger heating stove in the basement could just as easily do the work of several, thus introducing the furnace. S. S. Pierce pioneered in ready-cooked food as early as 1848 by selling canned Maine corn to Boston housekeepers.

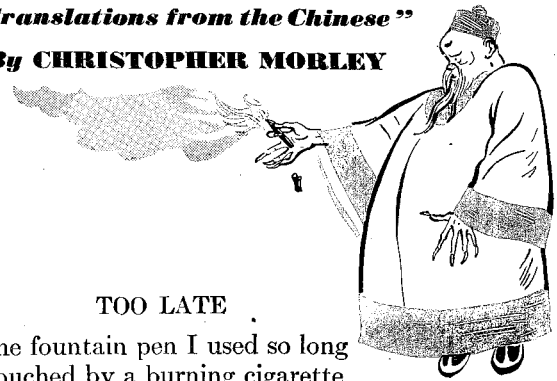
It was this American accent on comfort and convenience — not for just a few people, but for many people — that impressed European travelers in Victorian America. That's what caused them to admire so extravagantly the early Pullman hotel cars. Plenty of running water to wash with and comfortable beds made up with clean linen sheets might have been luxury enough. But what enthralled them most was the chef preparing hot coffee, casserole dishes, omelets, and other delicacies.

And that's why they called our early hotels, led by the pioneering Tremont House of Boston (1829), "palaces of the people." It wasn't the gilt and the marble, or the velvet carpets, or the profusion of expensive mahogany, that earned their praise. It was the low price of the 180 rooms, every one with a key of its own to ensure each man's privacy. It was the public reading and writing rooms and the bathing floors; and finally, it was that wonderful gadget, the "annunciator," which enabled a guest up on the fourth floor to summon a fleet-footed "rotunda man" in two minutes.

American talent seems thus to have run, not to original invention, but to making useful inventions available to large numbers of people. Ironically, we are still regarded by the rest of the world as a people incurably susceptible to useless innovations.

The Old Mandarin

"Translations from the Chinese"
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



TOO LATE

The fountain pen I used so long
Touched by a burning cigarette
Sizzled away in white camphory smoke.
I had never guessed
It was so inflammable.

That was the only time,
You cold-blooded old thing,
That the ink
Really boiled in your pen.

FOOTNOTE TO ST. MATTHEW

Render unto Caesar
The things that are Caesar's,
But you run the risk of
Being called Appeasers.

REPLETE ANGLER

A club of fishermen held an outing.
The picnic was planned stag
But one of the anglers brought his new wife.
They spent the day fishing,
The evening lushing,
And the Old Mandarin, with Oriental aplomb,
Sought to relieve the constraint.
He said, to flatter the husband,
"A handsome woman, your wife;
A very fine woman indeed."

The fisherman replied: "You should have seen
The One That Got Away."

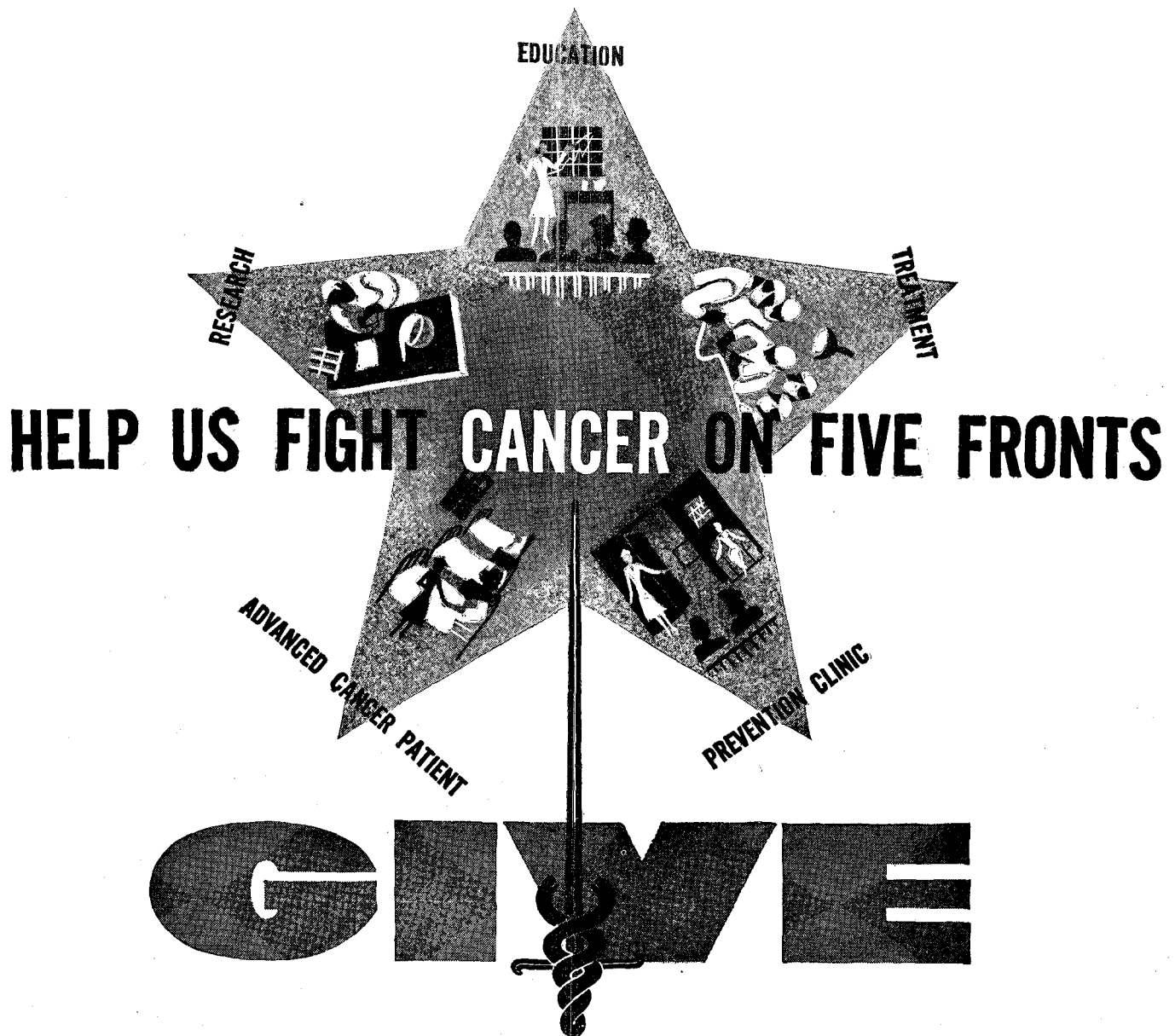
ANXIETY

The Old Mandarin was troubled
By a cosmetic advertisement:
COMPACTS GREATLY REDUCED.

The Atlantic Charter?
The Declaration of Moscow?
Teheran?
Quebec?



CANCER KILLS 1 ADULT OUT OF 6—IT MAY KILL YOU!



TO CONQUER CANCER

YOUR GIFT MAY SAVE YOU—OR THE LIFE OF SOMEONE DEAR

SEND YOUR CHECK NOW, AS GENEROUS AS YOU CAN MAKE IT.

If you live in the Metropolitan area of
New York, send your check to:
The Little Red Door
NEW YORK CITY CANCER COMMITTEE
130 East 66th Street
New York 21, N. Y.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

350 Fifth Avenue
New York 1, N. Y.

I enclose my contribution of \$ _____ to aid in the Fight
Against Cancer.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

FOR A MOOD TOO PSYCHOPATH
HIS DOCTOR ORDERS A HOT BATH

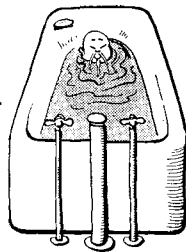
Sink your tingling dorsal in
This reservoir of porcelain.

For your complaint a steaming wallow
Beats all other physic hollow.

Just relax, and growing pink
Don't allow yourself to think.

Lie there till the water's tepid
And your humor grows more lepid.

Soap and silence be your drug.
Perfect in vacuity,
Tell your mind: *Now let me be.*
Then pull the plug.



The Happy Ending

By NEWMAN LEVY

AT college I was taught that a comedy is a play that ends happily and a tragedy one that ends unhappily. I have wondered since whether all plays actually end when the curtain falls on the last act. An author may think when he has written *Curtain* or *Finis* to his play or novel that he has settled his characters' problems. But if the story has any veracity it must go on, and what the author believes to be the achievement of happiness may turn out to be a prelude to calamity.

We must remember that the playwright is compelled by the limitations of his medium to select arbitrarily a point in the history of his characters where he must stop his narrative. Vice is thwarted and virtue triumphs; the lights on the marquee go out; and the audience, which has identified itself with the fortunes of the *dramatis personae*, departs in a glow of complete but temporary satisfaction or with a feeling of poignant grief, both of which are equally gratifying or else there would be no sense in going to the theater at all.

But if he has created authentic people and not lay figures, the lovers will not remain forever locked in each other's arms behind the fallen curtain. They will marry and have babies who will in the fullness of time have measles, croup, whooping cough, and braces on their teeth. There will be mortgages, tradesmen's bills, and all the inevitable attritions of domesticity. It might be well to reserve judgment about these endings.

A native New Yorker, NEWMAN LEVY is a lawyer, versifier, and author of much lively writing about opera, motion pictures, and the theater.

Take *The Merchant of Venice*, for instance, which is included in my collection of Shakespeare's comedies and must therefore unquestionably be a comedy. That is true enough if we accept the final curtain as really final. But I have wondered recently with misgiving about Bassanio's subsequent life with Portia. Bassanio, you will recall, was a fine, upstanding fellow who was cheerfully willing to ruin his dearest friend in order to finance his courtship. Some people I know would have insisted upon risking a pound of their own flesh under the circumstances, but not Bassanio. If a slice off the chest of his friend Antonio was to be the price of winning a bride, he was gallantly ready to risk it. Such an amiable character hardly deserved the fate of marrying Portia.

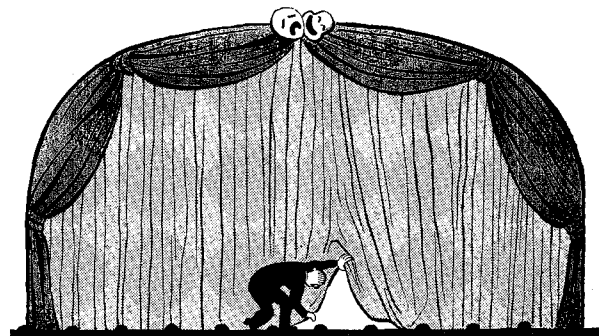
It is depressing to think of him bound in wedlock to a lady of such virile personality that she could successfully impersonate a man by merely putting on a silk robe, and who had the exquisite effrontery to plunge into the complications of a contested litigation without even a first-year law school training. The episode of the ring, while it showed a certain spirit of heavy-handed playfulness on Portia's part, occurring as it did during the engagement, also hardly augured well for a happy married life.

But it was her weakness for sententious soliloquy in blank verse that was the most foreboding omen of domestic unhappiness. Bassanio had a tendency in that direction himself, but nevertheless I hate to think of him coming home after a hard day of trying to borrow money from Antonio to be greeted by his fond wife at the doorway of Belmont in cold, measured iambic pentameters: —

"The quality of our soup tonight is not strained.
It tasteth like the gentle rain from Heaven . . ."

That and her fondness for practical joking must have caused him oft in the stilly night to think with wistful envy of Shylock, who, as a compensation for his other misfortunes, at least got rid of Jessica.

I once saw a performance of *The Taming of the Shrew* in which Katherina, in the final scene in which she proclaims her submission to her husband, turned and gave a sly, revealing wink to the audience.



That was no happy ending, although Petruchio undoubtedly thought it was. There is little essential difference between Petruchio and Bill Sikes except that Sikes was a surly, unequivocal brute whereas Petruchio's sadism was in a spirit of exuberant playfulness. I might ask my female readers whether,



if we accept the ending of the play as final, a dramatic demonstration of masculine superiority is, according to contemporary standards, a comedy or tragedy. In any event, whether Katherina's spirit was actually broken or whether she was merely simulating submission, I can see nothing but misery ahead for that marriage.

Hamlet is the greatest tragedy in the English language and perhaps in any language. I was told so by a professor I had at college, a man of unquestioned veracity and probity, and I have never had occasion to question the accuracy of his judgment. He used to enliven his talks with what he heard Mr. Emerson say at Amherst, and obviously no one who had heard Emerson lecture at Amherst could be far wrong about the pre-eminence of *Hamlet* as a tragedy.

Try, then, to imagine what would have happened to Denmark had Hamlet lived to become king. History is filled with psychotics who wielded absolute power, and the tragedy is that the curtain never falls upon the aftermath of their psychoses. Any ending, happy or unhappy, would be desirable. Had Hamlet lived he would, in due time, have succeeded to the throne and we should have had another mad monarch to add to the depressing catalogue. It is quite evident that at that particular moment of history the death of Hamlet and the accession of Fortinbras were quite the luckiest thing for the Danes that could have happened.

We are primarily concerned, however, with Hamlet's personal history, and I shudder to think of the consequences of a union between Hamlet, with his propensity to melancholia, and Ophelia, with her predisposition to dementia. A marital alliance between the Jukes and the Kallikaks would have been far more desirable eugenically than the union that was averted by what, for centuries, has been mistakenly regarded as a tragedy.

It is conceivable that Hamlet might have stayed out of an asylum for a few years and Ophelia out of adjacent lakes and ponds; but even so, the family situation was scarcely such as to warrant undue optimism. The tough-minded Queen Gertrude would have had slight sympathy with her weak-minded

daughter-in-law, and King Claudius, with his fondness for settling vexing domestic problems by assassination, would not have been a conciliatory influence. And Polonius would have been the sort of father-in-law who would drive a far more stable person than Hamlet out of his mind.

There may have been a streak of cruelty in me during my childhood, but I never witnessed the death of Little Eva without a feeling of glee. I am inclined to believe that the St. Clares must privately have felt the same way about it. Perhaps I was influenced slightly by the always entertaining spectacle of her ascent to Heaven to the accompaniment of close harmony off stage, but I am sure that I should have been equally delighted had her journey been in the opposite direction.

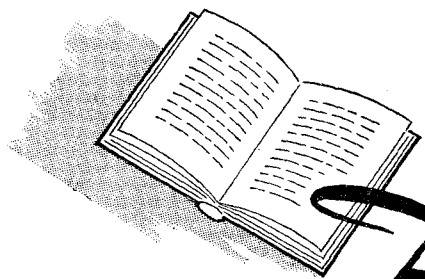
When authors eliminate such unpleasant characters as Little Eva, Little Nell, and Paul Dombey, they may imagine they are depicting poignant tragedy, but it has occurred to me that the subconscious artist in them is actually sharing the gratification of their readers and audiences. Even Mrs. Stowe must have enjoyed killing Little Eva, and I am sure that Dickens was as eager as I was to get rid of Dora so that David Copperfield could marry Agnes, whom he should have married in the first place.

Dickens was the supreme exponent in English literature of the happy ending, and in his case the practice seemed to me to be less incongruous than in most other writers. The reason can be found in an observation Chesterton made somewhere, that Dickens did not create people, he created a mythology. We can imagine Portia's growing old, but cannot imagine Mrs. Gamp's having been young. There is pathos in Falstaff's betrayal by his former crony, Prince Hal, for Falstaff is among the most human of all characters in literature and therefore mortal; but we are never grieved for Micawber, because we know that he is ageless and something will always turn up for him as long as English letters endure.

This concern with the fate of literary characters beyond the final curtain or the last chapter is a measure, perhaps, of their artistic worth. It is illustrative of the pleasant nuances of the English lan-

guage that there is a vast difference between the play that has ended happily and the play that has happily ended. But when we say of an author that he has created characters that will live (the highest praise we can give him) we should remember that if they live they must grow old.





THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

TO THOSE of us who have been imprisoned in the glacier of the North, May is a fitful month. The release comes all of a sudden; and as the strings are untied, we do the darnedest things. Not in all of North America are there such hats as blossom in Boston. Puritan unrestraint and Irish ebullience burst into the open on Easter morning, and thereafter the flowerpots, birds' nests, Chinese pagodas, feather dusters, and lettuce leaves which vie with each other in our east wind are a triumph of mind over matter.

Spring does not come to us lovingly. One day we are leaning against the raw April blast and then, overnight, the sun is looking us in the eyes; the splashes of forsythia along Jamaica way, the heady beauty of the magnolias, the flaming beds of tulips in the Garden, are a challenge no woman can resist. Hence the hats.

To men — I am thinking of men over forty — the vernal intoxication means getting away from home, away from the city, away from the girls. One day the winter overcoat becomes unbearably heavy, and as they change into lighter clothes, they discover they want out. Curious how many business trips seem to coincide with that fortnight at Newfound Lake or Mooselookmeguntic when the ice is out and the landlocked salmon are on the surface; curious how by twos and threes the stags make for the upper Connecticut or the Kennebago. Spring means the Opening Game, with His Honor throwing in the new ball and Junior beside you munching peanuts. It means the lashing, pent-up drive from the first tee, and the springiness of the turf. It means rising before dawn, with your glasses on the green bud boughs to catch the flash of the migrants heading

north (and afterwards, the arguments as to whether you *really* saw it). It means shining up the car and then driving down country to picnic on the dunes with the sunlight dancing pinpoints on the water. It means bare heads and a sleeveless sweater and dreamless sleep in country air.

Spring used to mean all that, and will again. If the knots will be harder to untie this year, it is because what we do, we do with half a heart, missing the men without whom there can be no rejuvenation.

Carefree or careless

Gay, lilting, unpredictable, is the tune which runs through **Joseph Wechsberg's** *Looking for a Bluebird*. The author, a Czechoslovakian, was eighteen when he began fiddling his way around the world on the small, decrepit French liner, *La Bourdonnais*. Between voyages and in the winters, he worked as a second violinist in the *boites de nuits* and the music halls of Paris. But at the first whiff of salt air in the spring he would take to the sea again on the *Porthos* or the *Guadaloupe*, bound on a new cruise to the Orient, South America, or Manhattan. Eventually he became orchestra leader on the Red Sea route, where violins are kept in the refrigerator. His cabin mates were the cheerful, thirsty, amoral musicians who banded together at the last moment for each voyage. Occasionally one of them would succumb to a soft, wealthy widow; occasionally they would clean up a small fortune, as when they sold the ship's liquor in the days of Prohibition. But usually they batted on the inquisitiveness and idiosyncrasy of the tourist world — whose population had been released from home ties and inhibitions and whose appetites and extravagances carried the American legend abroad. This is fresh and laughable reading.

In a blurb like a cream puff, the publishers tell us that *Lower than Angels*, by **Walter Karig**, "is a universal story and a great artistic accomplishment." I doubt it. As I look back on the first twenty years of this century, I can think of a good many "universals" which never appear in this story. Admittedly, Marvin, Mr. Karig's hero, has the dingiest of educations; admittedly, his parents

A GREAT NEW BIOGRAPHY

**HARCOURT, BRACE
AND COMPANY**

THE BUILDERS OF THE BRIDGE

The Story of John Roebling and his Son

By D. B. Steinman

John Roebling — philosopher, bridgebuilder, inventor — built the first bridge across the Ohio River; his final masterpiece was the Brooklyn Bridge. Both bridges stand today as monumental evidence of the man's genius. His colorful life symbolizes the ambitious pioneering spirit of the

nineteenth century in America, when the growth of the nation depended upon the building of railroads and bridges and canals westward. **THE BUILDERS OF THE BRIDGE** tells the story of his life, and the life of his bridgebuilding son.

ILLUSTRATIONS, BIBLIOGRAPHY, INDEX, \$3.50

DASHA



By E. M. Almedingen

Author of *Frossia*

Dasha lived in Russia just before the present war, in a land full of bright hope and rich in promise for the future. She fell in love, quarrelled with her parents, felt the momentary frustration of not realizing her ambition, in much the same way that young girls do everywhere. Yet her world is different, and the way the author gives her strange background an authentic and understandable reality is one of the most endearing elements in this important new novel. \$2.50

THE *Cradle Will Fall*

By
Stephen Seley

This first novel introduces a serious and talented young writer. It is a story of childhood, centered on the reaction of a sensitive young boy to the death of his mother. \$2.00

The GHOSTLY LOVER



By Elizabeth Hardwick. The discerning story of a young girl's heartbreaking search for emotional security within her own family. \$2.50

are timid people whose intelligence is rather lower than mediocrity; admittedly, the author is writing to show us the moral impoverishment of the average city-bred youngster.

What I object to is Mr. Karig's grim law of averages. For no American average that I have lived with on the sand lots, in the public schools, in the Army ranks, or in business is so devoid of humor, rebellion, or aspiration as this dreary household. The author is a competent reporter, although I wish he had not used the reportorial device of dating each chapter. He writes with honesty, checked by a good memory. He records the animal magnetism of floundering people. His pages have the fidelity of a dead-level macadam street. But within those delicatessens, those butcher shops and hall bedrooms, lives an American vivacity, the sound of laughter, the juice of good common talk — the stories of little people — which Mr. Karig ignores.

In *Pacific Report* Commander Karig has shown us what men other than Marvin could do in the face of catastrophe. I wonder why he has extinguished every spark of such spirit when he comes to write about his spineless, empty-headed German-Americans.

Bamboo Americans

Ever since Ed Dyess escaped from Bataan we have suspected that there were not a few American guerrillas, castaway aviators, PT crews and officers, hiding in the Philippines, killing Japs, and keeping a light in the window against MacArthur's return. We have waited for their story knowing that it would be audacity plus, and now we have it, skillfully ghost-written by **Ira Wolfert**.

American Guerrilla is a personal recital of Iliff David Richardson, who served in the famous "expedable" squadron, the PT boats commanded by John Bulkeley. When his boat was shot up, he and ten other casualties took to the bamboo; shunning surrender, they attempted to escape to Australia on a banca christened *Leyte Luck*. When she foundered, they swam back to the Philippine shore, where they lived protected by the natives through the remainder of 1942. Richardson occupied himself in writing the log of his PT. He also fell in love. As time passed, they all began to get unraveled down there in Lotos land.

Slowly the guerrilla organization came to life. There were survivors of the Death March; there were officers MacArthur left behind — like Colonels McLish, Fertig, and Morgan; Navy officers and imperative supplies came in by sub from Australia; rebellious Filipinos joined up — so the army grew, an army of adventurers and technicians, an outfit which became deadly with "that fine feeling of controlled power Americans give anything they're in." Richardson was a technician and it was part of his job to manufacture gasoline and ammunition (they filed the ends of brass curtain rods into 160 bullets a day), and set up short-wave stations which would spy on

the Jap shipping; and relay reports to MacArthur's headquarters "Souwespac." "It was strictly ham-bone," Richardson says, "but it worked."

These men lived on borrowed time. They were stalked by death. The strength of this narrative is their imperishable will to live and fight back. Its limitations are those of any ghost-written book: the simulated talk, the leg-pulling, — as when Richardson described how he shaved in the mirror of his polished boots, — and the tendency which Mr. Wolfert cannot resist to be overspectacular.

The imperturbable

"Why do you bother with that old buzzard?" asked my friend, a liberal who saw that I was reading Santayana. "His record in Italy is not a pretty one." So we more worried mortals regard the imperturbable; so we express our irritation towards one who preferred the Rome of sunshine, even the Rome of Mussolini, to the freer rigor of London or Boston. The remark points up the difference between the moral climate in which the sage lived and that which we who are younger must suffer today. To **George Santayana**, who in his own words has long been indolent but meditative, "it is better to put up with things than to be responsible for them." That is a solace which few active Americans could accept in a year as crucial as this.

Persons and Places: The Middle Span is written with the self-satisfaction of egotism and the cool breeze of serenity. It is also written with a command of English which would be pre-eminent at any time. One can only surmise when the notes for it were first begun; I suggest that some of these pages are the distillation of work begun twenty years ago. Certainly they have a closer affinity with the *Soliloquies in England* than with *The Last Puritan*. Santayana's middle span began with his pilgrimage to Germany as a graduate student in 1886. He made but one interesting friend, the erratic Baron Albert von Westenholz. He relished the uniforms, the music, and the beer, and the lectures deepened his veneration of the Greeks, but otherwise the experiment was a failure. "I was," he writes, "wholly incapable of taking a Doctor's degree in Germany. The one thing for me to do was to return to Harvard and take my Doctor's degree there, where I was at home and sure of my ground."

Thence he crossed to England, where he instantly became enamored. He liked the people, they were so *decent* (he underscores the word); he thought they had the best public manners in the world. He found himself as continually amused by the sham in England's society as he was continually gratified by the British propensity to leave a man alone. He reveled in the snobbery of the recluse. "I never studied in London or read in the British Museum . . . or gathered books, or made lasting friends. I visited nobody. . . . I was, and I liked to remain, an unrecognised wanderer." As a wanderer, he absorbed and has now recalled some of the most lovely scenes

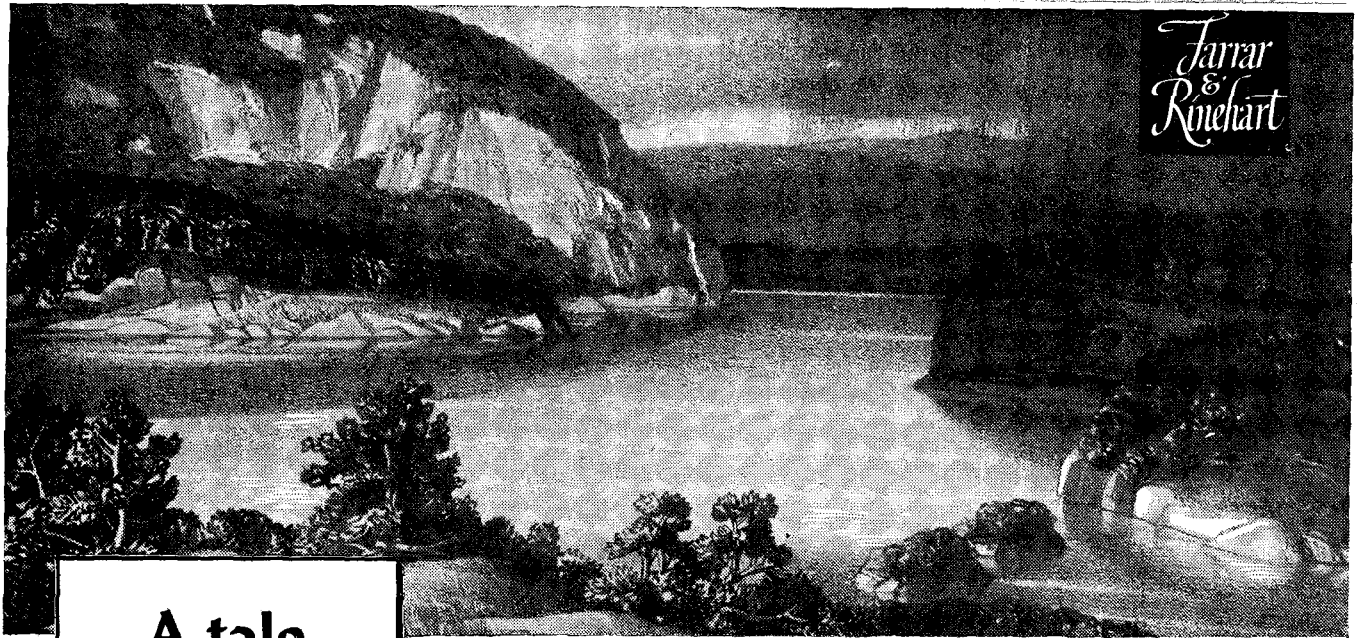


Illustration by Stow Wengenroth for Carl Carmer's THE HUDSON

A tale
from the
Rivers
of
America

Edited by
HERVEY ALLEN

It Happened in May...

AT THE VERY MOMENT Dominie Bogardus announced the text of his sermon on that quiet Sunday morning in May, 1646, the congregation of the New Amsterdam church was startled to hear the drum corps from the Fort beat a loud tattoo just outside the door. Despite the shouts and poundings from the pulpit the good burghers were unable to hear a word for the racket, but they knew that the Director of New Amsterdam had won his battle with the pastor.

Dominie Bogardus was the terror of the leaders, and during a gay wedding had attacked Director Kieft and his associates. Hotheaded Kieft had protested in writing, pointing out the difference between the conduct of the church services when the pastor was "dead drunk" and only "pretty drunk".

Knowing what thunders against him would issue from the house of God on the following Sunday, he ordered the Fort Amsterdam drum corps to beat a loud tattoo just outside the door. Just to make double sure the good man's shouts would not be heard, he had the fort cannon fired frequently, "as if he had ordered it out a-Maying."

The pages of Carl Carmer's *The Hudson* are filled with the legends, lore and romance of the lands that lie along its mighty course from the Adirondacks to the Narrows — and the pages of each of the great books in the *Rivers of America*, added together, make up a thrilling panorama of America's past. This series presents a new kind of history — history brought to life with fiction, poetry, humor and folklore. Each of the twenty-seven volumes has been the work of an outstanding author whose association with his river is close and personal. The illustrations are by distinguished American artists who have worked on the actual scene.

THE *Rivers of America*:

KENNEBEC, Robert P. Tristram Coffin. SUWANNEE RIVER, Cecil Hulse Matschat. POWDER RIVER, Struthers Burt. THE JAMES, Blair Niles. THE HUDSON, Carl Carmer. THE SACRAMENTO, Julian Dana. THE WABASH, William E. Wilson. THE ARKANSAS, Clyde Brion Davis. THE DELAWARE, Harry Emerson Wildes. THE ILLINOIS, James Gray. THE KAW, Floyd Benjamin Streeter. THE BRANDYWINE, Henry Seidel Canby. THE CHARLES, Arthur Bernon Tourtellot. THE KENTUCKY, Thomas D. Clark. THE SANGAMON, Edgar Lee Masters. THE ALLEGHENY, Frederick Way, Jr. THE WISCONSIN, August Derleth. LOWER MISSISSIPPI, Hodding Carter. THE ST. LAWRENCE, Henry Beston. THE CHICAGO, Harry Hansen. TWIN RIVERS: THE RARITAN AND THE PASSAIC, Harry Emerson Wildes. THE HUMBOLDT, Dale Morgan. THE ST. JOHNS, Branch Cabell and A. J. Hanna. THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI, Walter Havighurst. RIVERS OF THE EASTERN SHORE, Hulbert Footner. THE MISSOURI, Stanley Vestal. THE SALINAS, Anne B. Fisher.

Illustrated, each \$2.50

Songs of the Rivers of America, \$3.50

Send for free illustrated brochure

FARRAR & RINEHART • 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



of London, the river, the parks, and the people. And despite his carefully shielded independence, he did go halfway with several agreeable friendships. Young Earl Russell was the first Englishman he spoke to, and he with Logan Pearsall Smith and Arthur Strong, Henry James, and Lionel Johnson are recalled from memory and compared, their strong points and weak, with those Boston congenials, Mrs. Jack Gardner, Cam Forbes, and Mrs. Whitman, to whom Santayana paid his respects on his return to this side.

These characterizations are drawn with the same clear, probing, sensitive but almost impersonal touch with which he drew the portrait of his mother. First and middle, this autobiography is a revelation of a philosopher who walled himself in as he grew. It is the exaltation of the private life, the classic isolation of the ivory tower.

Can Representative Government Do The Job?

By THOMAS K. FINLETTER

+ + +



T. K. FINLETTER

MR. FINLETTER, like every other man who knows the government at first hand, is convinced that the country is in dire peril if a way cannot be found to overcome "the spirit of arm's length dealing and conflict" between Congress and the Executive. What he has done is to write a book which is a reflection on his experience in the State

Department, carefully and disinterestedly considered. The result is as mature, as cogent, as direct a work on the main difficulty of American government as we have had in this generation.

Mr. Finletter's major premise is so simple that no one will deny it: that henceforth national policy must be positive and continuous in the conduct of foreign affairs and in the maintenance of employment at an acceptable standard of life. We are finally at the end of isolation and *laissez faire* — and a failure of government to deal effectively with the consequences will jeopardize our security in the world and our liberties at home.

As long, however, as Congress and the Executive are unable to proceed confidently together, and every few years become enemies, the government will not be good enough for the times we live in. This is an ancient weakness of our constitutional system, and it has now become a critical danger. Mr. Finletter addresses himself to the problem of finding both a remedy and a cure. His remedy does not require a constitutional amendment, but only revision of the rules of the two houses of Congress and executive orders. It is to create a Joint Executive Legislative Cabinet, which would consist of the members of the President's Cabinet and the chairmen of an equal number of combined committees of the House and the Senate. Thus the Legislative branch would be represented inside

the Executive, and the Executive would be represented inside Congress.

But Mr. Finletter recognizes that this remedy is not a complete cure. It could alleviate, and it might postpone, but it would not of itself prevent the kind of destructive deadlock which existed at the end of the Taft, the Wilson, and the Hoover Administrations. For a cure of this dangerous evil, the Constitution would have to be amended, and inevitably Mr. Finletter reaches the conclusion that when an unbreakable deadlock exists, the President should have the right to dissolve Congress and the Presidency, and call a general election.

Obviously, that is the way to end deadlocks, and some day we shall have to have a national debate on this proposal. Compelling as are the arguments in favor of it, I for one should wish to hear a fuller discussion of what, in view of the fact that the President is both the Head of the State and the Chief Executive, would be the consequences of putting an end to the fixed tenure of the Head of the State.

But when that debate takes place, I hope Mr. Finletter will be on hand. For he brings to the discussion of these issues an unusual dignity and high reasonableness which, if they were general in our public life, would make all political reforms much easier, and also, one might say, less urgent. *Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.00.*

WALTER LIPPMANN

The Young Jefferson

By CLAUDE G. BOWERS

+ + +



C. G. BOWERS

FOR twenty years Mr. Claude Bowers has been trying to make his fellow Americans aware of Jefferson as a democratic leader. *The Young Jefferson*, the last volume of Mr. Bowers's trilogy, is a careful and detailed study of the first forty-six years of Jefferson's life. The thesis of the book is that Jefferson had so distinguished himself by 1789

that if his career had been cut short at that time he would still be regarded as "one of the four immortals among the founders of the American Republic."

His accomplishments were indeed impressive: author of the Declaration of Independence, leader of the democratic movement in Virginia, governor of the Old Dominion, and United States Minister to France. But it seems probable that had his life ended in 1789 his unsatisfactory record as war governor of Virginia would have tended to make him appear in history as a dreamer rather than as a doer.

One of the most obvious shortcomings of most biographies of Jefferson is that they fail to make him come alive for the reader. Usually he appears as the embodiment of certain ideas rather than as a personality. Mr. Bowers has made a conscientious effort to overcome this deficiency: he gives us intimate pictures of Jefferson with his violin, in the family circle, fox-hunting, and at work in his garden.

But even Mr. Bowers falls short of humanizing Jefferson; democrat and humanitarian that he was, Jefferson lacked the qualities that make Lincoln the man of the

BOOKS FROM

Random House

The first collected edition of
"the most purely delightful of all
modern poets."—N. Y. TIMES

THE COLLECTED POETRY OF W. H. AUDEN

➔ This handsomely printed volume contains all that W. H. Auden wishes to preserve of the poetry he has written so far. It includes 225 poems, of which twenty-four are new and hitherto unpublished in book form. In addition, *For The Time Being—A Christmas Oratorio* and *The Sea and The Mirror—A Commentary on Shakespeare's The Tempest*, his most recent works, are given in their entirety. 466 pages, \$3.75

Something new in American
folklore by the author of *Storm*



NAMES ON THE LAND

By GEORGE R. STEWART

➔ The fascinating story of how American place-names like *Cape Flattery*, *Chicago*, *Zion*, *Seldom Seen*, *Ticklenaked*, *Bug Tussle*, *Shirrtail Canyon*, and thousands of others came to be. As a treasury of national lore and a source book of historical information, this volume provides an entirely new adventure in the rediscovery of our past. \$3.00

"Wonderful! That is all I can
say about it—wonderful."—CHICAGO SUN



GERTRUDE STEIN'S

WARS I HAVE SEEN

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER: "Endlessly quotable, delightful to read aloud . . . jam-packed with stories . . . You will find it a stimulating and memorable experience." \$2.50

RANDOM HOUSE, 20 E. 57 ST., N. Y. 22
Publishers of the MODERN LIBRARY

people. *The Young Jefferson*, however, because of its readability, clearness, and relevancy for the times will not disappoint Mr. Bowers's audience. *Houghton Mifflin*, \$3.75.

JOHN C. MILLER

Mob 3

By CAPTAIN ROBERT P. PARSONS

+ + +



R. P. PARSONS

Mob 3: A Naval Hospital in a South Sea Jungle is a fine account of a mobile naval hospital extemporized on a South Pacific island, and of its development into a fully equipped resource. Captain Parsons tells the story with a rare combination of wit and learning, and his curiosity leads him everywhere. Not many four-strippers in the Navy Medi-

cal Corps would have bought a Montgomery Ward saxophone for the Polynesian, Tuputala, just because the native had a perfect sense of pitch. Not many officers, regardless of stripes, could write a more stirring sketch than Captain Parsons has achieved in his chapter, "Barton Hill," a tale of dogged, last-ditch surgery and the indestructible quality of a Sergeant of Marines.

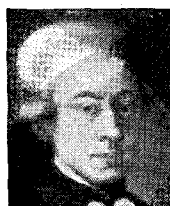
An authority on tropical medicine and the author of several texts about it (the result of a tour of duty some years ago in the West Indies), Captain Parsons has served for a quarter of a century in the Naval Medical Corps. He is a graduate of the Harvard Medical School and a first-rate musicologist if we judge him by the chapter on Tuputala. Of the Polynesians, their personalities and ways, he writes with as much charm as about his work with *Mob 3*. He is ethnologist, raconteur, technician, administrator. In an earlier book, *Trail to Light*, he showed himself a capable biographer. Recently he supervised the construction of a huge new naval hospital on the West Coast, and is now off with a new hospital ship. It is a pleasant thing to meet, in the ordinarily unsung career service of the United States Navy Medical Corps, a man of such varied and effective talents. *Bobbs-Merrill*, \$3.50.

CHARLES W. MORTON

Mozart

By ALFRED EINSTEIN

+ + +



W. MOZART

THE world is still waking up to Mozart. His music has never before been sought so generally and with such genuine affection as it is today. People flock to Mozart festivals. The unplayed bulk of his music is beginning to be explored, and the familiar works continue to reveal new subtleties, warm reflections of his volatile spirit, always new

depths beneath his smooth-flowing and deceptively "simple" surfaces.

An awakening of this sort calls for enlightened guidance among Mozart's 600-odd works. He has eluded most writers because, lacking the required prodigious knowledge of his music, they have tried to cover their deficiency by weaving literary garlands. Donald Francis Tovey once wrote that "many movements by Mozart are as alike as



GABRIEL GALLOWAY

by MARY LAVIN

SUMMARY. — This is the story of three generations of an Irish family. In the small, crumbling village of Castlerampart, the most prominent man is Theodore Coniffe, the village landlord. He is as penny-pinching as his wife Katherine is vain. Their two daughters, Theresa and Sara, grow up to be young ladies of property, if not of good looks. While they are still in their teens, Katherine dies in giving birth to her third daughter, Lily, who becomes the timid Cinderella of the household.

The household is upset when a young lawyer appears in the village. Fresh from Dublin, Cornelius Galloway knows a good fortune when he sees one; but after flirting with the older sisters, it is young Lily he proposes to. They marry and settle into the house in Clewe Street. But Cornelius's prosperity is short-lived: he is killed in the hunting field. After his death Lily sinks back into her position of inferiority, and even the birth of her son Gabriel does not restore her authority.

At Theodore's death it is found that he has willed his entire property to little Gabriel. The boy, a bright but unadventurous youngster, is brought up by his aunts; and when his frail mother dies, he is completely tied to their apron strings. Not until he has begun his studies at the Technical School in Draghead, and has resumed his friendship with Sylvester, a boyhood acquaintance now an art student in Dublin, is Gabriel man enough to rebel. When Gabriel is sixteen, a robust young girl of the village, Onny Soraghan, is hired by Theresa. Propinquity begins to cast its spell. Gabriel meets Onny in the early evening when her chores are over. Together they ford the river on perilous steppingstones, and together they find a trysting place in the ruins of the Friary tower.

49

AFTER the first evening that they spent in the old tower, Gabriel met Onny Soraghan there every evening when he came back from Draghead and when her work in Clewe Street was done. From the first, Gabriel was aware that his aunts would bitterly disapprove of his meetings with Onny, but he had gradually lost confidence in their judgment of conduct, and his misgivings vanished after a few meetings.

As time went on, however, and their relations became more intimate, Gabriel was no longer able to delude himself that he was innocent. Yet he justified himself; and sometimes as he looked at Onny in the kitchen in Clewe Street and saw her wretched poverty of attire, he asked himself if there was not still something to be said for the way in which they had come together; for if he had not grown familiar with her rich warmth and her impudent vitality in the dark hours in the old tower, he would never have seen in her any more than his aunts saw: a miserable servant girl, unkempt and ill-clad.

It must not be thought that Gabriel had any ideas about free love or the independence of the sexes. He had neither heard of them nor read of them. He only knew that Onny Soraghan never would have come into his life

if his meetings with her had been confined to those that convention permitted.

There was need for a great discretion in their meetings; and so, immediately after supper, Gabriel went out, ostensibly for a walk, and, making his way out of the town, slipped inside the rampart wall. Onny herself had more difficulties in making excuses to get out. When her work at Clewe Street was finished, she ran home and let her mother know she was free. Then upon one pretext or another she evaded the tasks that were awaiting her there and slipped out again. One night she would say she was going for a walk. Another night she would say that she was going down to the church. Whatever excuse Onny made, it was sufficient if it enabled her to escape from the door of the house; for once outside, it was only a matter of a minute to reach the rampart wall and join Gabriel.

Once within the rampart, however, Gabriel and Onny were both secure. And yet so great was the pressure of their secrecy upon them that hardly a bird stirred in the brushwood, hardly a rabbit ran through the stiff green grasses, and hardly a branch stirred in the far tops of the trees, without causing them to lift their heads in fright. The dark mists of the night came down around it before Onny was able to break away from him, and wrap her old threadbare coat tighter across her breast, and say that if she did not go home her mother would be out looking for her.

"She'll be out at the gate looking up and down the road."

"Is it the mother of fourteen children?" Gabriel said.

A daughter of Irish parents, MARY LAVIN spent ten years of her childhood in Walpole, Massachusetts, before returning to Eire. The author of short stories, whose talent has been signaled by the James Tait Black Memorial Prize, she has been working steadily for the past three years on this, her first long novel, of which the *Atlantic* is proud to publish related episodes. Now in her early thirties, Mary makes her home in Dublin, where she divides her time between her husband, — an Irish solicitor, — their year-old daughter, and her manuscripts.

"If half of you were to fall in the river, she wouldn't miss you for a week."

There were times when Onny could not know from Gabriel's words whether he was teasing her or whether he was in earnest. If she was able to see his face, she could usually tell from the sparkle that he could not keep out of his eyes; but knowing this, Gabriel always tried to hold her against him so closely that she could not stretch back her head to look up into his face. However, in the weeks that had passed since they crossed the river on the stones, familiarity had shown them that no matter how numerous or how various the tyrannies they imposed upon each other, they were both subject to some tyrannical influence that made them eager to meet and loath to part.

"It's early — you don't need to go so soon," said Gabriel. "Listen. The birds are not quiet yet. It can't be very late."

The birds had long since silenced their songs, but a faint rustling of the decaying leaves in the treetop near-by would give him a pretext for enforcing his will on her.

"It's very late. The lights are gone out in the hotel," Onny would say.

"But the light is burning brighter than ever at the Finnertys'." Gabriel would hold her closer.

"The lights in the presbytery are gone out."

"The priests go to bed with the flowers."

"They do not. They stay up playing cards until all hours. My mother used to wash up the dishes for the Canon when his housekeeper was sick last winter and she said —"

"Yes? What did your mother say?" Gabriel would begin to stroke her hair, absent-mindedly.

Onny would jerk her head. "You don't care what my mother said. You just want to keep me here. Let me go! They'll be looking for me, I tell you."

"It will be a good thing to bring your poor mother out of doors. She looks as if she never got a breath of fresh air. I think sometimes that she's tied by the leg to that cottage."

"A lot you care about my mother!"

50

WHEN Onny struggled against him, her determination was roused more by his resistance than by real desire to leave him. His struggles to hold her against her will had a sweetness for her that the earlier caresses of the evening lacked entirely. In the intervals between her struggling, when she had to rest, she laid her head against his shoulder and accepted his kisses, but this docility lasted only as long as it took to renew her breath and her strength.

For her, this was the exciting climax of the evening; but when, through the slits in the old tower wall, she saw that not merely windows of the old and cantankerous, but all the windows in the town, were darkening, one after another, steadily, and beyond doubt of their implication as to the lateness of the hour, she made no further attempt to struggle but gave him instead some reminder of the consequences that would attend his foolishness.

One evening when she had told her mother that she was going back to help Miss Coniffe with some jam-making, she foretold a particularly dire consequence that might attend them if Gabriel did not release her quickly and let her go home.

"My mother might come out looking for me. She might call to ask Miss Coniffe what time I left Clewe Street."

Somewhat to her surprise, Gabriel at once released his hold. Her suggestion was one that sounded very credible — if Mrs. Soraghan missed Onny she might indeed call at Clewe Street to inquire about her. But it was not the suggestion itself that made Gabriel drop his hands to his sides and turn away so abruptly; it was a sudden anger that he felt towards Onny for using this threat to force his will. Keeping his hands straight down by his sides, he looked at her coldly.

"Why did you say that, Onny?" he said.

"Say what?" Onny felt at once that he was angry, but she did not see why he had been angered, and so she pretended not to remember what she had said.

"You know what I mean. Why did you say that your mother would come to Clewe Street?"

Onny hesitated for a moment. She was tempted to deny that she had said any such thing, and to persuade him that he had not heard her rightly, or at least that he had misunderstood her meaning; but in a spirit of defiance she flew to the opposite extreme and not only answered him that she meant what she said, but proceeded to reaffirm her words.

"What I said is true," she said, doggedly.

"That's not important," said Gabriel. "As a matter of fact it's very likely that she might come, and you had better get home as quickly as you can, but" — and here he put his hands firmly upon her arms — "before you go, I want to know why you said it just then."

Onny shrugged her arms to free them. His fingers tightened.

"I forget why I said it. A person doesn't remember every word he says."

"Did you say it to have a hold over me?" Gabriel pressed his fingers deeper into her arm.

"You're hurting me!" said Onny. "I don't know what you mean."

"Did you think I would be afraid of what my aunts might think?"

Onny bit her lower lip.

"Did you want to shame me?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Onny.

What was the matter with him, she wondered. She knew hate and she knew love; she knew fear and she knew joy. She knew all the simple emotions of the human heart, and she could read their expression in the human face, but before this strange complexity in the heart of Gabriel, which left his cold face inscrutable, Onny was helpless and humbled. She knew nothing of the complexities of the heart that form in the long hours of a lonely childhood. In the Soraghan family, solitude was unknown. Even in the fastness of the night there was always a child tossing and moaning in the dark. And in the Soraghan children, as in their father and mother before them, all traces of

temperament and individuality were early brought under the discipline of hard toil and sweat.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said again, pitifully. And suddenly Gabriel believed her. He made a great effort and conquered his desire to probe her heart further. "I want to go home," she said.

"You may go, Onny," said Gabriel. Then, when she stood hesitatingly without speaking, he took her hands in his again. "I was very hard on you, Onny, but I had a reason. I wanted to show you that you must never have any feeling underneath the words you say to me. Say whatever you like to me. Be bitter. Be condemning. Accuse me. Cut me. But never say one thing and mean another. Never say something, as you did tonight, that seems simple and inoffensive at the time that it is said, but which, when it is remembered afterwards, may reveal a sting."

He looked down at her seriously, doubtful whether she understood him or not, but as he saw her beginning to relax he continued. "I want everything to be clear between us, Onny — as clear as the stars up there above us!" And he lifted her face and tilted it upwards towards the starry sky. Then, patting her cheek and taking her by the hand like a small child, he spoke in a different voice. "I'll go down first," he said, "and I'll lift you down."

He slipped down over the stone rim of the tower and lowered himself cautiously, seeking a foothold on a ledge beneath. "Give me your hand," he said. "Be careful." And he began to guide her. When he had reached the grass below and she was still on a ledge above him on the level of his chest, he called out to her gayly. "Jump!" he commanded. "Jump!"

And then as he set her down in the grass, he put his hand under her cheek again and stared into her face. "I'm going to walk along the road with you," he said. "I don't care who sees me."

Usually when they reached the rampart wall they spent some time looking up and down the road to see that they were unobserved, but on this occasion Gabriel strode towards the gap boldly and helped Onny to climb through it. He was just about to follow her when she turned suddenly and gave him a gentle push that put him back into the grass in an effort to balance himself, and when he had clambered up again she was gone, and he could hear her footsteps ringing on the hard road, and hear her voice call out to someone whom she had encountered there.

He waited until he heard the ring of the iron gate in front of the cottage and then he went out onto the road himself and began to walk back towards the town.

His mind was uneasy. He knew that she had had some taunt behind her words and it worried him to think that there might have been some cunning in her heart. The suspicions she had roused threw their shadows over him as he walked along, and he tried to recall her face as she had spoken. But the memory of her impudent face, with the bright peony cheeks and lips and the bold eyes, was as potent as her presence to silence his suspicions. He had given in to the influence of her memory so much that he felt the same humility before her simplicity as she herself

had felt before his complexity; and added to the mystery of sex that held them together, there was a new and meretricious mystery of mind.

51

THE winter set in at last. The nights were dark without relief of stars, and even at the hour at which Onny left Clewe Street there was a dark journey ahead of her, out of the town to the cottage.

For this reason Miss Sara Coniffe tried to let her finish her work as early as possible, and urged upon her from time to time, as she went round her tasks, the danger of delaying so long that it would be dark upon the roads.

"I don't know why you keep urging Onny to hurry," said Theresa, when they sat sewing, after the girl had gone home. "I never in my life saw anyone more anxious to put off her apron than that girl."

"I wouldn't blame her too much for that, Theresa," said Miss Sara, timidly. "She does a long, hard day's work, and then she is very young."

"It's because she's young that she's hired to work," said Theresa testily. "If she doesn't work now, she won't have money when she's too old to work."

"But I think she gives all her money to her mother," said Sara. Theresa Coniffe stared pityingly at her sister.

"What do you expect!" she said. "Do you think she should spend it all on herself, and the family crying for bread!"

"Oh, no. No!" said Miss Sara. "Of course I want her to give it to her poor mother. How could you imagine that I would want anything else, Theresa? It was only that I thought it hard for the child to work all day long and never have a few hours to rest, or even a few pence to buy hair ribbons."

"Hair ribbons! Are you getting soft in the head? What would the like of her want with hair ribbons! She's bold and brassy enough without decking herself out like a circus queen. If you ask me, she gets back a good few of the pence she gives up, and it's not on her hair she spends it. She'd go stark naked rather than go without a pair of flashy stockings on those bold legs of hers."

"I used to love stockings, myself," said Miss Sara, sighing, "and when we were her age there was hardly anything of our stockings seen at all."

"Well, let me tell you, there's more of Onny Soraghan's seen than fashion caters for — the girl is man-mad."

"You cannot blame her, Theresa, if she thinks of having a home of her own. It's only natural."

Theresa tapped her foot on the carpet. "Sara Coniffe, it's a strange thing to hear a woman of your age romancing about things that ought by right to be beneath your notice. All I can say is that I hope you will keep your romancing to yourself, and not put ideas into the head of one that has too many similar ideas already."

"After all, she's not much younger than Gabriel, and think of all the liberty and pleasure he has, compared with her."

"Gabriel is a gentleman," said Theresa. "And there

can be no comparison, except in the head of a fool, between the son of a gentleman and a slut of a servant with flashy legs. You don't open your mouth very often, Sara; but when you do, it's hard for a person not to say that it's a good thing you keep it shut for the best part of the time."

Sara would hardly have made any answer to this criticism had she been listening, but at the moment her attention had been carried away by a sound at the door. "It might be Gabriel," she thought, and she was about to exclaim her thought when she stopped. There was no use in drawing Theresa's attention to the hour.

To her relief, however, the sound she heard was made by Gabriel. It was he coming up the passageway. And although it was late, Theresa did not seem to be aware of the time.

"I hope there will be a different topic on your tongue before him," she said impatiently when Sara started to her feet. And then, as Gabriel walked down the passage and came into the room, she raised her voice in a bright, clear tone, easily recognizable as the tone adopted when hurriedly changing the subject of a conversation.

"Oh, Gabriel, there you are! I didn't hear you coming in."

A blush stole over Sara's face. She bent her head closer to her sewing. Gabriel glanced at her. He needed only to confirm his own suspicions of Theresa by looking at Sara, because, although habit and discipline had long ago brought her words and gestures into harmony with the words and gestures of Theresa, her sensitive heart was still undisciplined; and when there was insincerity in the air, that heart sent out its message of blood to the pale cheeks.

Gabriel smiled mechanically at Theresa and sat down by the fire and held out his hands. After a minute he withdrew them and picked up the end of Sara's embroidery square.

"Is this a dragon?" he asked. "Why is he green and yellow? Are they the right colors for a dragon?"

"I think they are nice colors for one," said Sara, striving to justify her choice of embroidery floss without going beyond the limits of truth.

"They may be nice colors, but I am sure they are not the correct colors. I am surprised at you, of all people, Aunt Sara, trying to distort the truth!"

Miss Theresa Coniffe listened for a moment to this conversation. "There is no such thing as a dragon!" she said emphatically. "There are no real dragons. They are like unicorns and mermaids. They are only found in fairy tales."

Gabriel winked at his aunt Sara.

"Oh, they are real enough! Aren't they, Aunt Sara?" He turned to Theresa with mock seriousness. "Aunt Sara has, in fact, made a study of them. She knows all there is to be known about them, their habitations and their inclinations. Although I regret to say she is terrified out of her wits of them!"

Sara blushed red to the tips of her ears.

"Don't mind him, Theresa," she said. "He's only joking."

"I can tell a joke when I hear one, as well as anyone,

and without help from others," said Theresa, trying to smile, but not with great success.

52

Theresa's remark brought a silence on the room. Gabriel felt the strain of having to talk to them. For the first time since he had begun to meet her in the evenings, Onny had not turned up at the meeting place.

Since the winter had set in, they no longer went into the old tower. It was sufficient now to meet inside the broken rampart, on the fallen stones of which Gabriel would sit to wait for her, without fear of being seen. They could even venture, on cloudy nights, to walk along the road, as the other strollers that they met there were as anxious as they were themselves to remain unknown. The young men might mutter a greeting in a dulled voice, but the girls always passed with averted heads and did not speak.

Under the new circumstances, Gabriel felt happier. The secrecy that had seemed evil when he thought of it himself began to seem better when he thought with Onny's mind.

"I wouldn't want to be seen walking with a fellow, even if I was to be married to him in the morning!" said Onny on those occasions. "I think there is something common about linking a man in the broad daylight. Some girls like it. Some girls would give anything to be seen walking with someone. Agnes Finnerty is always walking slowly coming out of the chapel so that some of the fellows will have to catch up with her unless they walk like snails."

A mention of Agnes Finnerty always made Gabriel vindictive.

"Perhaps you'd prefer to be out with some other 'fellow,' as you say — someone who would be in such good form that he'd make the moon seem dim, he'd raise such sparks on the road with the tips of his shoes!"

When a person is moody and sullen, it is a step forward for him to become cross. Onny would clap her hands.

"You're getting into better humor," she would say, and laugh at him till he laughed himself.

But on this particular moonlit night, when Gabriel went to the meeting place there was no sign of Onny. He waited as usual, thinking that she had been delayed; and then, when more than a reasonable time had passed, he began to wonder if she had come ahead of him, and he stepped deeper into the park to avoid being seen. He jumped down and whistled, with a thin, cautious whistle. There was no reply. The park was as bright as by daylight. The shadows of the trees fell across each other everywhere, and his own shadow, as he came out from under the wall, was outlined on the pale grass.

He wondered with concern if she could have gone to the tower, but as he sprang down and ran across to it he began to wonder, with a still greater concern, if she had remembered his displays of bad humor on other moonlit nights. She might have grown tired of him. He remembered that she had spoken of the other fellows she knew, and of how gay they would be on such a night.

"You couldn't hold them," she had said. "They're

half out of their minds on a moonlight night. They're ready for anything. You'd break your heart listening to the things that they'd want to do. There is no stopping them. They'd want to walk to Draghead one minute, and the next minute they'd want to go to a dance ten miles away!"

He began to run towards the tower, although he did not expect to find her there. The cold dew began to soak into his socks at the ankles when the longer grasses brushed against his running feet. He felt sure that she had grown tired of him. He was absolutely certain that she had felt the need for gayer company, and then, at the very moment when he put his hands on the chilled ledge of the old tower and drew himself up, calling her name, there was a far-away sound of voices — voices of young people, male and female — raised in a sound of singing; and when he pulled himself up into the tower, and looked in the direction of the voices, he saw a sidecar, clear as day, with a smart trotting horse, going out along the Draghead road, rocking with the gayety of the occupants, who were singing, their voices raising echoes. He could not see who they were, but he felt an absolute certainty that Onny was with them, and he held hard to the stone until the sound of the singing had died away.

He had no doubt as to Onny's whereabouts. He felt with absolute certainty that she was one of the singing girls on the tilting sidecar. It also occurred to him that, in the event of Onny's not returning soon, her mother might indeed be prevailed upon to call at the house in Clewe Street to make an inquiry for her. In that case it would be just as well if he were there when she called.

53

BY MAKING silly remarks about the embroidered dragon, Gabriel had hoped to distract himself from his thoughts. But soon the silence in the room was as deep as the night outside the windows, and Gabriel's thoughts intruded themselves upon him once again.

At last, however, his aunts began to look at the clock, and Sara took down the tin alarm-clock that she kept under the mantel border, and began to wind it until its sharp, imperative ticking filled the room. Theresa went upstairs. Sara began to go around the lower rooms, examining the bolts to see that they were shot home.

"I'll hold the lamp for you, Aunt Sara," he said, rising to assist her.

"It's all right, Gabriel, thank you," said Sara, holding on to the lamp, but shielding it with her hand. The light fell on her face in such a way that her brow, and the tips of her lashes, and the wings of her wide nostrils were lit with the soft light, while the rest of her face was obscured by the shadows these features threw. In the play of light and shade her face took on a swift grace. Gabriel stared at her with sadness. He had never thought of her youth, but he realized with a rush that she must have been gentle and lovely.

The expression on Gabriel's face awakened some lonely dream in Sara's heart, and she let his eyes revive the il-

lusion of the past in her heart as the lamp revived the illusion of youth on her brow.

Such still moments come to all quiet people, and it is a matter of wonder how long such moments of enchantment would last if interruption did not come from without; for with every moment that passes, the mood of the mind gains power over the body and an inertia possesses one limb after another. So, as Gabriel stared at Sara, blazing with lost beauty in the illusory light of the upheld lamp, and as she gazed back at him, there was all of a sudden a sound of feet outside in the street — feet that ran urgently in the darkness, and ran in the direction of the house.

Before the running feet had reached the door, Gabriel ran towards it, and the sound of the knocker came hardly a second before the door was opened wide, and Gabriel, with Sara beside him, faced Onny's mother.

"Mrs. Soraghan! What is the matter? Come in."

Sara put the lamp down on the hall table and ran forward to draw the panting woman into the hall.

"Is Onny here?"

When she had said this, Mrs. Soraghan had to gasp to regain the breath that she had lost in saying it.

"Is she here? Is she here?" she repeated. And as if she would not be able to understand the reply, she ran to the kitchen door and opened it to look into the empty room, where the fire had long died out into a waste of white ashes.

"She's not here," she said, answering her own question and relieving the trembling Sara from having to do so. "Oh, where is she at all?" And she sat down on the chair in the kitchen. "My daughter Judy wanted to come two hours ago and ask if she was here, and I wouldn't let her. I was afraid it might give you and Miss Theresa a bad opinion of the girl. Wasn't I the wicked woman to put the thought of a few pence above the thought of Onny's safety!"

Miss Sara put out her hand and rested it on Mrs. Soraghan's shoulder. She gave little timid pats to the shoulder and muttered soothingly whatever came into her head.

"There now, Mrs. Soraghan. Everything will be all right. Calm yourself. Everything will be all right."

But over the bent head she looked at Gabriel with terrified eyes; and forming some urgent words noiselessly with her lips, she gave him a nod in the direction of the stairs, which indicated that he was to call Theresa.

Gabriel went out to the stairs and went up deliberately and without undue hurry. He felt a great anger and resentment against Onny for having drawn this attention on herself, which would surely result in her being put under a more severe control at home. She would not be able to meet him so often, or to risk staying with him as late as she had done before.

When Theresa came into the room a few minutes afterwards, fully dressed as in the daytime, she was so disconcerted by the way Mrs. Soraghan ran up to her with gratitude and dependence that the hard words she had prepared to utter died on her lips and the same impulse that had impelled Sara to offer sympathy took possession of her.

"Sit down, Mrs. Soraghan," she said, "and tell me the details. Did she not go home at eight o'clock as usual?"

"We didn't see her since she left the house this morning, Miss Coniffe; and only for my not wanting people to know she was getting into bad habits, and staying out late, I would have sent the children looking for her earlier in the night. But once it went past half-eleven I sent them out all over the town."

"They didn't come here," said Theresa.

"I told them to leave this house until the last, and that if anyone came down to this house I'd be the one to come. I wanted to speak in a way that wouldn't put you against the girl, Miss Coniffe, and be the cause of her being sent from your employment, because, as I and my husband know, it's a good employment for a girl; and if it was nothing more than the training a girl would get in this house, to say nothing of her pay, it would be worth doing a lot to see that she didn't lose her job."

Mrs. Soraghan had spoken with the headlong speediness with which a wheel, once started, will roll down a hill, but which, once it reaches the flat ground again, will falter and depart from the straight path it followed to wobble now to one side, now to another.

"What will I do?" she said. "Where will I go? When I saw the night thickening every minute, and the lights going out in every house, and the moon itself getting thin and going behind the clouds, I didn't care if she was never to do another hour's work if only she was safe and in her bed. Where can she be? What would keep her out till this hour?"

"Is there any house where she might visit? There might be dancing, and she might let the time slip."

"She never went anywhere to a dance but at the cross-roads, and there was no dancing there this long while back. The priest put a stop to it."

"Where did she spend her evenings?"

"She spent most evenings in the best place they could be spent," said Mrs. Soraghan. "She used to be hardly settled down to the table for her evening meal when she'd be up again, she was so anxious to get to the church. I think she spent the best part of her evening there, and after that she used to go for a bit of a walk."

"Whom did she go walking with?" said Theresa.

"She went by herself, Miss Coniffe. She was queer and quiet in her ways," Mrs. Soraghan sobbed.

"I don't see what is to be done," said Theresa, and she went over to the windowpane and cleared aside the curtain. "The moon has darkened," she said. "There was a moon when I was getting ready for bed, but it has gone behind the clouds."

"Oh, my little girl! My little girl!" said Mrs. Soraghan, and she rocked backwards and forwards, with her feet pressing now on the ball, now on the heel, as if it were her sorrowful task to threadle an invisible spinning wheel.

obstinate belief that Onny was gone off on the carousal with the gay-boys of the town, and a feeling that she deserved all the punishment she would receive, although it would be for a reason which her judges would not suspect: her disloyalty and caprice towards him. The sight of the worn creature before him, however, racked with a grief that he felt it in his power to dispel with a few words, finally prevailed upon him and he decided to mention the sidecar that he had seen canter under the evening stars in the direction of Draghead.

When Gabriel opened his mouth to speak, he realized that he must approach the topic in a careful manner, and let his information emerge as the mere idle speculation of one not greatly interested in the situation, in case it should occur to his listeners that it was a queer thing for him not to have spoken sooner.

His aunt Sara, however, by good luck noticed his silence at the time when her notice of it was most welcome.

"You are saying nothing, Gabriel. Have you no suggestions to offer poor Mrs. Soraghan?"

"Ah, don't bother poor Master Gabriel," said the woman, but she turned her eyes up to him hopefully.

"To tell you the truth, I'm not worried about her," said Gabriel. "She's well able to look after herself." He spoke casually. "She's probably gone off on some joy ride, and she can't come home until the rest of the crowd are willing to return." When he used the words "joy ride" it was impossible to restrain a sneer from appearing on his face. It was this sneer on his lips, as much as his words, that made Mrs. Soraghan stand up.

"Onny is not one to go joy-riding without telling her mother!"

"There's always a first time for everything, Mrs. Soraghan," said Theresa Coniffe.

"That may be true for some people," Mrs. Soraghan said, "but I brought up my children in a way different from most people, and God knows I had experience enough in bringing them up before Onny arrived!" She turned to Gabriel. "What makes you think, Master Gabriel, that my Onny would go joy-riding with a crowd of people who could see no difference between the day and the night when it came to enjoying themselves?"

Gabriel felt cornered. He saw no way out of the difficulties, so he plunged deeper into them. "I saw a sidecar laden with fellows and girls going out the Draghead road early this evening, and the car drew up within a few yards of your cottage. It came into my mind at the time, and recent events prove the truth of my suspicion, that Onny must have gone with them."

His hurt and resentment stirred in him again as he spoke. He did not bother about the effect of his words upon Mrs. Soraghan. He supposed that the climax of the scene was over, but he became aware suddenly that, instead of easing the tension, his words had heightened it. His aunt Theresa dropped back into a chair behind her. Miss Sara gave a small cry of concern, and Mrs. Soraghan put her hands up to her face, and all that could be heard from between the hard knotted fingers, bitter with dirt and crooked with age, was the name of her daughter Onny.

"Oh, Onny, Onny, Onny!" she kept saying over and over again. "Oh, Onny! Onny! Onny!"

Gabriel looked at his aunt. "What is the matter? Did I say something to upset her. I don't see that it was such great harm after all for the girl to have gone for a ride. The hours slipped by. She didn't feel the time pass. There's nothing to be upset about."

Theresa looked at him with contempt. "Didn't you hear what Mrs. Soraghan said?"

"What?"

"Onny wasn't on that sidecar. Mrs. Soraghan saw it when it went past the cottage and stopped nearly outside the door to pick up Ned Naylor. There was no one in it but Joss Carty, the Beales and Lily Bell, and the two Dockery girls. Onny wasn't on it."

It was a few minutes before Gabriel was able to take in the significance of this information. It might have been easier for him to relinquish his error had it been an error of the eye, but it is hard to admit the errors of a jealous heart.

"Is that true, Mrs. Soraghan? Are you sure that she couldn't have been on the far side of the car, the side away from you, where you mightn't have seen her so well? She might have kept her head down so that you wouldn't see her, in case you might stop her going."

Mrs. Soraghan looked up. "A few minutes ago you were taking her part, saying she surely must have forgotten to tell me where she was going. I saw every inch of the car. Didn't it drive up almost on a level with the cottage, and the red-headed Dockery girl singing her loudest, and Sammy Beale with his arm around her playing the mouth-organ!" Mrs. Soraghan turned to Theresa. "I'm glad to say that Onny wasn't with those hooligans."

But as she realized that she did not know where Onny was, and she could perhaps be in worse places, she began to moan again. Theresa and Sara looked commiseratingly at her, but when Gabriel ran over and began to shake the woman, pushing her back and pulling her towards him with a fury of temper, they sprang from their chairs.

"Have you gone out of your mind, Gabriel?" said Theresa, trying to pull his sleeve.

But Gabriel was shaking the woman and calling out questions to her as if she were stone-deaf.

"Why didn't you say that long ago? Why didn't you mention that when you first came in? Are you keeping back any more information? God Almighty! Do you realize the seriousness of this? Do you know the time it is? Did you tell the Guards? Did you tell the priests? There should be a search."

"Gabriel, control yourself. What has come over you?" Miss Coniffe was stiffened at the thought of the publicity that was threatening to be drawn down upon them. "You took the affair very easy up to now. What's come over you? Control yourself."

"I thought she was on the sidecar. I was sure of it!" He ran his hands through his hair. "Why should I blame the poor thing?" he said, looking down at the limp form of Mrs. Soraghan, who moaned with a continual sound that showed that her last effort to cope with the situation had been made. All his former feelings, from the first

moment that he had decided that Onny was not coming to the rampart, fell away from him as fast as a flock of starlings at the appearance of the hawk. New feelings of guilt and terror and an itching urgency for action came over him.

"We must do something," he said, and he threw out his hands to Theresa.

"It's not for you to do anything. It's for her brothers to do whatever is to be done," said Theresa.

"There's no time for making minor distinctions like that now," he cried, and ran into the hall to get his coat.

Theresa went after him, and her grip on his arm was as strong as her will.

"This is no small distinction," she said. "Think of the consequences if you find her —" She faltered for a moment before the harshness of her thoughts, but went on with grim determination: "If you should find her a corpse — God between us and all harm! — what excuse would you make for being the one to go looking for her in the middle of the night?"

For a powerful moment the truth hung on Gabriel's lips, but he held it back.

"Did your fine preachers below in the church ever get time, between asking for money, to make any mention of Christian charity?"

Sara came forward at the sound of the voices.

"Lower your voice, Gabriel, lower your voice," she said. "You can be heard in the streets."

"Keep out of this, Sara," said Theresa, and she turned back to Gabriel. "Kindly leave religion out of this," she said.

"It's you who are doing that!" said Gabriel, and he jerked himself free. "What would you have me do?" he added in a fierce curiosity of anguish.

"There is only one thing to do, although I expect you will sneer at it." Theresa turned around. "Come, Sara," she said. "We cannot do any more. Let him go as he chooses. We will give poor Onny the only help that is in our power, and wherever she is, and whatever has befallen her, our help will be the kind that will avail her most."

Gabriel pushed his arms into the sleeves of his coat. His hands, sweaty with fear, went into the sleeves clumsily. One arm caught in a torn lining and he dragged it out again and opened the door without waiting to put his arm out in the right armhole. As he banged the door behind him he just caught the intonation of his aunts' voices, with the weak voice of Mrs. Soraghan, as they knelt upon the kitchen chairs to pray for Onny's safety.

55

WHEN Gabriel ran out under the bright night sky he had no clear idea of what he was going to do or where he was going to go. And after he had run through the three or four main streets of the town he came to a standstill. A country town consists of little more than streets. If Onny was not to be found in one of them, where was she?

How small the town looked as it lay under the moon: a few streets, a shabby station, a gaunt church, and the

straggling ruin of an ancient friary. That was all. And beyond the town the country stretched out wide to every side, field beyond field, the land rising and sinking with its ancient furrows, visible although unharrowed for hundreds of years. There was no use looking in the fields. The fields were infinite.

"Onny! Onny!" he cried despairingly, and he did not know where to turn.

"I won't waste any more time in suspense that may be needless," he said. "I'll go out to the cottage and make sure that she isn't safe in her bed while I'm making a fool of myself here."

But just as he was coming near the Soraghan cottage, in which the gleam of a light made his pulse beat faster, because he could not tell whether it was a good or a bad sign, over the high wall of the rampart from the depths of the park within there came the sudden scream of a frightened night fowl.

At once, as the scream pierced the air, Gabriel's heart was besieged with its desperate implications. His body trembled, suddenly aware in every limb of the savagery and terror of the earth and its creatures.

He looked up at the towering walls. Why had he not searched there in the first place! Onny had not been there when he went to meet her at the ordained hour. But might she not have gone there after he had left? Might she not have waited there thinking that it was he who was late? And while she was waiting there, what might not have happened? He stood still on the road, his heart beating furiously. Once again the strange bird screamed with terror in the dark.

In another moment Gabriel was running towards the familiar fissure in the wall, and before the echo of the bird had died upon the air he had clambered up over the rough stones and dropped down into the inner ring of the keep.

The moon no longer shone out bright and clear and blue, as it had shone earlier in the night, but even behind the banks of cloud that hid it, it still gave some luminous quality to the air. In a few minutes the tower loomed up before him. Gabriel gripped the lower ledge of the stone parapet, put his feet into the familiar footholds, and shafting his arm through a long spy-hole, he drew himself up onto the crumbling platform.

Upon one part of the night scene only did the moon shed light with any permanence, and that was upon the surface of the river that ran so roughly that its broken surface caught the light as brightly as broken glass. Upon this broken river that ran wildly down between its banks, Gabriel gazed with a sad remembrance of the first evening that he had crossed it, and a goading grief came over him to think that in the idle impulse of that evening the seed of this bitter moment was sown. He looked at it, wondering suddenly whether it would be possible to cross back from here in the other direction and avoid retracing his steps through the park.

But he dismissed the idea as madness, for although the river was not at full peak, it had a wild streak in it that sent it hurrying along jerkily. He gazed at the bright water; a fascination came over him, and he slipped down

from the tower and went down through the trees to the nearest point of the river.

Here the river, having passed beyond the reach of those whose back gardens gave them the right to tame it with weeding scythe and water rake, wore a wilder aspect than might be expected at such a short distance from the town. Here too it was diverted from its straight course by heaps of stones from the ruin, which had fallen into the river bed, possibly blown there by one of the first blasts of gunpowder used in Ireland, and never lifted since. Here too the dense shrubbery, ash, and willow, although growing in the dry soil on the bank, had dipped their branches over gradually into the water until they reached the surface and were like woodland girls bending their heads to wash their tresses in the stream.

56

IT WAS upon one bough in particular that Gabriel's eye fell as he was turning around to trace his way back along the river bank.

One might almost think it was a human form that was caught in those treacherous boughs, he thought, the body caught in the lower branches, the arms thrown over an upper bough, the head hanging despondent as the water dragged at the heavy, sodden clothing, dragging it more violently and more successfully each moment. The moon shone white again from the kernel of cloud. "It is like a woman's form," he thought. And then, with a wilder thought, he started forward frantically. Whatever was caught on this branch had shape and color, for although the moon is no respecter of color, painting dark things dark, and light things light, he saw with horror that it was Onny's red skirt that was caught on the weighted branches.

Rushing forward, his heart beating louder than the rabbling of the waters, Gabriel ran to the place on the bank nearest to the spot in the river where the tree hung out over the water. The garments were Onny's. The human figure that was slung like a rag doll upon the dangerous branch was the body of Onny! But whether the garments clad a cold and sodden corpse, or a body in which the breast still lifted to the living heart, he could not from this distance tell.

His first impulse was to cling, himself, to the horizontal bough, and by its weight support himself while he dragged himself forward towards her. But at a glance he knew that her frail chance of survival depended upon her remaining within his reach; and her remaining within his reach depended on the way her clothes were accidentally caught upon a branch which the slightest stir might dislodge.

Gabriel pushed aside the small, evil fingers of the twigs that tore at his hair and skin, and plunged his feet into the icy water, tumbling and falling, and catching at boughs. He felt the river rising and his own feet sinking in weedy mud, but he threw the weight of his body forward, and with one arm he flung a wild embrace upon the rough, knotted bough, while with the other he caught at the

sodden hem of Onny's garments that spread taut upon the lesser branches.

Onny's limp body slipped from its cleft in the fork of the branch, and the well-worn cotton of the dress that had hung taut upon the knots gave way with a tearing sound, and upon his arm that held the other end of the clothing there came such a violent strain that he was nearly dragged from his own security upon the tree. Steadying himself, with muscles that seemed as if they would crack, he dragged the dead weight of the girl towards him, and then, grasping her with his thighs, and using them like a vise, he held the wet form firm until he could put down a hand and catch a secure grip of her arm, afraid to trust the worn wet clothing any further.

From the moment he clasped her wet arm, a flash of triumph had run through him to encourage his perseverance. Even with his scant experience of death, Gabriel knew from the limpness of the body clasped in his arms that he was no longer alone in this terror, but that another living being, breathing and pulsing, was there with him in the darkness.

Slowly, cautiously, he dragged himself along with one arm, and with the other hand he dragged the girl until they came into shallows that made it possible for him to let go his hold of the tree and gather her against his breast so that they both together fell upon the bank.

As they fell upon the river bank, for a long time Gabriel's breath tore at him as the water had torn his clothing. His hands, which hung down limp, were numbed and unable to lift themselves. But rolling over he managed to lift his head so that he could look at Onny. He stared at the white face in its tangle of wet hair. And then suddenly, while he stared, with a swift lifting of the lids her eyes opened. Deepened and darkened by night and by the terrors of the previous hours, the eyes stared into his for a moment, and there was a recognition in them that could only come from a person still well within the shores of the living.

"Oh, Onny!" he cried. "Onny! Onny!"

And having no knowledge of how to treat a dying woman, he treated her like a living one. He clasped her close and in the warmth of his embrace the glorious vibration of nerves was set up once more in Onny's numbed body, and as he in his turn felt her responding to him, his own confidence came back and he felt a new ability to cope with the situation. Pulling off his coat, he wrapped it around her; and lifting her in his arms, he began to run across the grass in the direction of the gap in the wall.

Although the Soraghan cottage was only a few paces from the rampart, Gabriel's only thought was to get the girl home to Clewe Street. For whatever he might think of his aunt Theresa in other respects, there was no one in whom he would have greater confidence when it came to ministering to the sick or wounded.

Although he halted many times in the journey from the ramparts to Clewe Street, he seemed to make the journey in a short time after all. No light shone from any window until he reached Clewe Street. There the light shone out upon the pavement from the yellow blind, and between the light and the window blind a stiff figure knelt, casting

her rigid shadow out upon the flagged path. Gabriel freed one hand and struck the window glass. The silhouetted figure of Theresa crossed herself as calmly as if she knelt at casual evening prayers, and an instant later the door was opened.

"Is she all right?" Theresa asked. "Where in the name of God did you find her?" And looking contemptuously at the other two women, Theresa went over and gave a shake to Sara, who had not heard the knock or noticed her sister leaving the room, but who still knelt up on the deal chairs, her arms propped on the chairback and her head bent over her arms. "Gabriel is back! Get up, and don't make a fool of yourself."

And upon Mrs. Soraghan she looked with contempt too great for word or gesture to increase, for after the door had opened and Gabriel had come well within the room with Onny, who still dripped with mud and drops of water, Mrs. Soraghan still knelt on the wooden chair muttering responses to unvoiced prayers.

57

WHEN Theresa's harsh voice penetrated the wearied consciousness of Sara, she raised her head and looked around at Gabriel, who still held Onny in his arms, and at whose feet there was now a wide pool of water from their sodden clothes. She stood up from her knees, slowly and stiffly, and went over to Mrs. Soraghan.

"Get up from your knees, Mrs. Soraghan," she said. "Gabriel has come back. Our prayers are answered; he has brought back Onny."

Mrs. Soraghan raised her eyes, scarcely comprehending Sara's words.

"See! Onny is safe!" Sara said. "Theresa and Gabriel are taking care of her."

Theresa, who was dragging up a second chair to put under Onny's feet, swung around at this point.

"Stop wasting your time with that foolish creature," she said, indicating Mrs. Soraghan with a jerk of her head. "Attend to me. Get me blankets. Get me a hot jar. Put a saucepan of milk to heat on the fire."

Sara rushed forward to Theresa's side at the first of these orders, but as the orders multiplied she stood irresolute in the center of the floor.

"Get some blankets, Aunt Sara," said Gabriel, and he himself began to pour milk into a saucepan.

When Sara came back with the blankets, Theresa began to strip the wet clothes from Onny. After she had bared one shoulder, she seemed to remember something, however, and she swung around angrily.

"Get out of the room," she said to Gabriel. "You should know enough to go without being told."

Gabriel, who had been holding the milk over the fire, flushed deeply and went towards the door. He had hardly been conscious, as he stood there in the kitchen, his eyes fastened on Onny, grateful for all the fuss that was being made of her, satisfied to be left alone.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Theresa," he said, averting his eyes. She looked at him with irritation. "What possessed

you to bring her here at all? Why didn't you take her home, where she belonged? You can make up a bed for yourself in my room, Sara," said Theresa. "I want to put Onny in your room." She flashed a look at Gabriel which he felt was intended to convey more than he had energy to interpret. But when Sara lifted Onny and he made a gesture as if to assist her, Theresa again gave him the same fierce glance. "Keep back, please!" she commanded, and clearing him from her pathway by a gesture, she began to move towards the door, Sara with difficulty helping to support the girl.

With an awkward gait they went down the passage, and when they had entered Sara's room there was a creak as Onny was left down upon the old bed. A minute later, Theresa came to the door and slammed it shut.

Gabriel sat down on a hard chair by the fire for a few minutes longer, disturbed by the noises that came from behind the closed door. He turned over the details of the evening.

After a time the door opened and his aunt Theresa came in again. "What's keeping you up?" she said. "Get to your bed!"

When Mrs. Soraghan had gone and Onny was established in the big bed in Sara's room, Sara carried blankets and bedding and aired them in front of the kitchen fire before making up a bed for herself in Theresa's room. The sisters prepared to go upstairs.

"This is an unfortunate affair!" said Theresa, as she turned Onny's wet clothes over before the dying fire.

"The poor child!" said Sara. "I hope she's all right!"

"She's all right. Depend upon it!" said Theresa, and she heaped ashes over the remaining blaze in the grate. "Oh, she's clever. She's as clever as a fox. She was not half as bad as we thought, but she played up to us nicely till I saw what her game was."

"I don't understand," said Sara.

Theresa drew herself up. "There are several people in this town who might think it worth risking a great deal to have a chance of putting you and me out of this house."

"Out of this house?" Sara was dismayed.

"Wouldn't it be a fine thing for Miss Onny to be taking over these keys?" Theresa rattled the keys at her belt. "And how would you feel, Sara Coniffe, if you had to be

going to Miss Onny Soraghan and asking her permission to open the larder if you should happen to take a fancy for a cup of tea during the day, as you often do, in your own father's house? Of course she would not be Miss Onny Soraghan then, but Mrs. Gabriel Galloway. Lord, doesn't it sound well! It's the name of a lady. It would sit well on that slut from the rampart cottages!"

"But Gabriel wouldn't be so foolish," cried Sara. "Gabriel will have his choice of a score of girls — girls with money; girls with good family connections."

"It's the men who have a wide choice that make a narrow picking," said Theresa.

They went upstairs, and Theresa took the blankets from Sara and began to make up the spare bed in her room.

"I've had some suspicions before now that she was trying to shape things to her own designs," Theresa said, "but I didn't see through it until tonight."

"Theresa, what about Gabriel himself?" Sara asked.

"What do you mean?" said Theresa.

"Supposing that he liked Onny? Supposing that it wasn't only Onny who was fond of him, but that he was fond of Onny?"

Theresa drew herself up.

"What difference would that make?" she inquired, as if Sara had asked a more than usually stupid question. "What difference would that make?" she repeated, and began to give her hair the brushing that Gabriel had interrupted earlier.

Theresa's question had been merely a flourish of rhetoric, but had it been one that required an answer, it is unlikely that Sara could have given one from her inexperienced heart. Yet it was a question well worth answering, had there been an impartial voice of wisdom in that room. There would have been a great difference in the destiny of both Onny and Gabriel had Gabriel loved her so ardently that he would allow no obstacle to come between him and his right to love her lawfully. And on the other hand, if he had cared less than he did, things might have been better still, but between love and lack of love there are many middle courses, and Gabriel and Onny had involved their impassioned blood and vulnerable nerves in a relationship which knit them together by a thousand bonds of secrecy, guilt, and wretched loyalty.

THE END

Through seven issues, the Atlantic has serialized related episodes of Gabriel Galloway. We sincerely regret that the paper shortage left us space for only 75,000 words of Mary Lavin's novel. The chapters we have printed — they constitute about half the book — must convince those who have read them that here is a talent of no small discovery. To her writing Miss Lavin brings the spaciousness of the Victorians, the tranquil beauty of the Irish countryside, the personal turbulence of the Irish character, and, most treasurable of all, the gift of making people live in the mind. We hope that those who have appreciated the style and the humor and the beauty of this book will wish to read it in its entirety when it appears this May under its new title, The House in Clewe Street.

Beginning in the June Atlantic

THE EGG AND I, by Betty MacDonald